# MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

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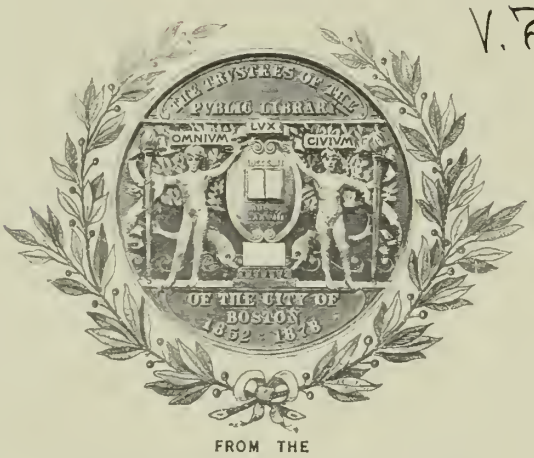


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# MOORE'S

1911

# IRISH MELODIES

WITH

THE CELEBRATED AND UNSURPASSED

## SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

OF

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus. Doc.,

AND

SIR HENRY BISHOP.

Illustrated by Twenty Original Steel Engravings.

AFTER W. P. FRITH, R.A., A. ELMORE, R.A. &c.

## WITH A BIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS MOORE.

AND

AN ESSAY ON THE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

"Cold, cold, must the heart be,
And void of emotion
That loves not the music
Of Erin-go-bragh!"

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AND A. W. GITTENS, NEW YORK.

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# TO LADIES' EYES.

*In moderate time and with spirit.* AIR—PAGUE A BALLAGH.

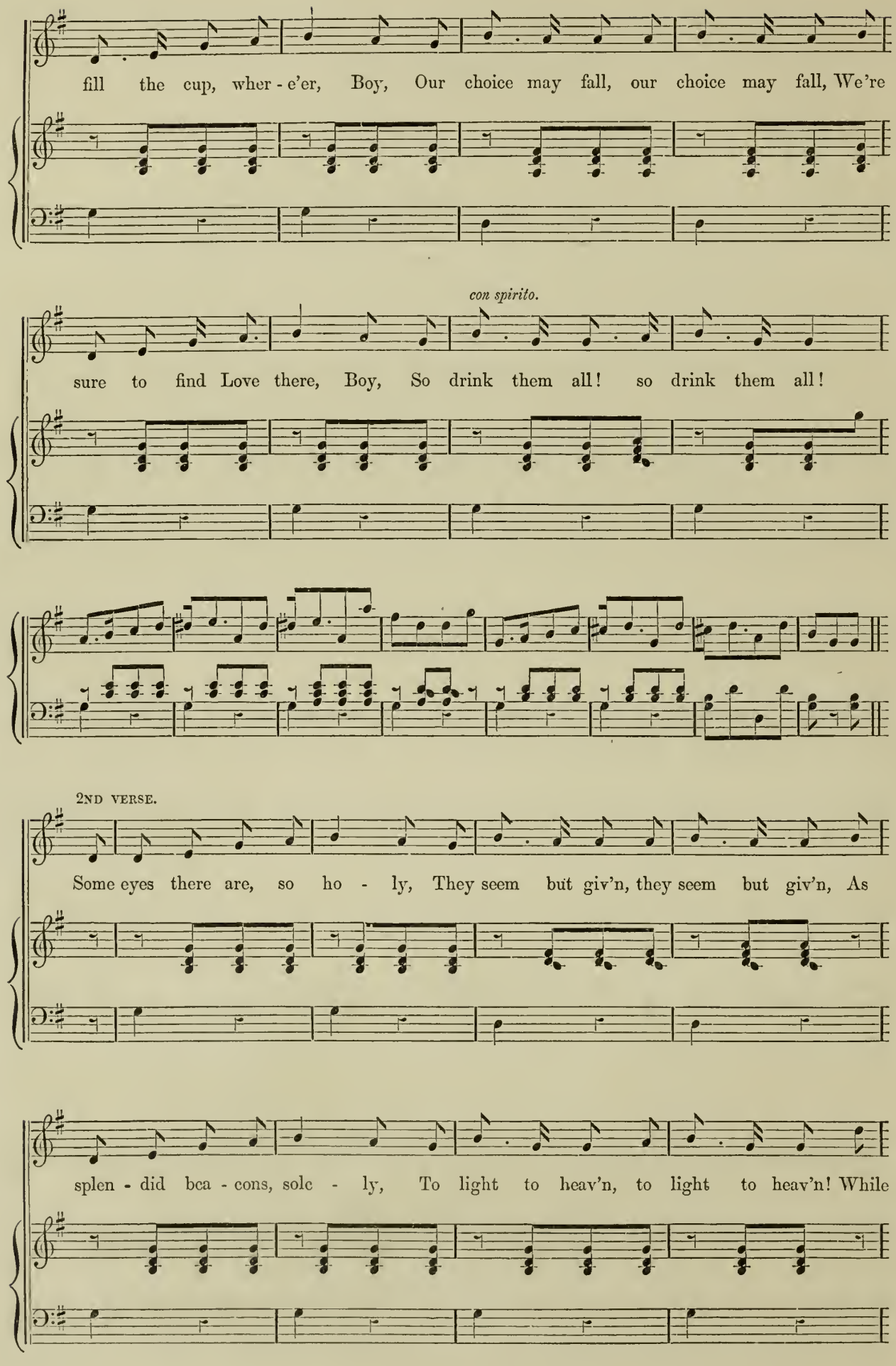
8va.

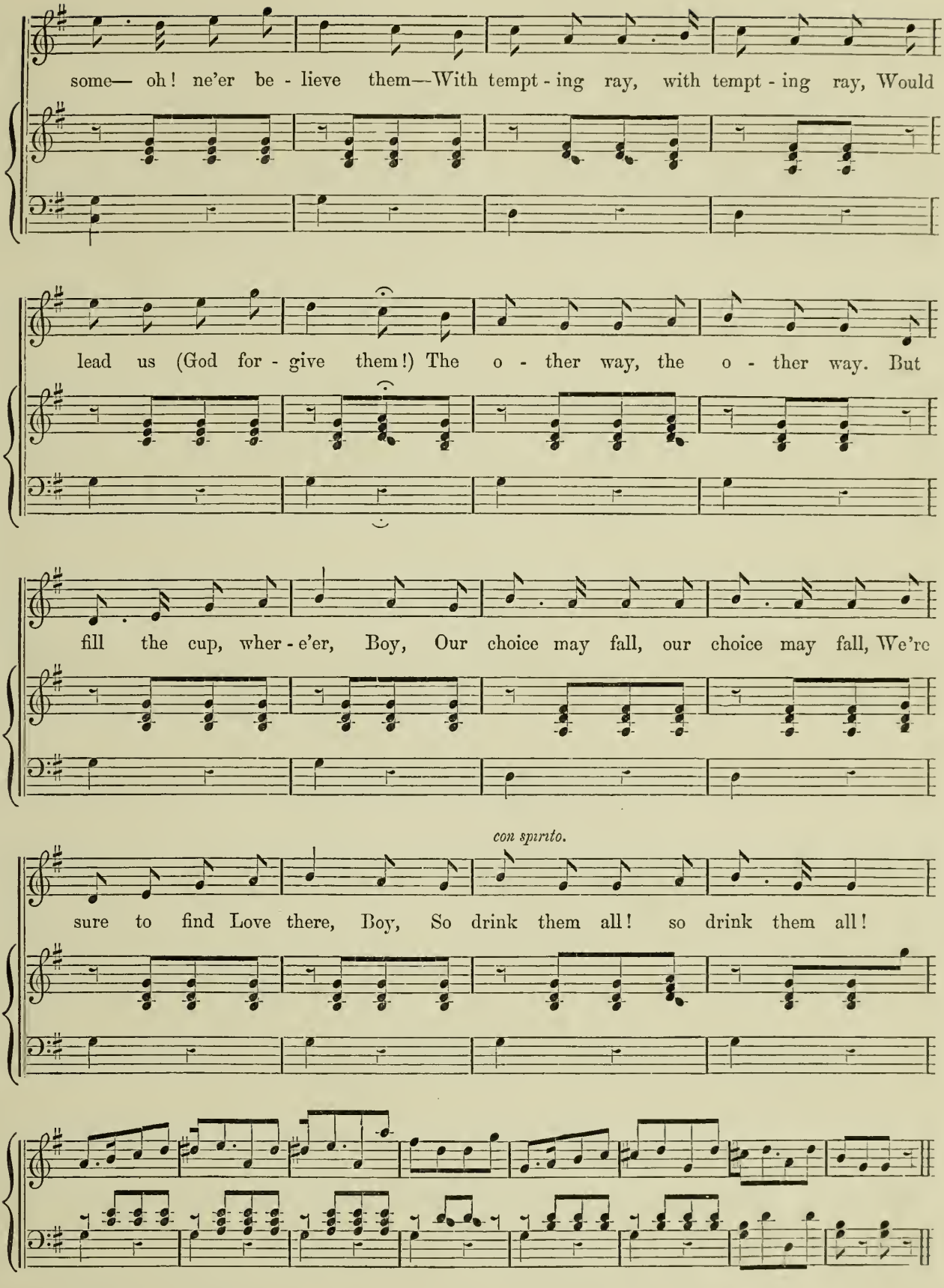
To La - dies' eyes a - round, Boy, We can't re - fuse, we can't re - fuse, Tho'

bright eyes so a - bound, Boy, 'T is hard to choose, 't is hard to choose. For

thick as stars that light - en Yon air - y bow'rs, yon air - y bow'rs, The

count - less eyes that bright - en This earth of ours, this earth of ours. But


fill the cup, wher - e'er, Boy, Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're
con spirito.
sure to find Love there, Boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!
2ND VERSE.
Some eyes there are, so ho - ly, They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n, As
splen - did bca - cons, solc - ly, To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n! While

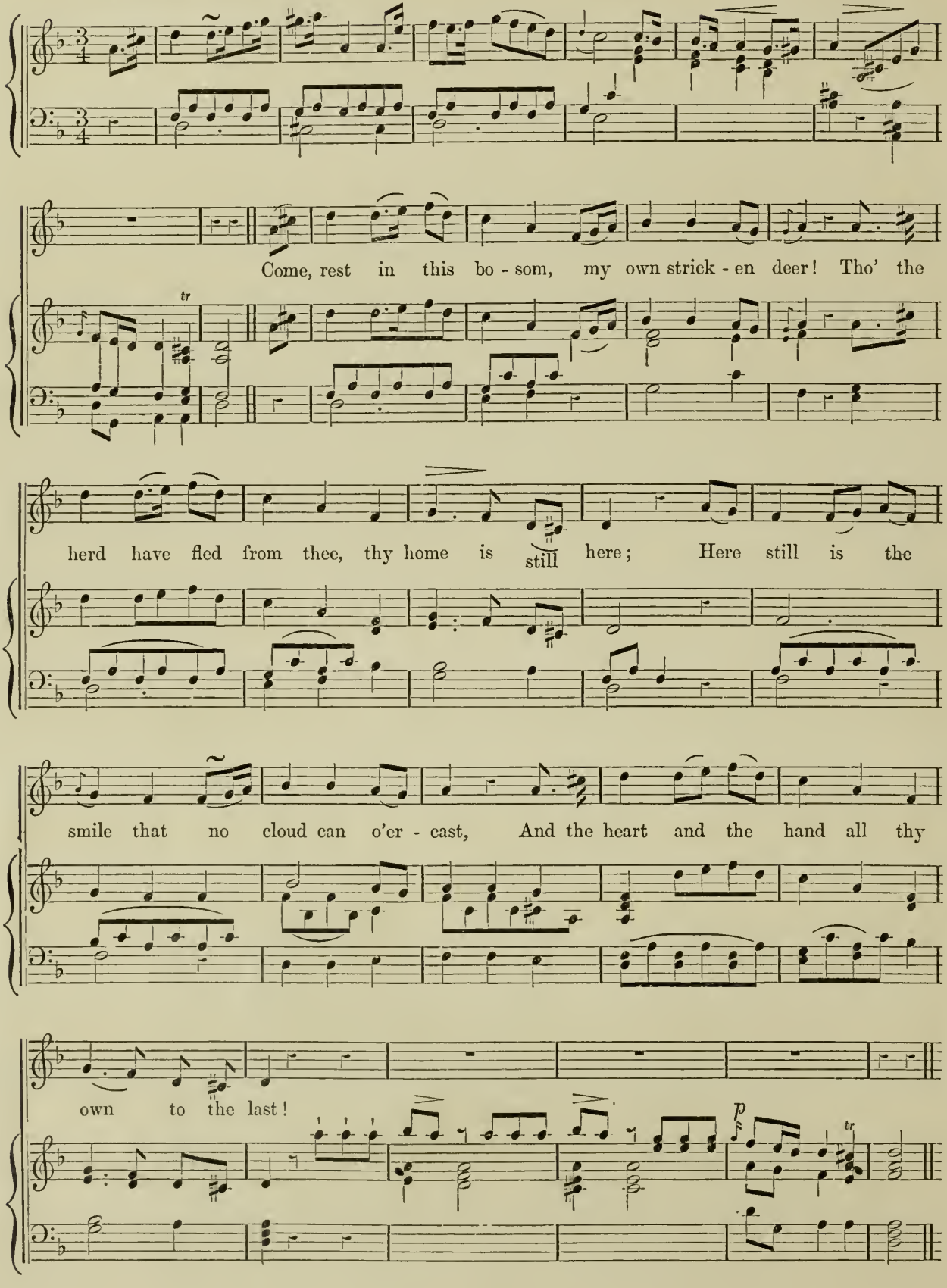

some— oh! ne'er be - lieve them—With tempt - ing ray, with tempt - ing ray, Would
lead us (God for - give them!) The o - ther way, the o - ther way. But
fill the cup, wher - e'er, Boy, Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're
con spirito.
sure to find Love there, Boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!

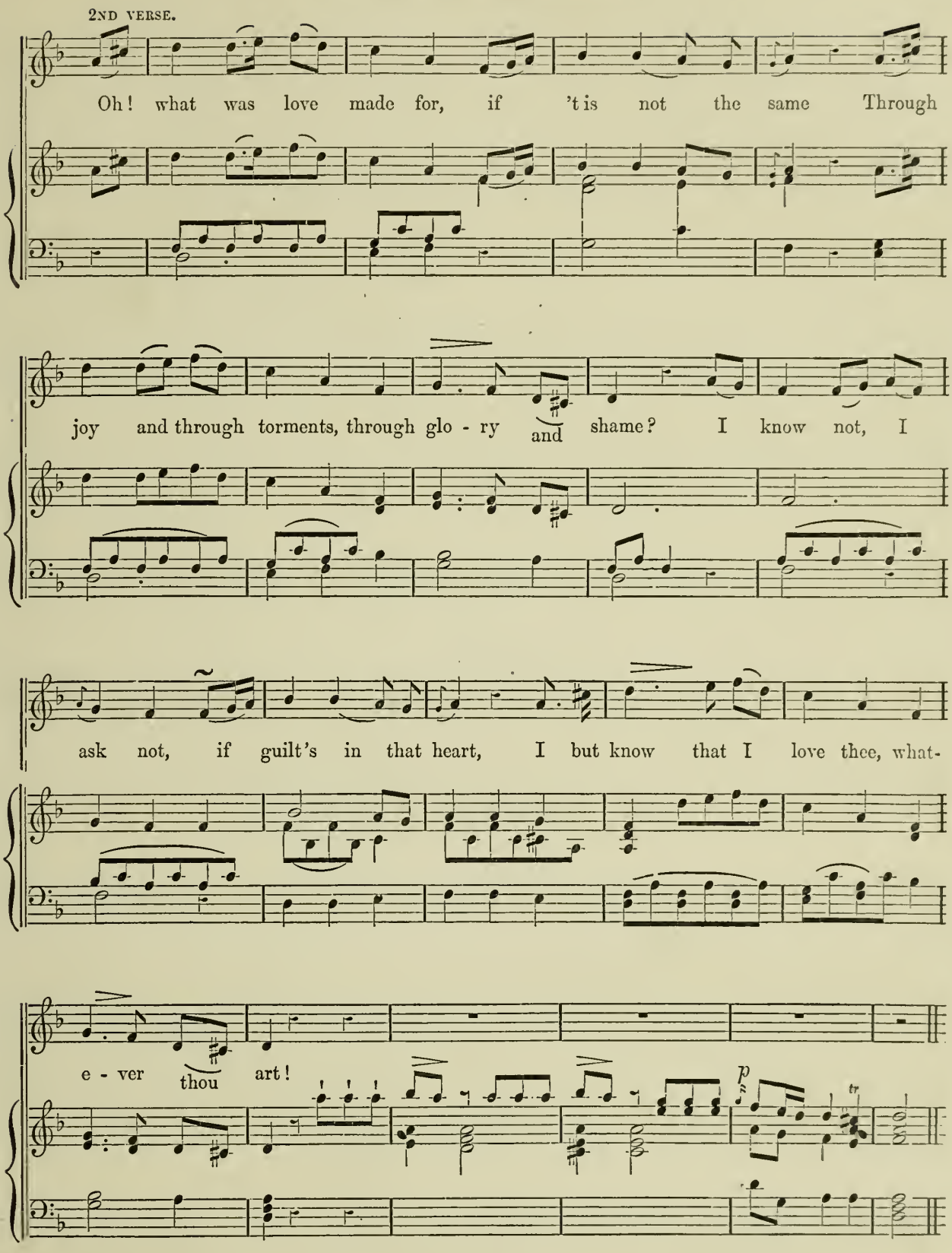
In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'T is but his shade, 't is but his shade.

Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up, &c.

# COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

*With melancholy feeling, but not too slow.* AIR—LOUGH SHEELING.

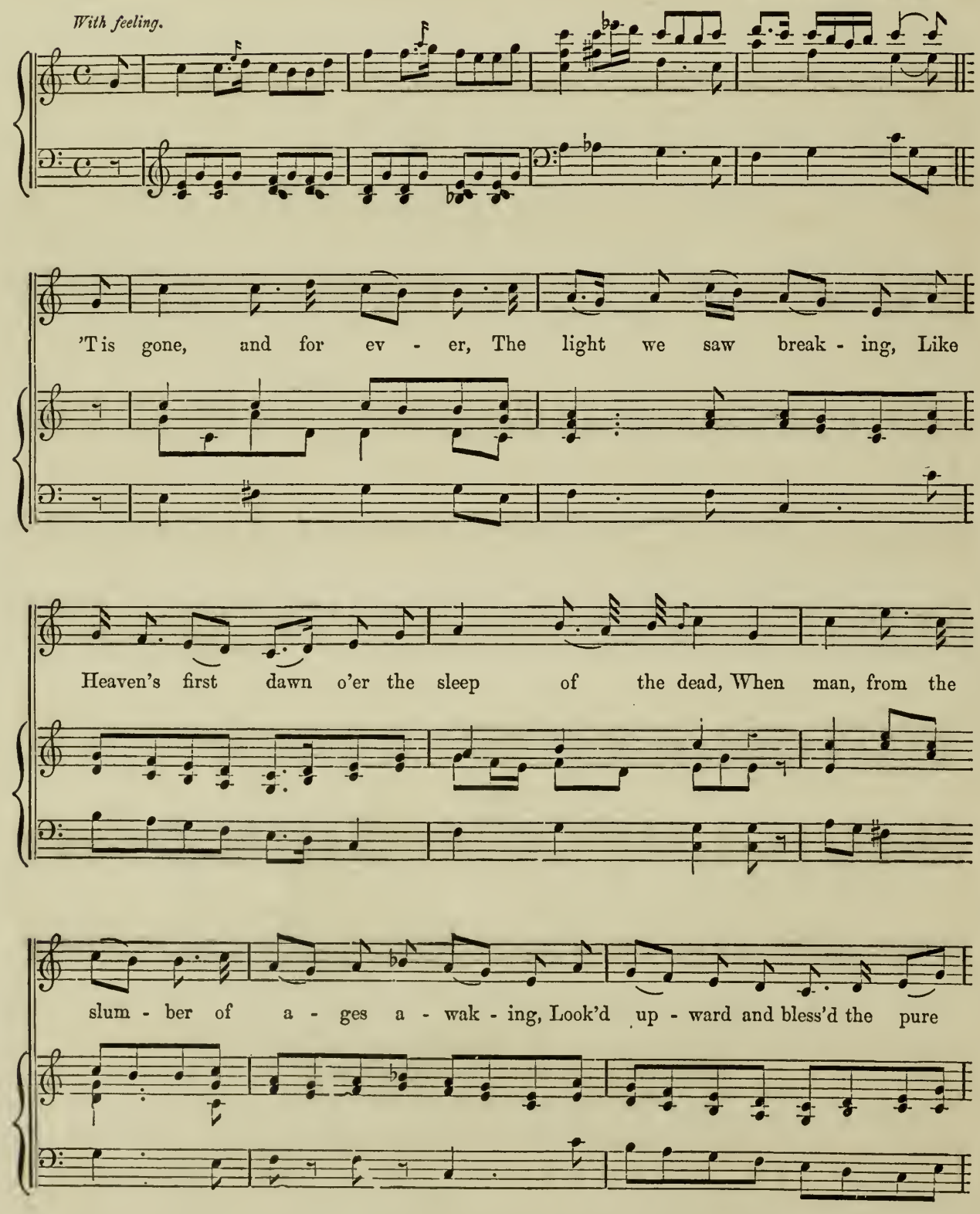

Come, rest in this bo - som, my own strick - en deer! Tho' the
herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here; Here still is the
smile that no cloud can o'er - cast, And the heart and the hand all thy
own to the last!
tr
p
tr

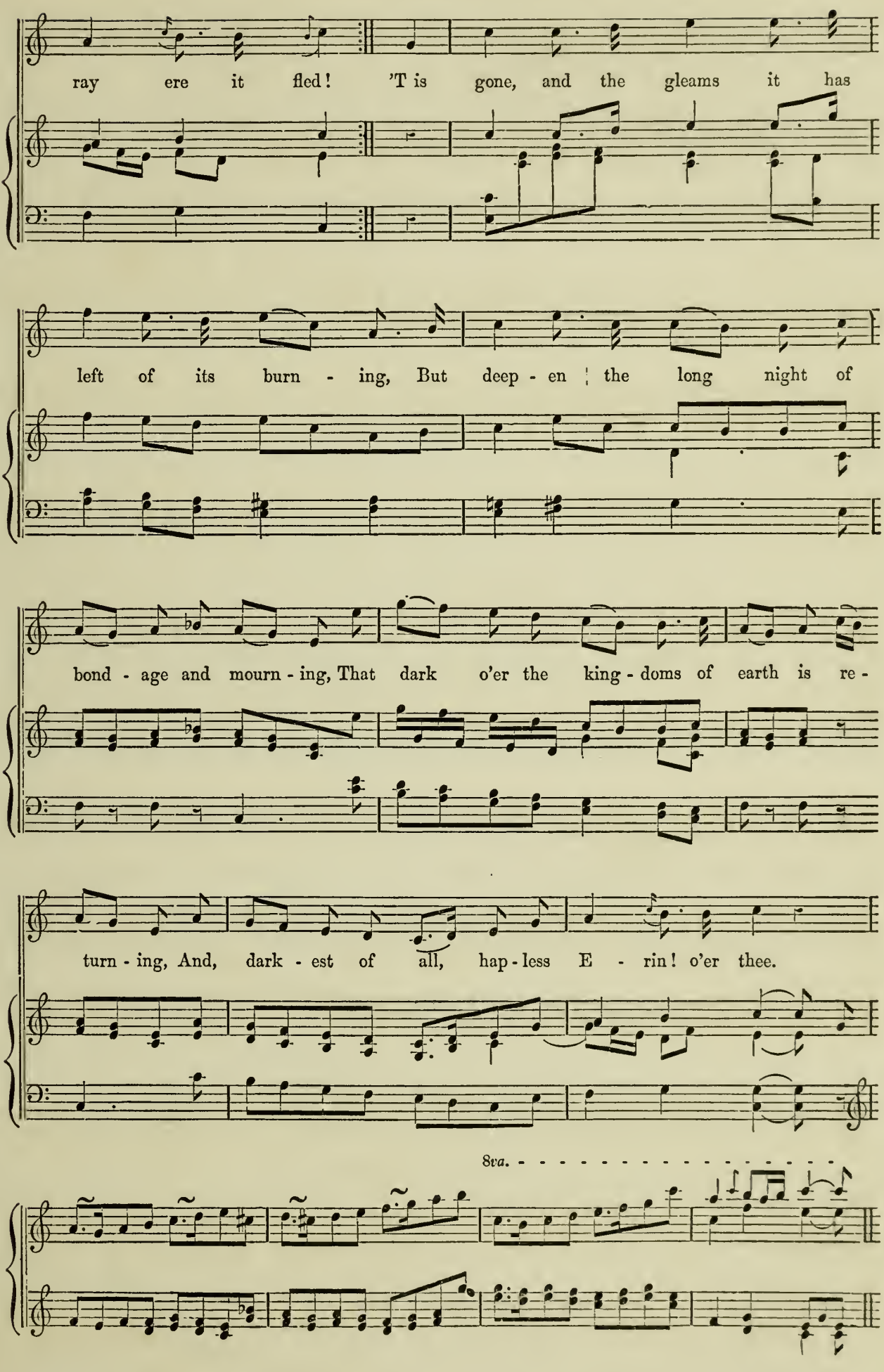

2ND VERSE.
Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same Through
joy and through torments, through glo - ry and shame? I know not, I
ask not, if guilt's in that heart, I but know that I love thee, what-
e - ver thou art!
p
tr

Thou hast called me thy Angel, in moments of bliss,—
Still thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too

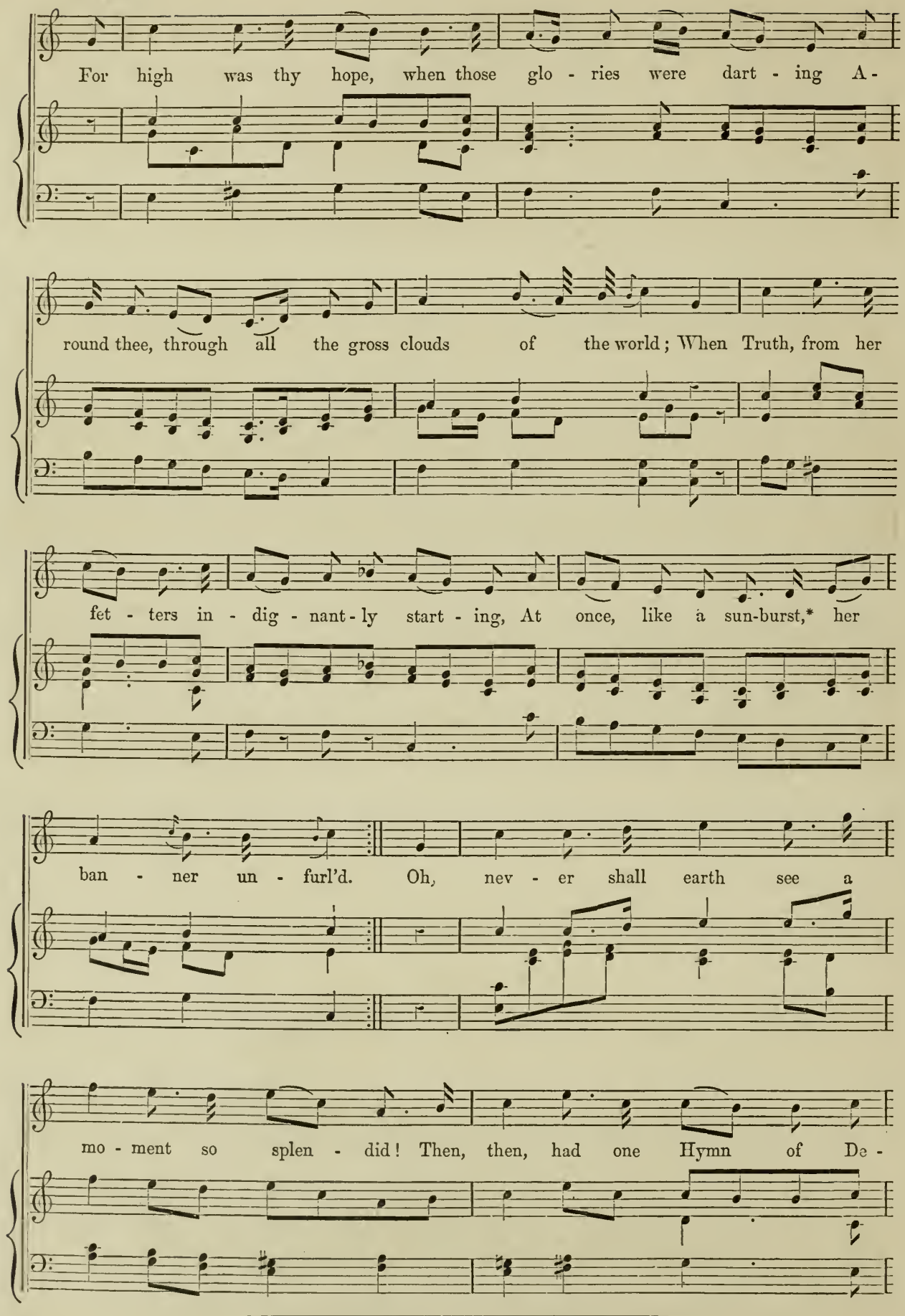
# 'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

AIR—SAVOURNAH DEELISH.

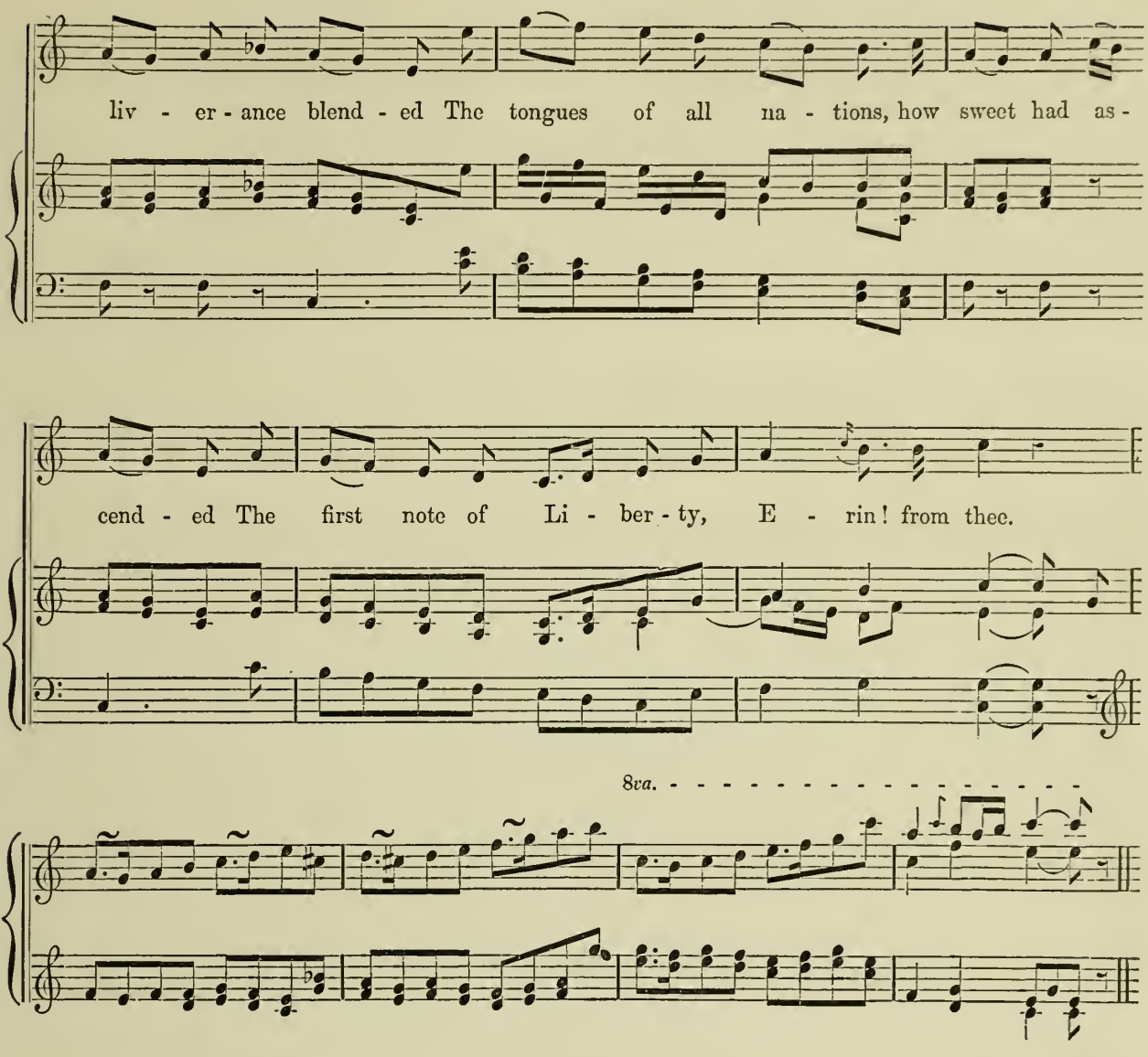

With feeling.
'Tis gone, and for ev - er, The light we saw break - ing, Like
Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead, When man, from the
slum - ber of a - ges a - wak - ing, Look'd up - ward and bless'd the pure


ray ere it fled! 'T is gone, and the gleams it has
left of its burn - ing, But deep - en the long night of
bond - age and mourn - ing, That dark o'er the king - doms of earth is re -
turn - ing, And, dark - est of all, hap - less E - rin! o'er thee.
8va.

2ND VERSE.

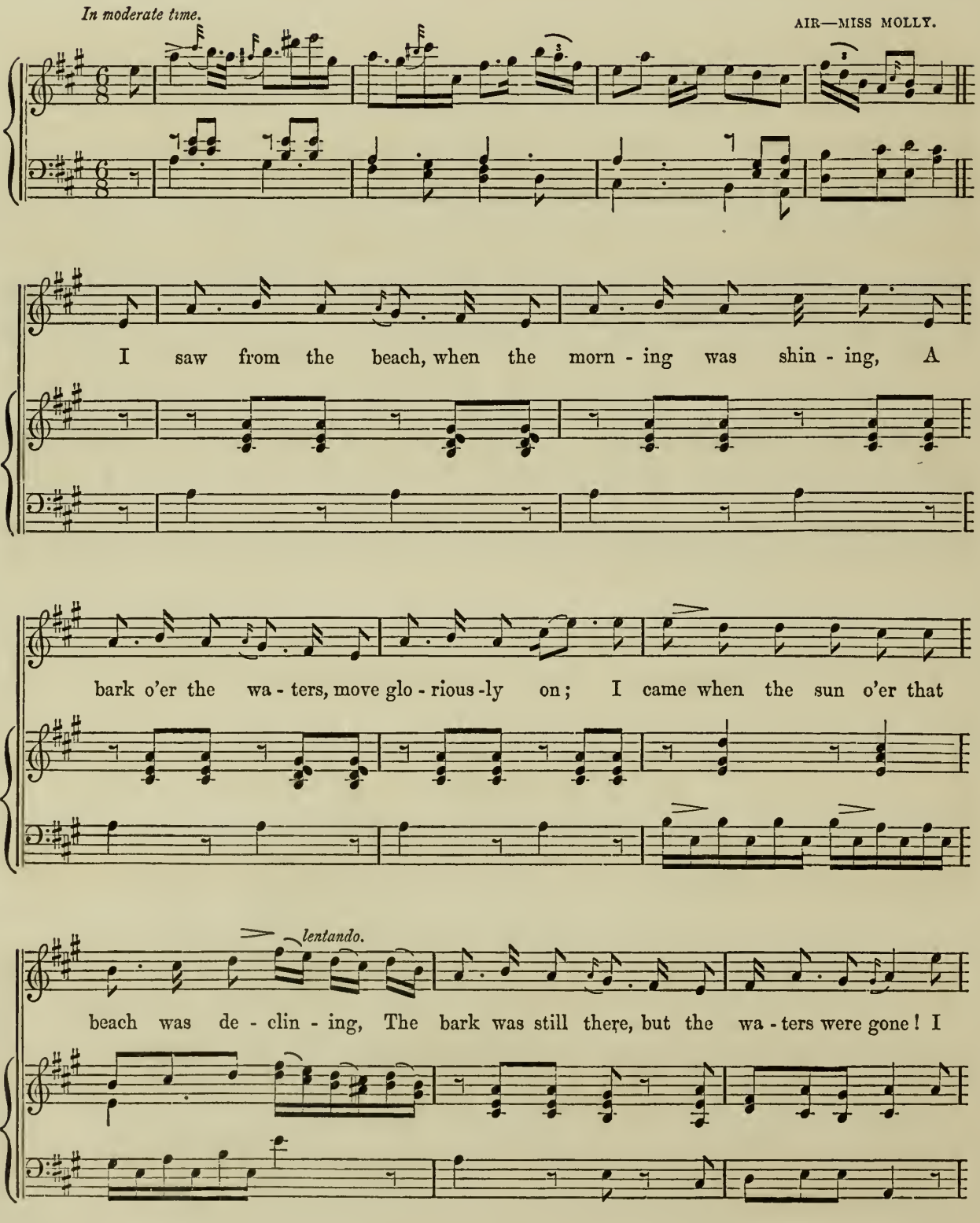

For high was thy hope, when those glo - ries were dart - ing A -
round thee, through all the gross clouds of the world; When Truth, from her
fet - ters in - dig - nant - ly start - ing, At once, like a sun-burst,* her
ban - ner un - furl'd. Oh, nev - er shall earth see a
mo - ment so splen - did! Then, then, had one Hymn of De -

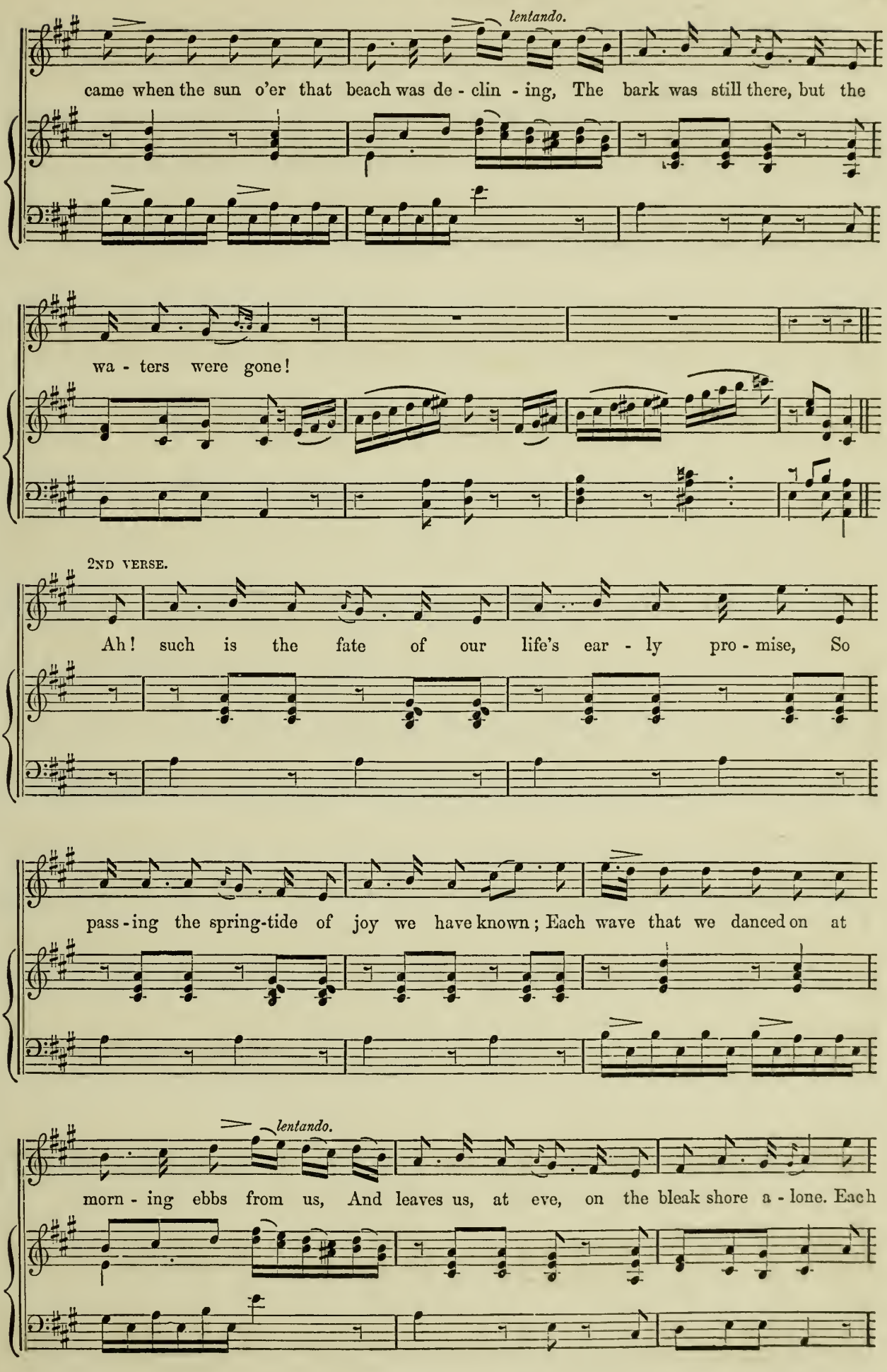
* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

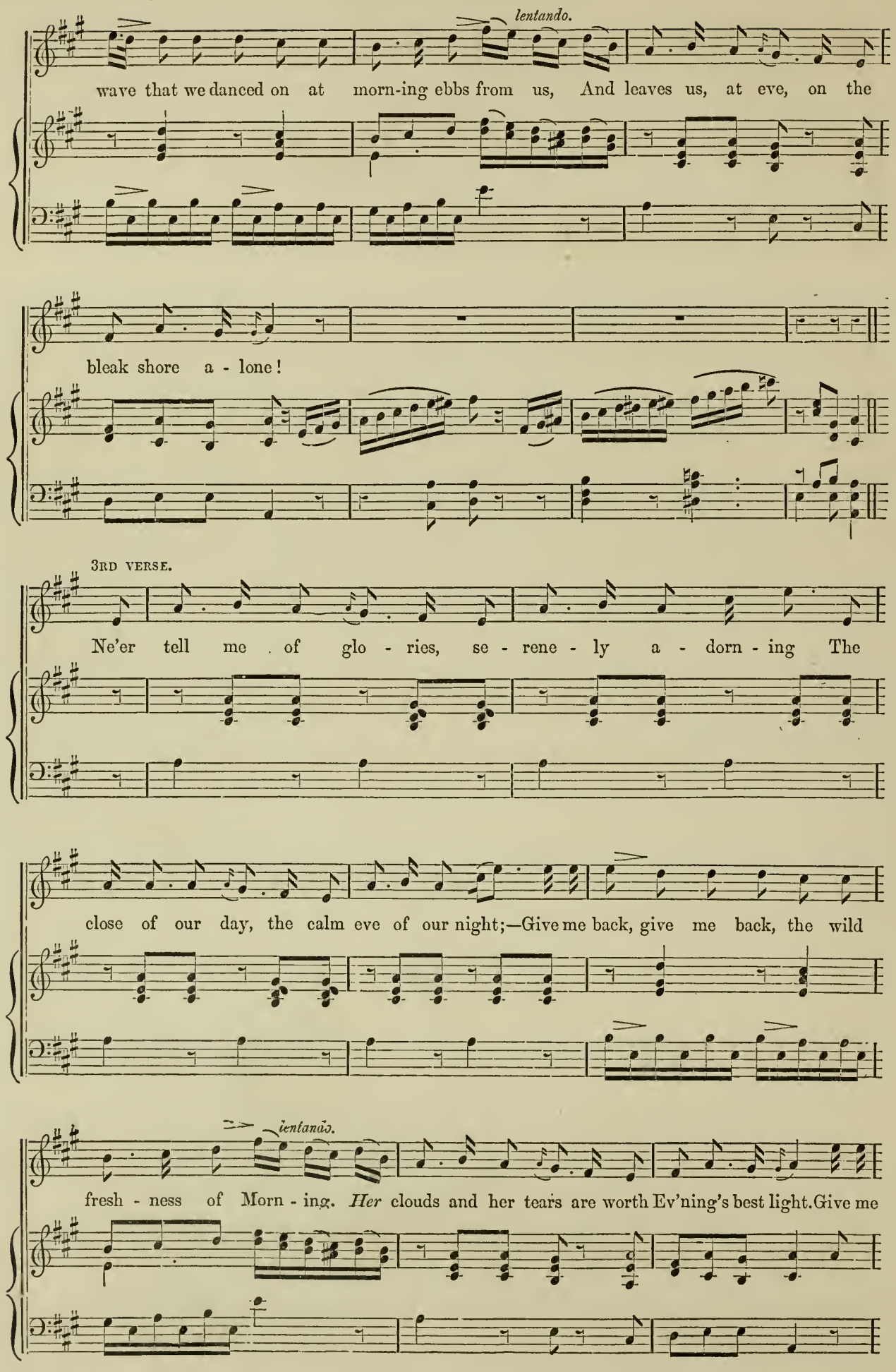


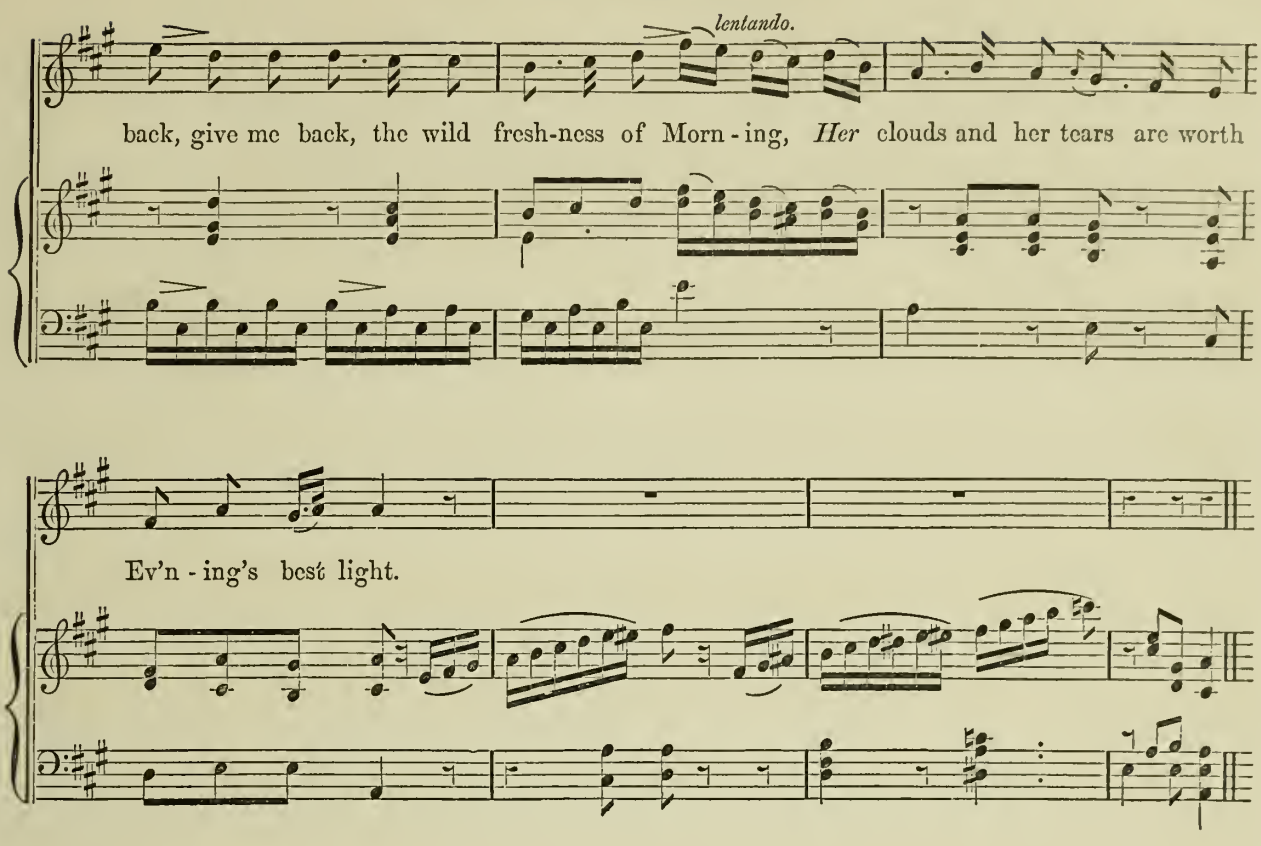

But shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood.
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

# I SAW FROM THE BEACH.


In moderate time.
AIR—MISS MOLLY.
I saw from the beach, when the morn - ing was shin - ing, A
bark o'er the wa - ters, move glo - rious - ly on; I came when the sun o'er that
lentando.
beach was de - clin - ing, The bark was still there, but the wa - ters were gone! I

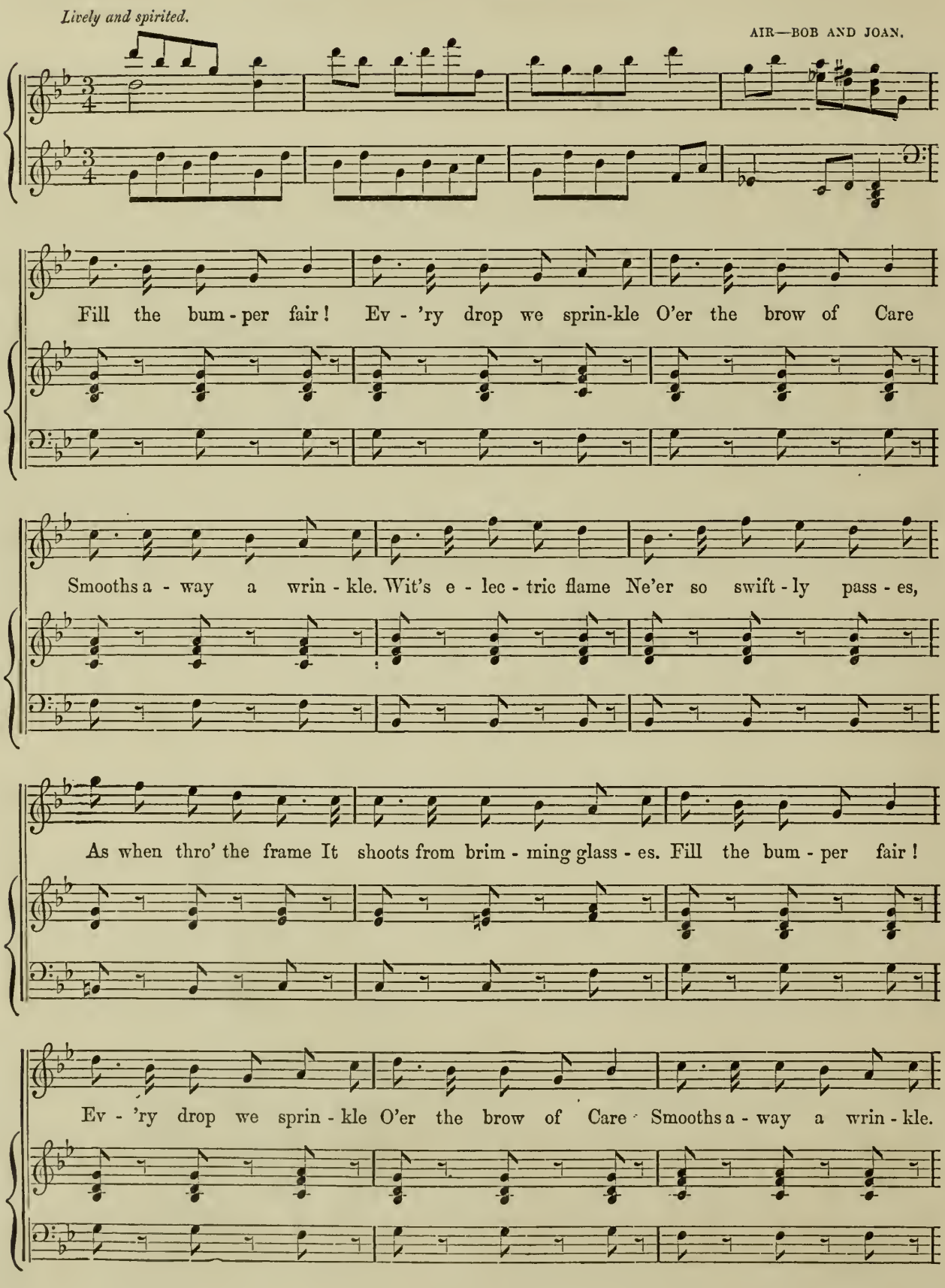

lentando.
came when the sun o'er that beach was de - clin - ing, The bark was still there, but the
wa - ters were gone!
2ND VERSE.
Ah! such is the fate of our life's ear - ly pro - mise, So
pass - ing the spring-tide of joy we have known; Each wave that we danced on at
lentando.
morn - ing ebbs from us, And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a - lone. Each

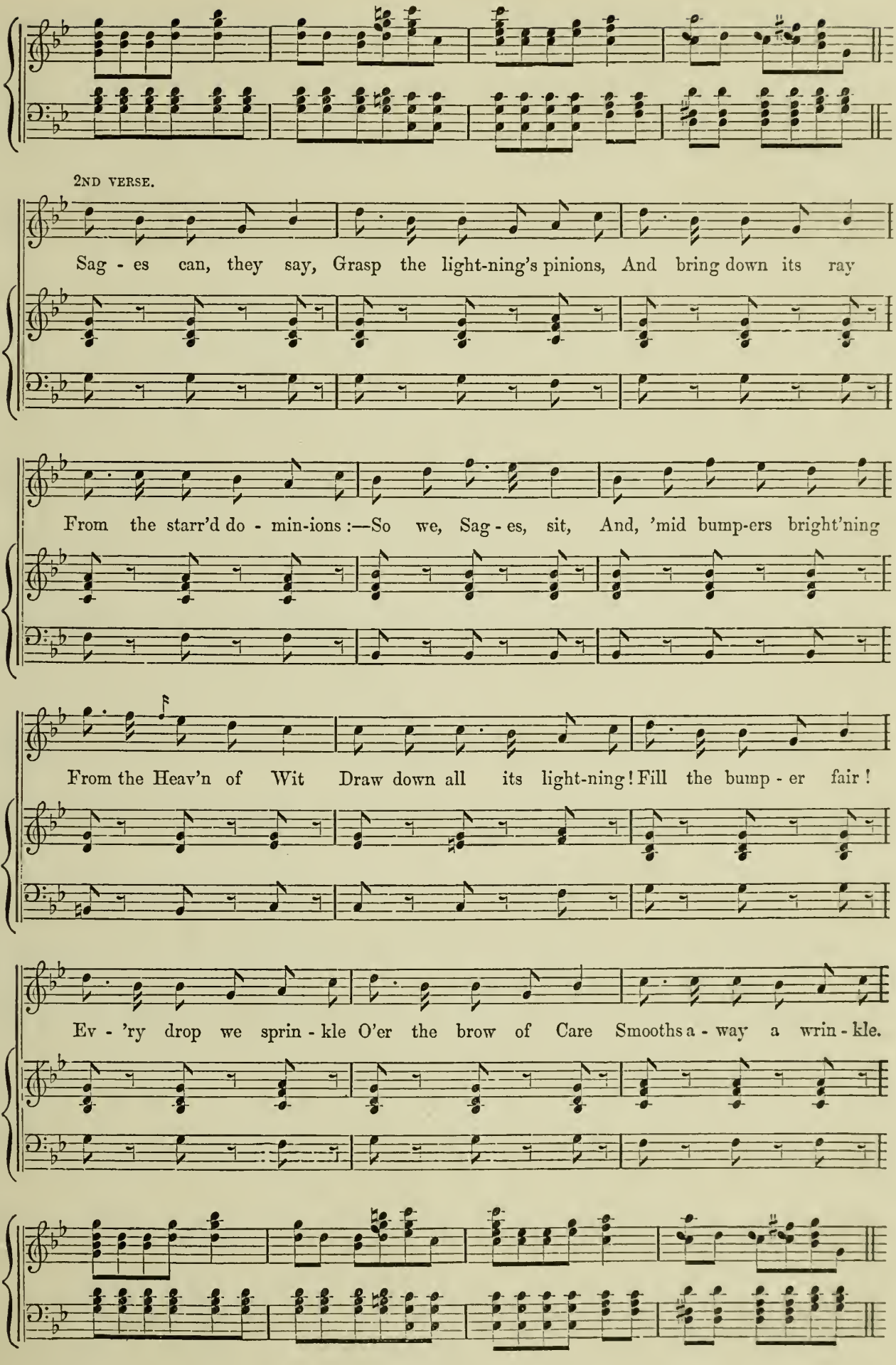

lentando.
wave that we danced on at morn-ing ebbs from us, And leaves us, at eve, on the
bleak shore a - lone!
3RD VERSE.
Ne'er tell me of glo - ries, se - rene - ly a - dorn - ing The
close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—Give me back, give me back, the wild
lentando.
fresh - ness of Morn - ing. *Her* clouds and her tears are worth Ev'ning's best light. Give me



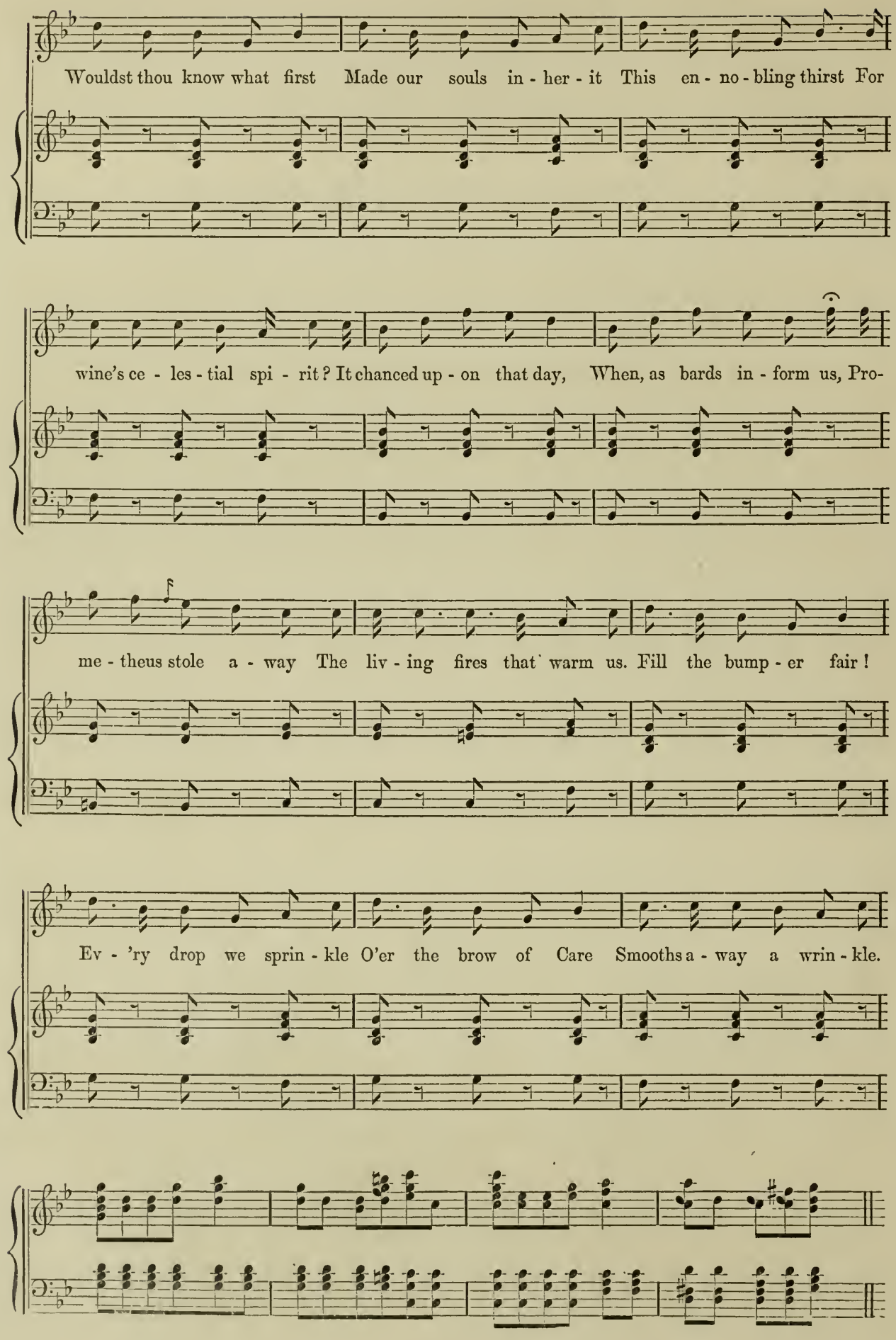

Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

# FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

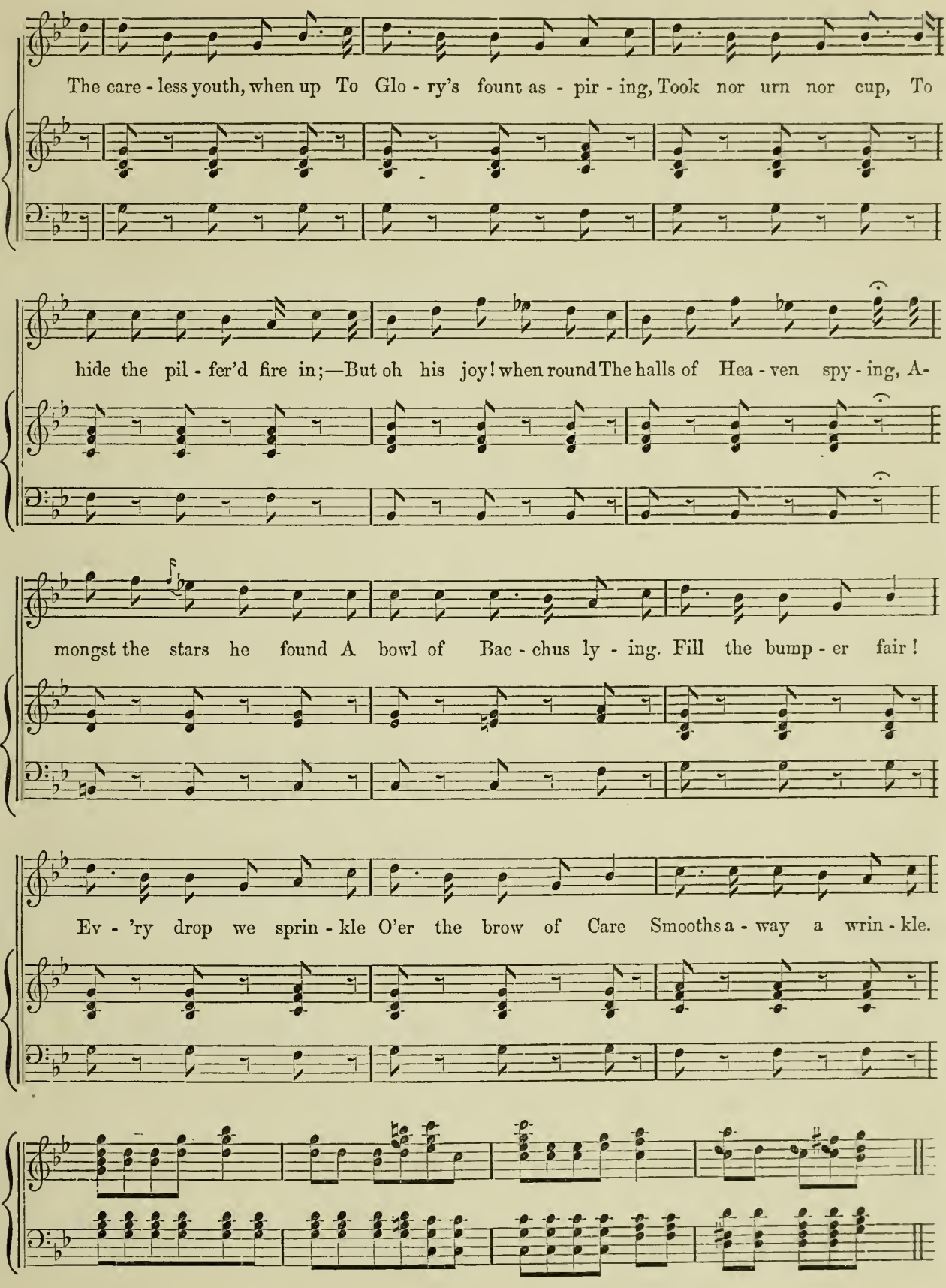

Lively and spirited.
AIR—BOB AND JOAN.
Fill the bum - per fair! Ev - 'ry drop we sprin-kle O'er the brow of Care
Smooths a - way a wrin - kle. Wit's e - lec - tric flame Ne'er so swift - ly pass - es,
As when thro' the frame It shoots from brim - ming glass - es. Fill the bum - per fair!
Ev - 'ry drop we sprin - kle O'er the brow of Care · Smooths a - way a wrin - kle.


2ND VERSE.
Sag - es can, they say, Grasp the light-ning's pinions, And bring down its ray
From the starr'd do - min-ions :—So we, Sag - es, sit, And, 'mid bump-ers bright'ning
From the Heav'n of Wit Draw down all its light-ning! Fill the bump - er fair!
Ev - 'ry drop we sprin - kle O'er the brow of Care Smooths a - way a wrin - kle.

3RD VERSE.


Wouldst thou know what first Made our souls in - her - it This en - no - bling thirst For
wine's ce - les - tial spi - rit? It chanced up - on that day, When, as bards in - form us, Pro-
me - theus stole a - way The liv - ing fires that warm us. Fill the bump - er fair!
Ev - 'ry drop we sprin - kle O'er the brow of Care Smooths a - way a wrin - kle.

4TH VERSE.

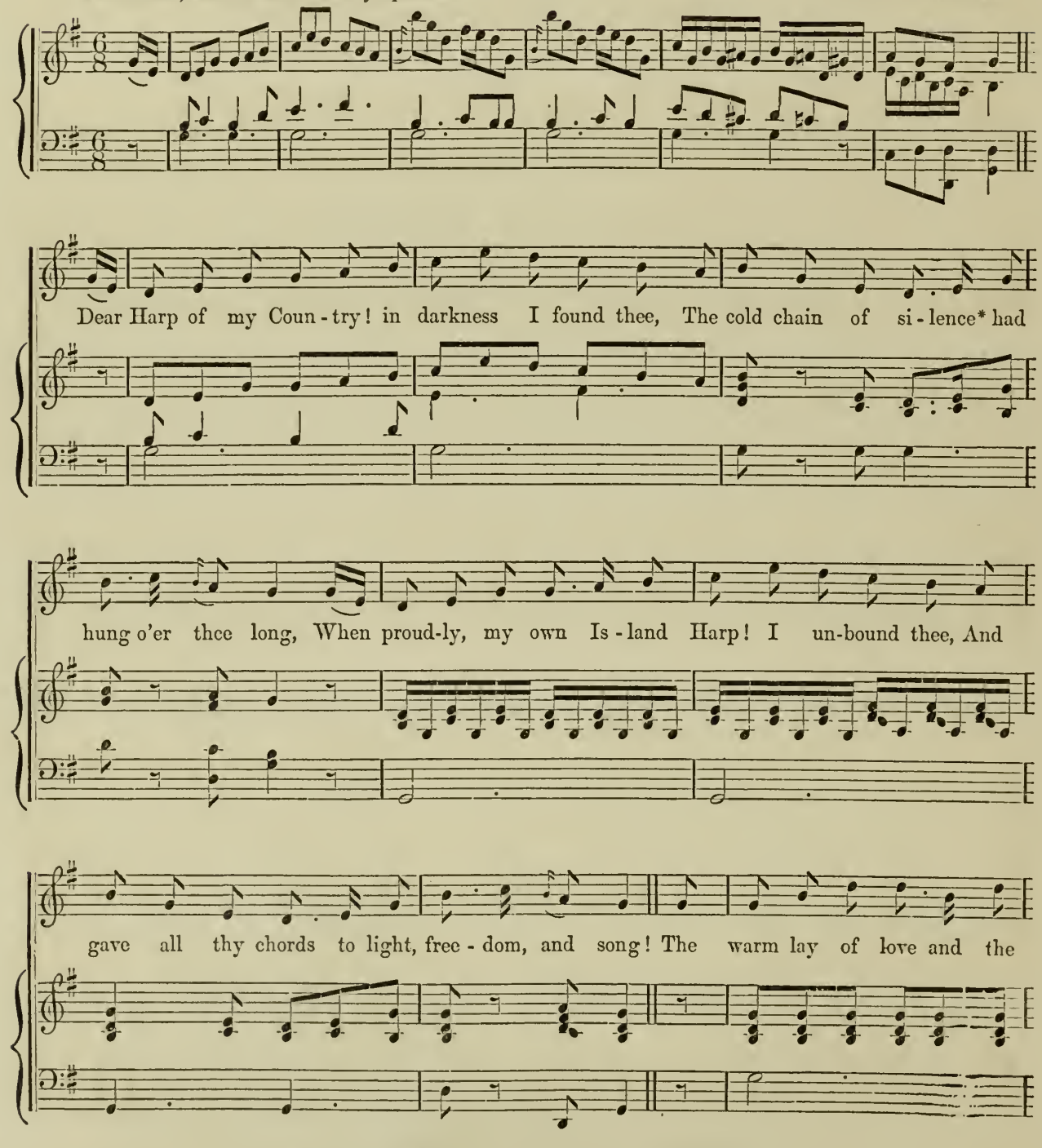

The care - less youth, when up To Glo - ry's fount as - pir - ing, Took nor urn nor cup, To
hide the pil - fer'd fire in;—But oh his joy! when round The halls of Hea - ven spy - ing, A-
mongst the stars he found A bowl of Bac - chus ly - ing. Fill the bump - er fair!
Ev - 'ry drop we sprin - kle O'er the brow of Care Smooths a - way a wrin - kle.

Some drops were in the bowl,
  Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
  Mix'd their burning treasure!

Hence the goblet's shower
  Hath such spells to win us—
Hence its mighty power
  O'er that Flame within us.
    Fill the bumper fair! &c.

# DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

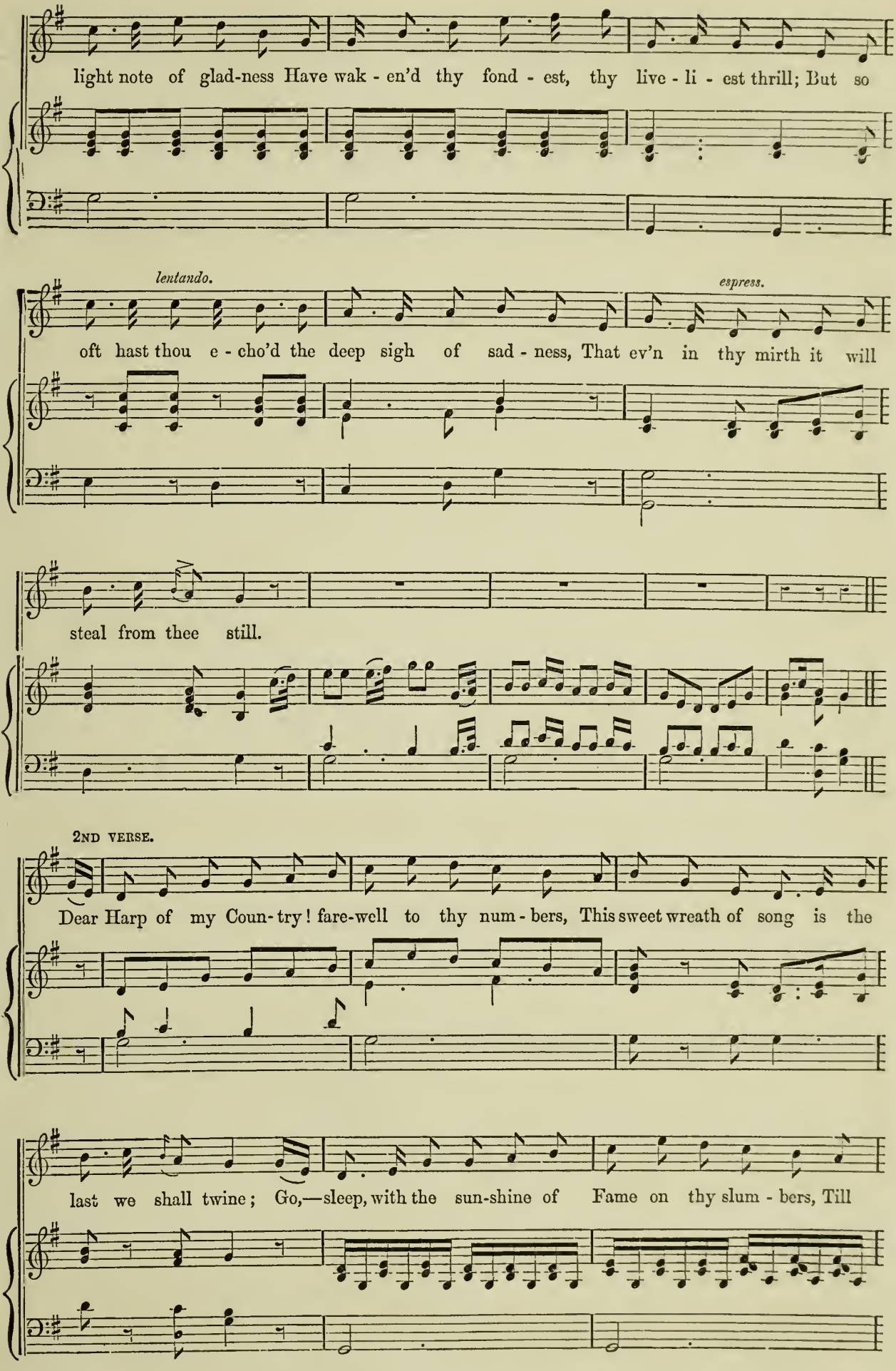
*Moderate time, and with much warmth of expression.* AIR—NEW LANGOLEE.

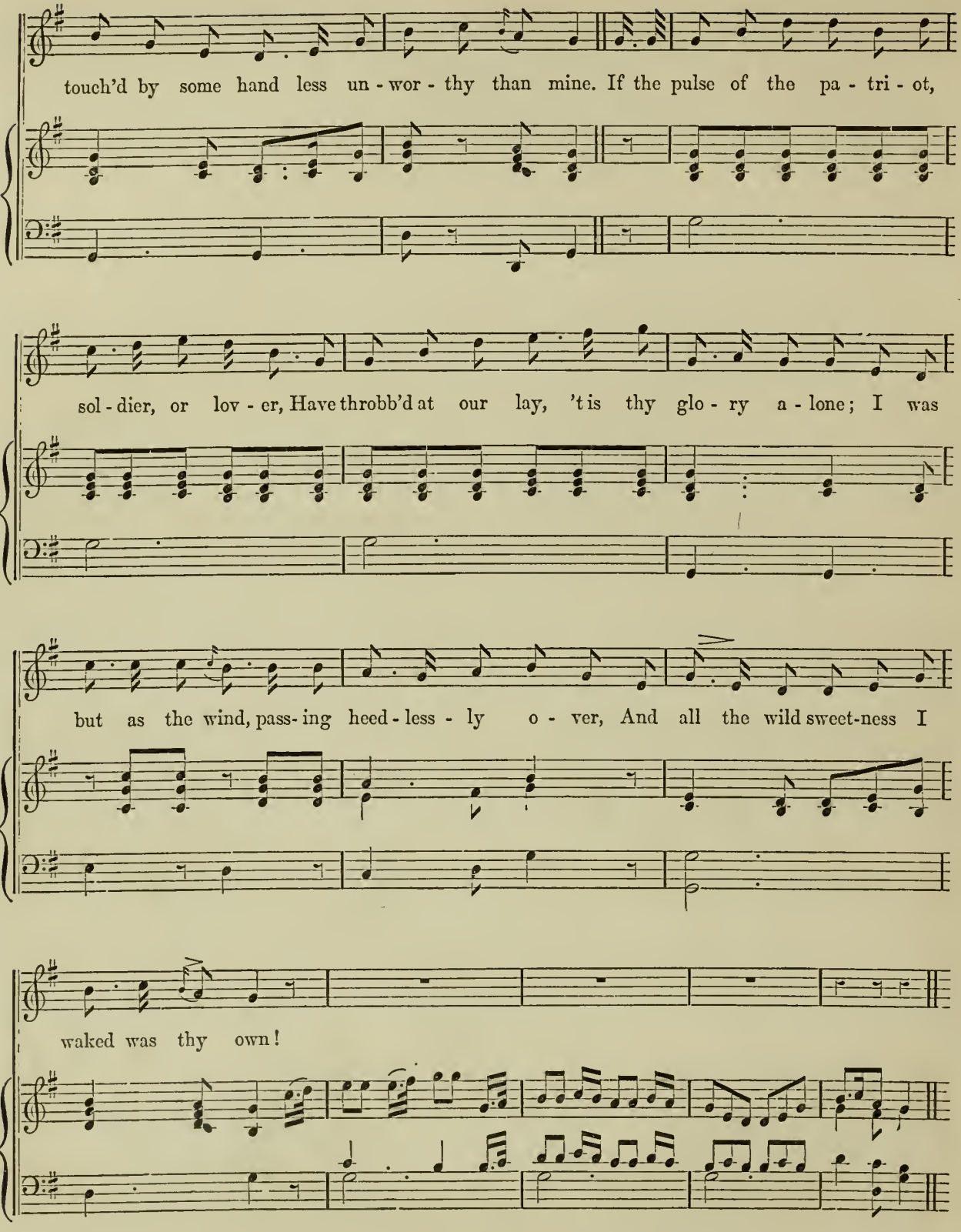

Dear Harp of my Coun - try! in darkness I found thee, The cold chain of si - lence* had
hung o'er thee long, When proud-ly, my own Is - land Harp! I un-bound thee, And
gave all thy chords to light, free - dom, and song! The warm lay of love and the

* In that rebellious but beautiful song—"When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

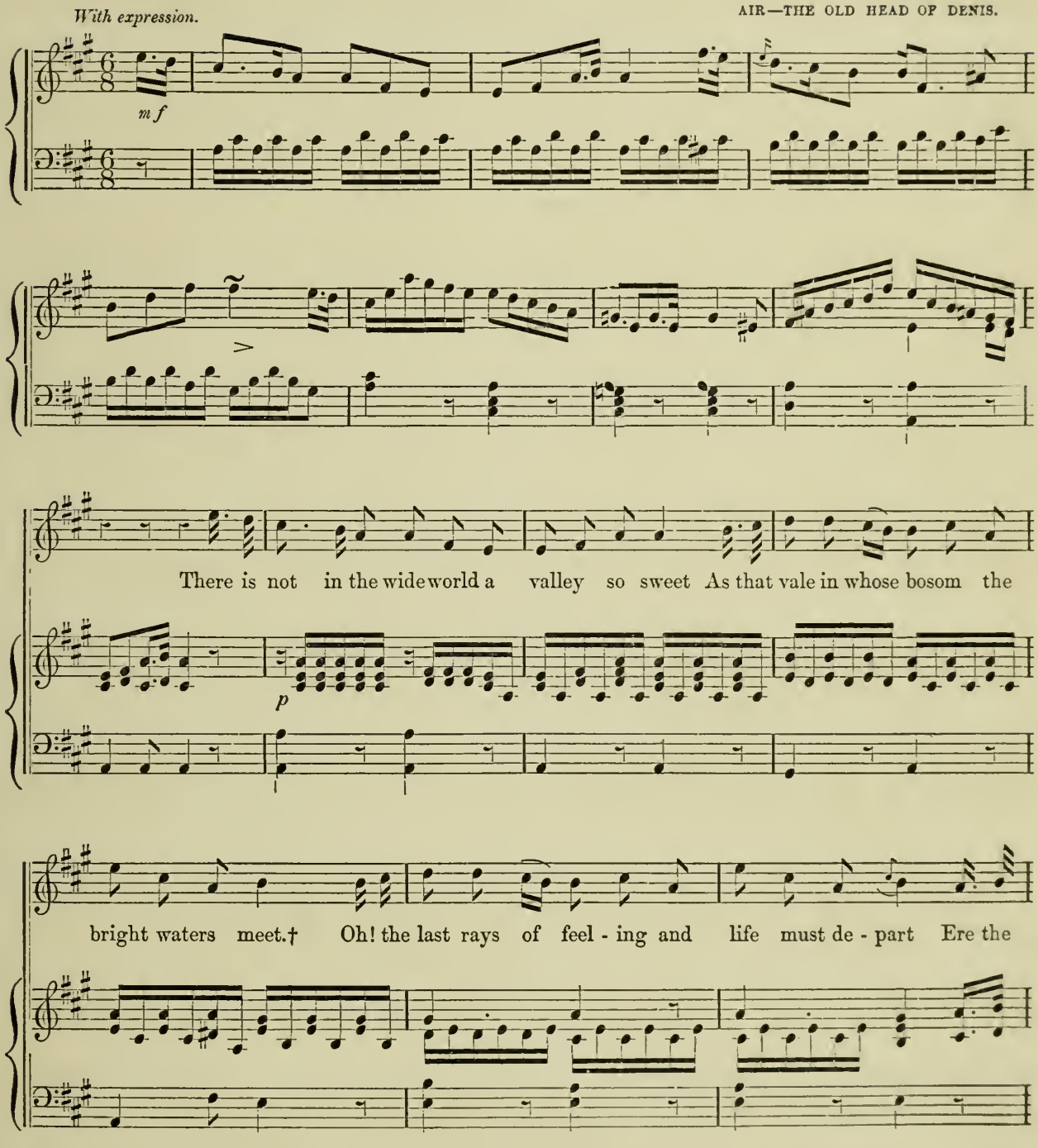
"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni, in Miss Brook's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.


light note of glad-ness Have wak - en'd thy fond - est, thy live - li - est thrill; But so
lentando.
espress.
oft hast thou e - cho'd the deep sigh of sad - ness, That ev'n in thy mirth it will
steal from thee still.
2ND VERSE.
Dear Harp of my Coun-try! fare-well to thy num - bers, This sweet wreath of song is the
last we shall twine; Go,—sleep, with the sun-shine of Fame on thy slum - bers, Till

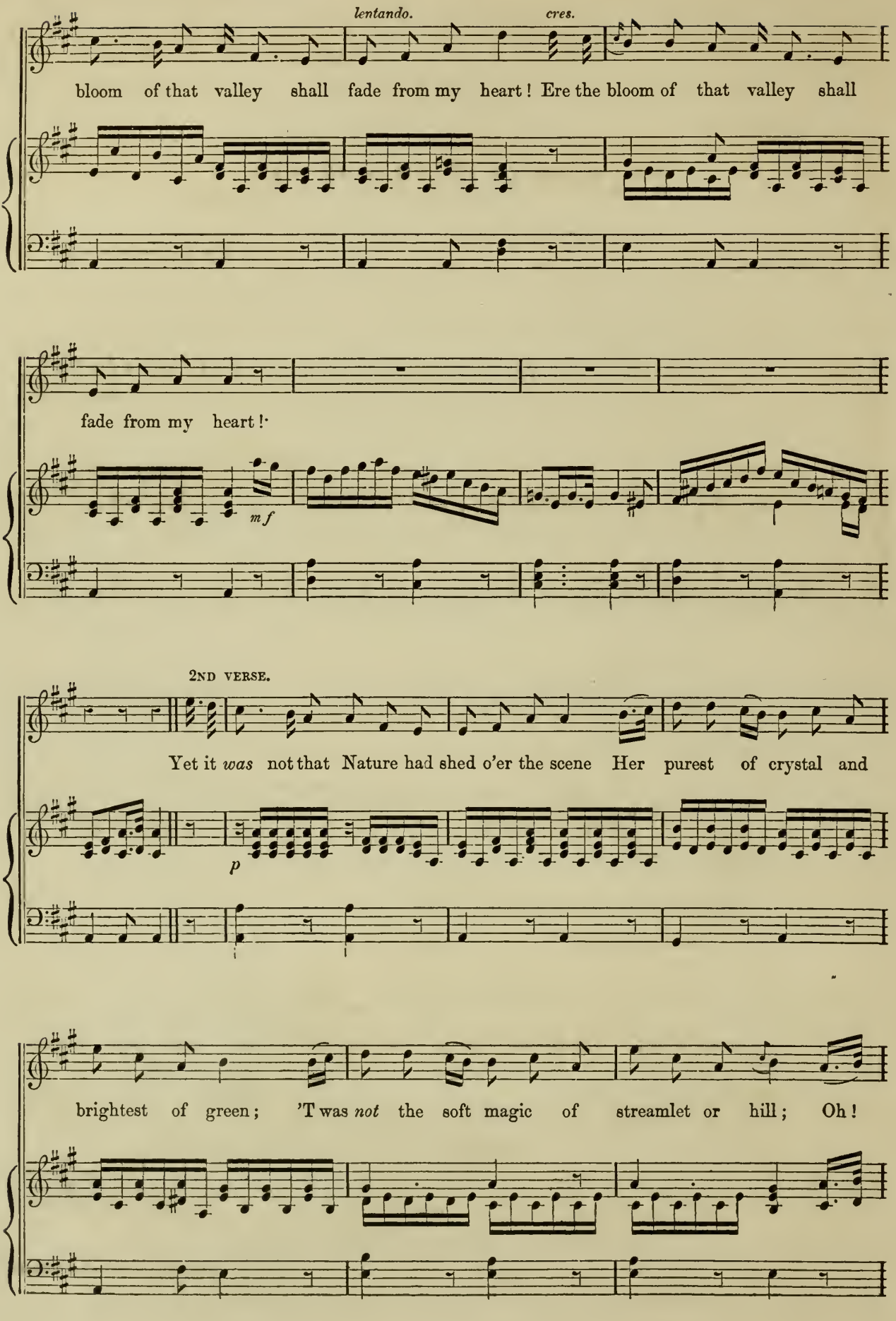

touch'd by some hand less un - wor - thy than mine. If the pulse of the pa - tri - ot,
sol - dier, or lov - er, Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo - ry a - lone; I was
but as the wind, pass - ing heed - less - ly o - ver, And all the wild sweet-ness I
waked was thy own!

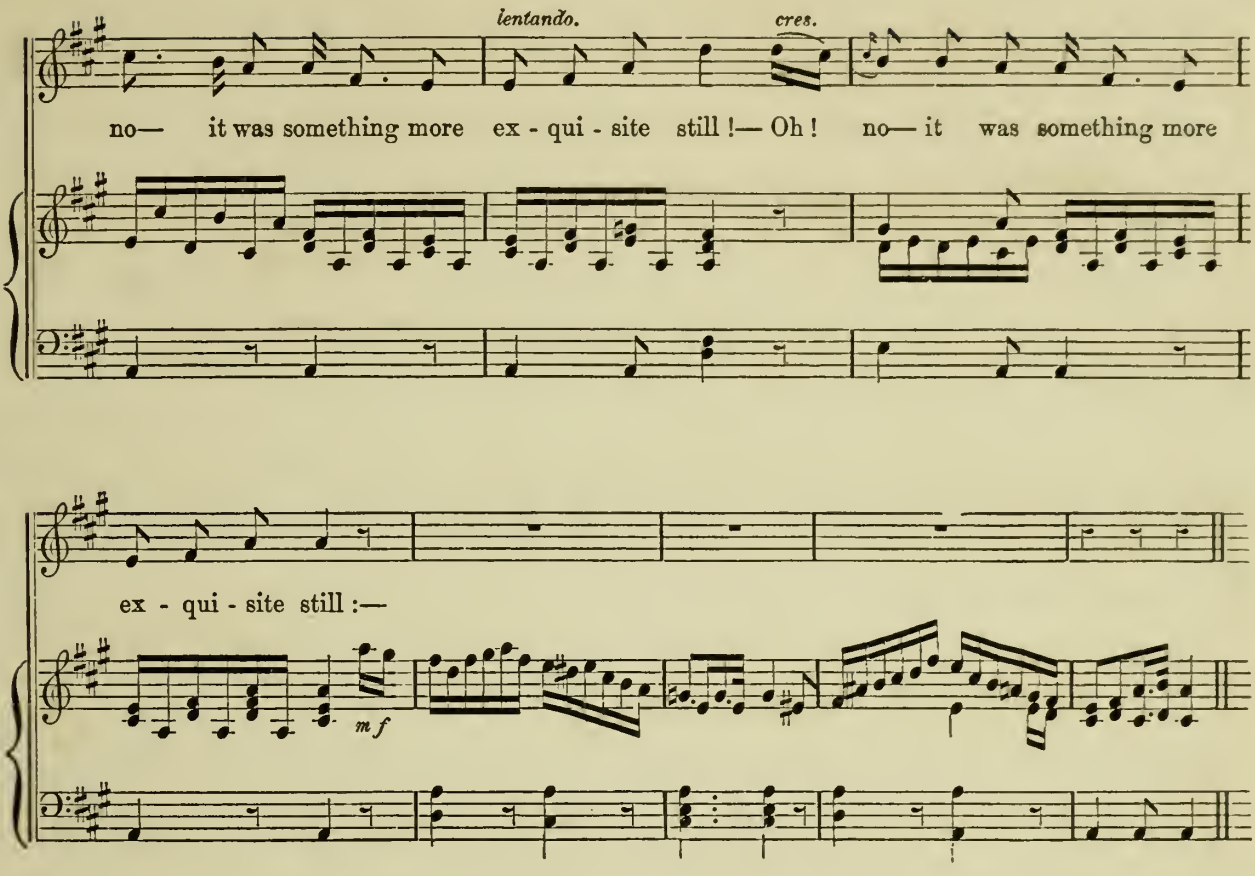
# THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*


With expression.
AIR—THE OLD HEAD OF DENIS.
m f
There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet As that vale in whose bosom the
p
bright waters meet.† Oh! the last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part Ere the

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.


lentando.
cres.
bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart! Ere the bloom of that valley shall
fade from my heart!
mf
2ND VERSE.
Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene Her purest of crystal and
p
brightest of green; 'T was *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill; Oh!




III.

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear ;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

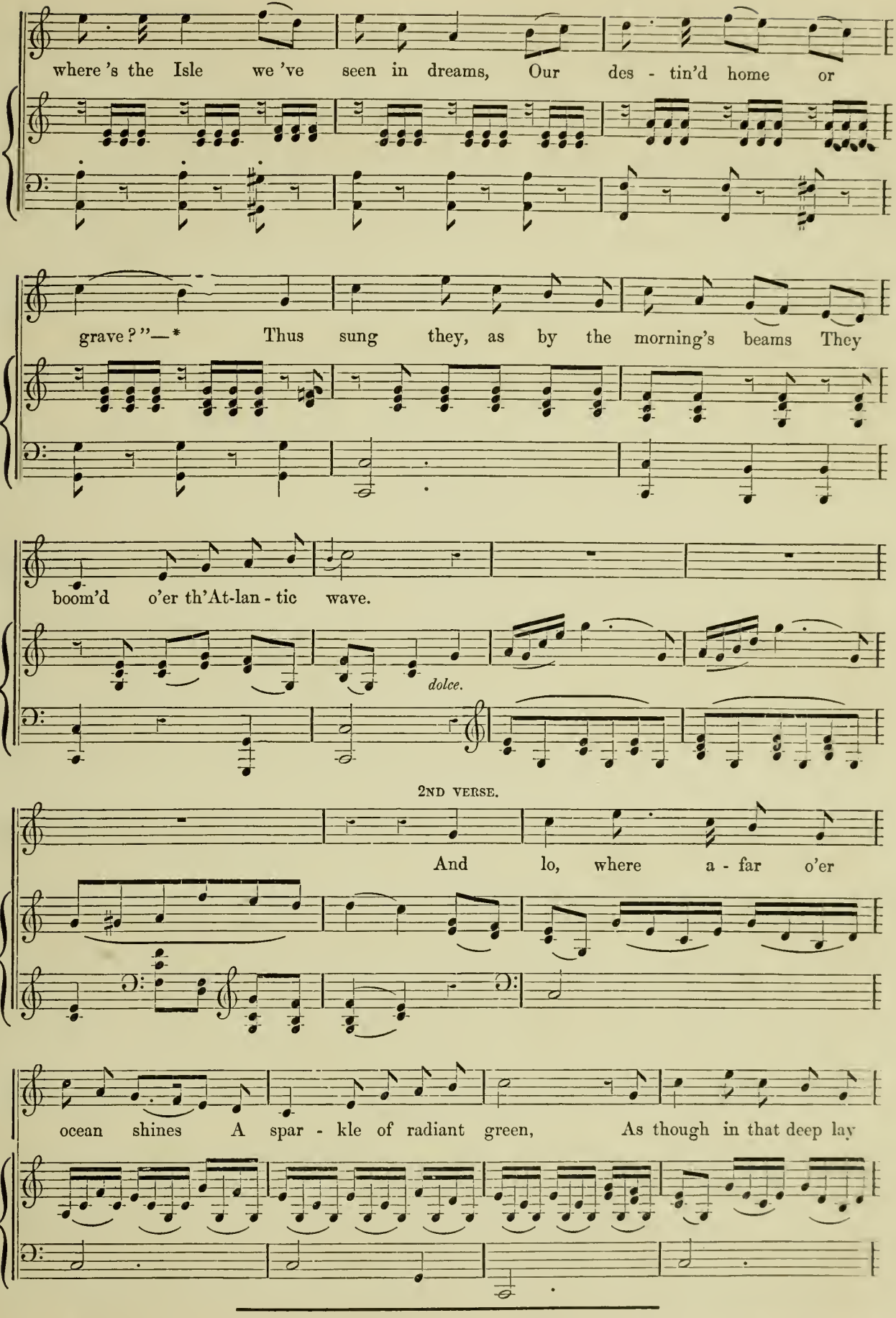
IV.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !

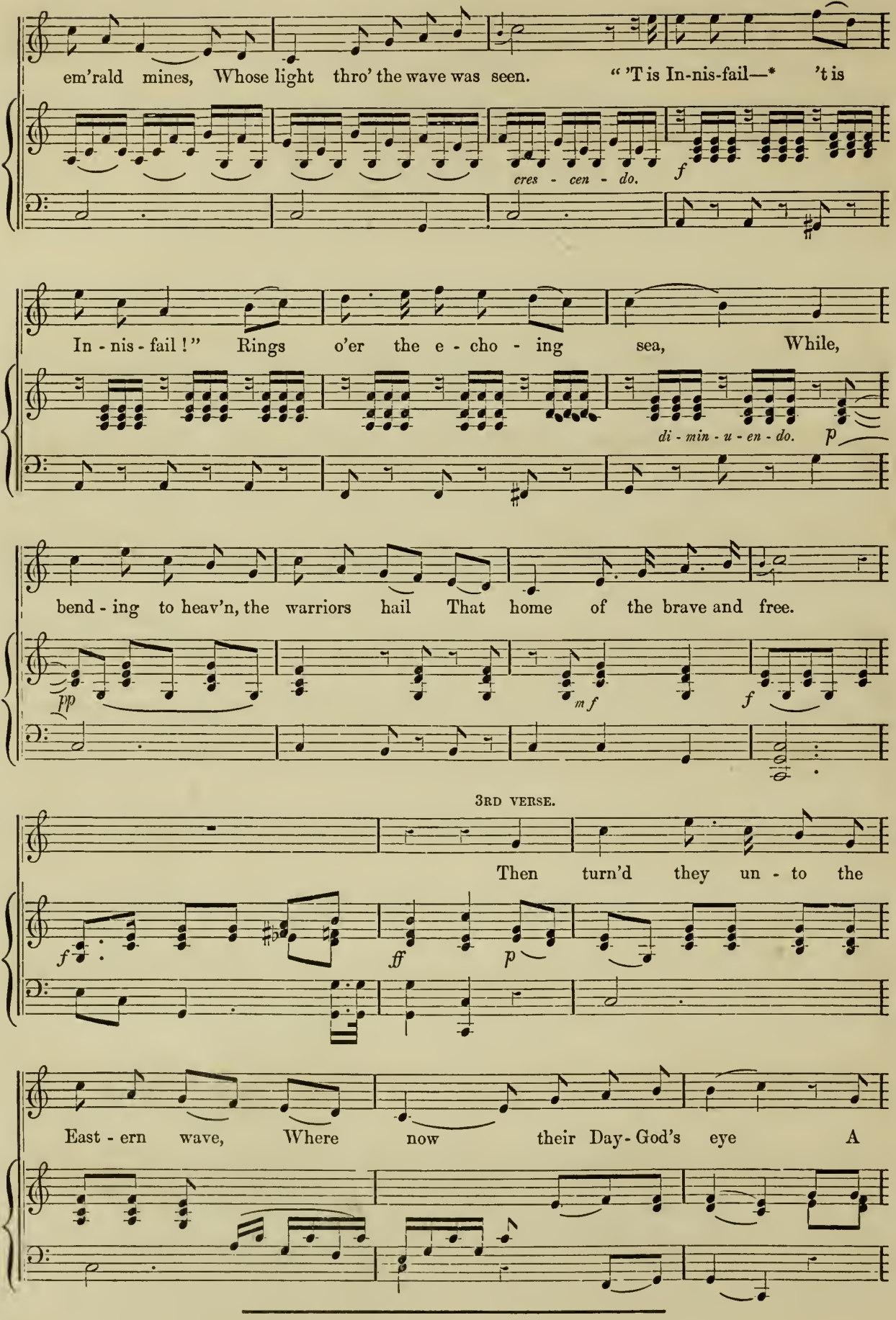
# SONG OF INNISFAIL.

## THEY CAME FROM A LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

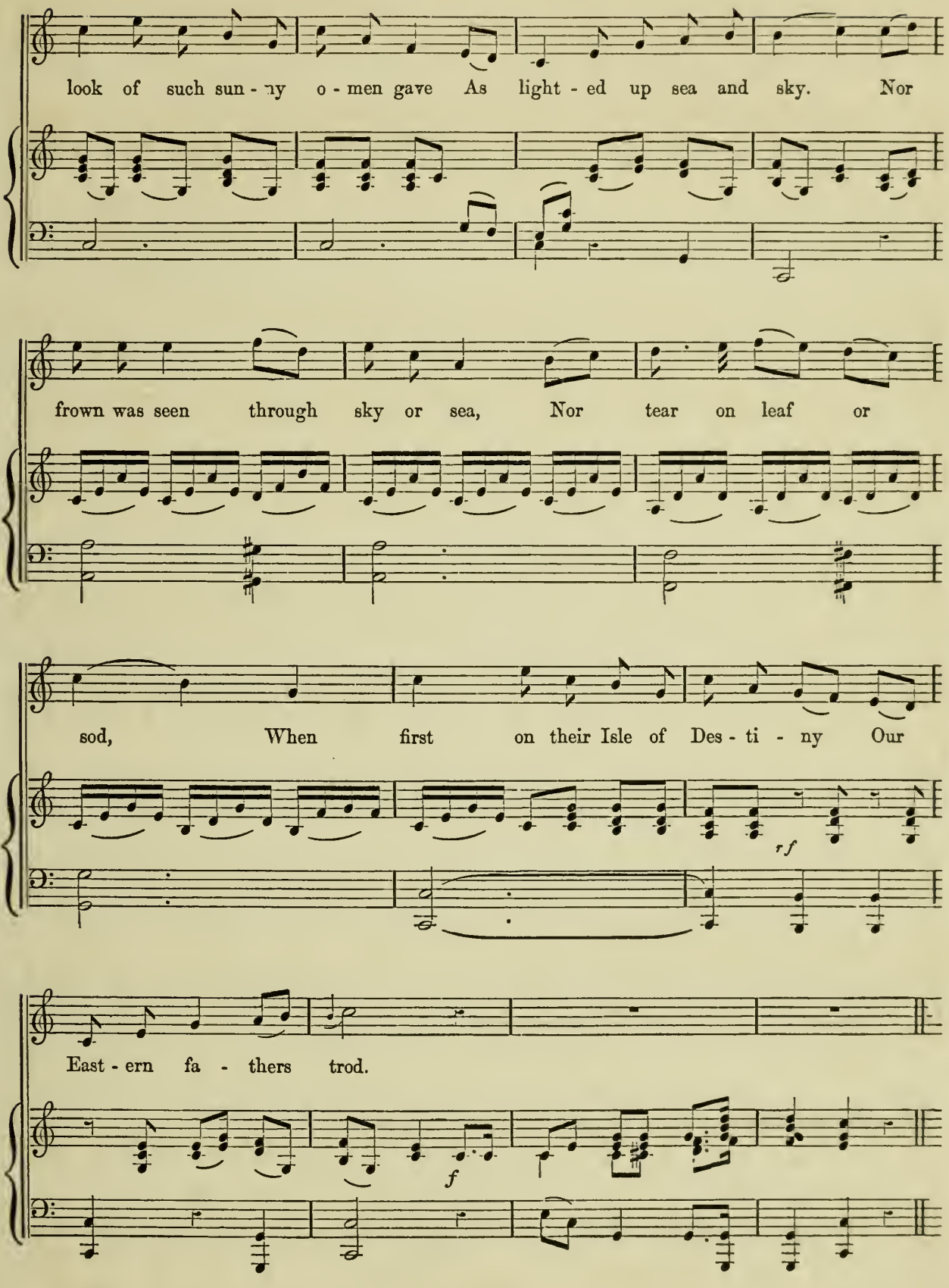
In moderate time, and flowingly.
AIR—PEGGY BAWN.
pp
They came from a land be -
rallentando.
dim.
a tempo.
yond the sea, And now o'er the west-ern main, Set sail, in their good ships,
gal - lant - ly, From the sun - ny land of Spain. "Oh,


where 's the Isle we 've seen in dreams, Our des - tin'd home or
grave?"—* Thus sung they, as by the morning's beams They
boom'd o'er th'At-lan - tic wave.
dolce.
2ND VERSE.
And lo, where a - far o'er
ocean shines A spar - kle of radiant green, As though in that deep lay

* "Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland), and there inhabit."—*Keating.*

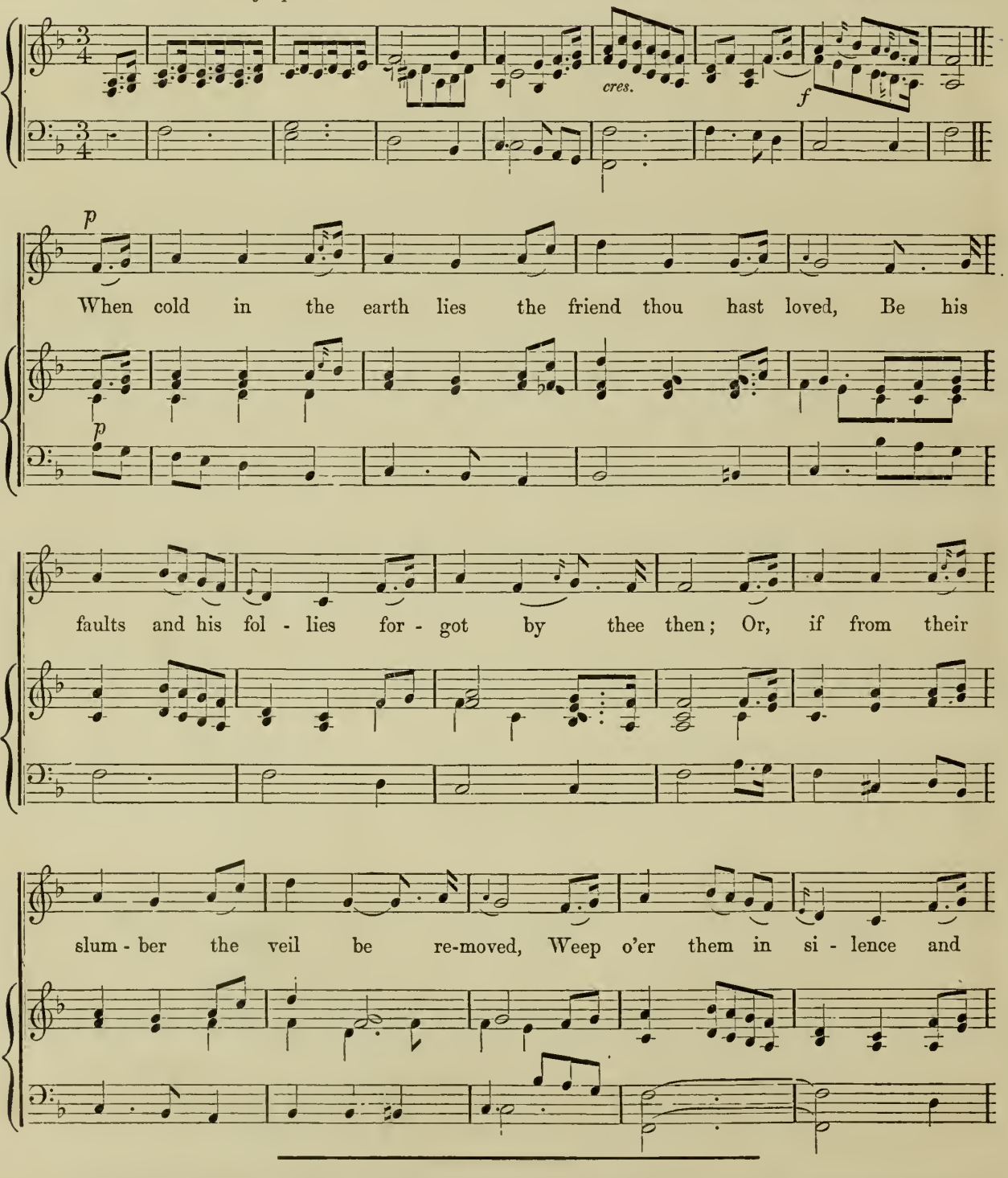

em'rald mines, Whose light thro' the wave was seen. " 'T is In-nis-fail—* 't is
cres - cen - do.
f
In - nis - fail !" Rings o'er the e - cho - ing sea, While,
di - min - u - en - do.
p
bend - ing to heav'n, the warriors hail That home of the brave and free.
pp
mf
f
3RD VERSE.
Then turn'd they un - to the
f
ff
p
East - ern wave, Where now their Day- God's eye A

* The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

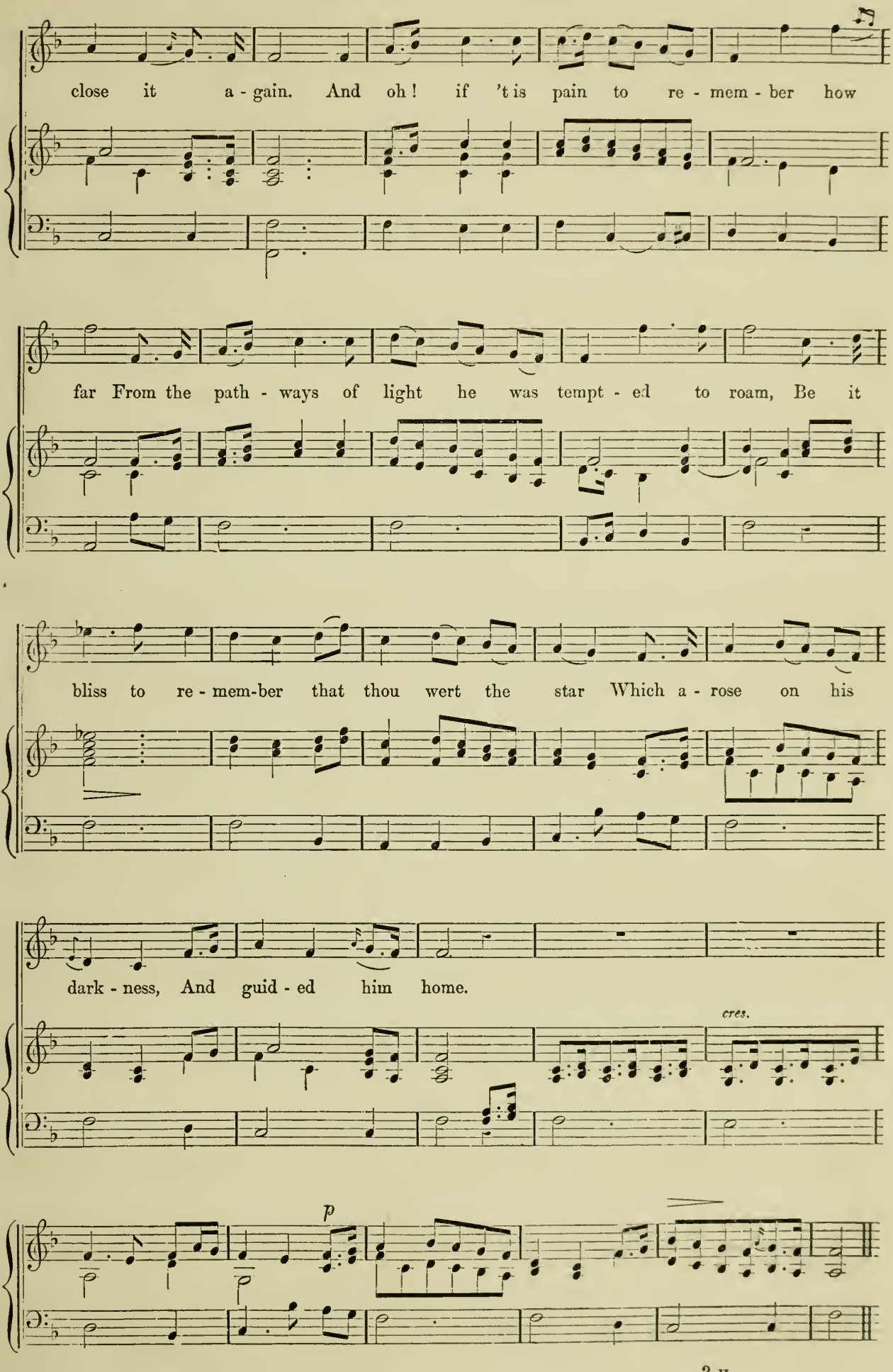

look of such sun - ny o - men gave As light - ed up sea and sky. Nor
frown was seen through sky or sea, Nor tear on leaf or
sod, When first on their Isle of Des - ti - ny Our
rf
East - ern fa - thers trod.
f

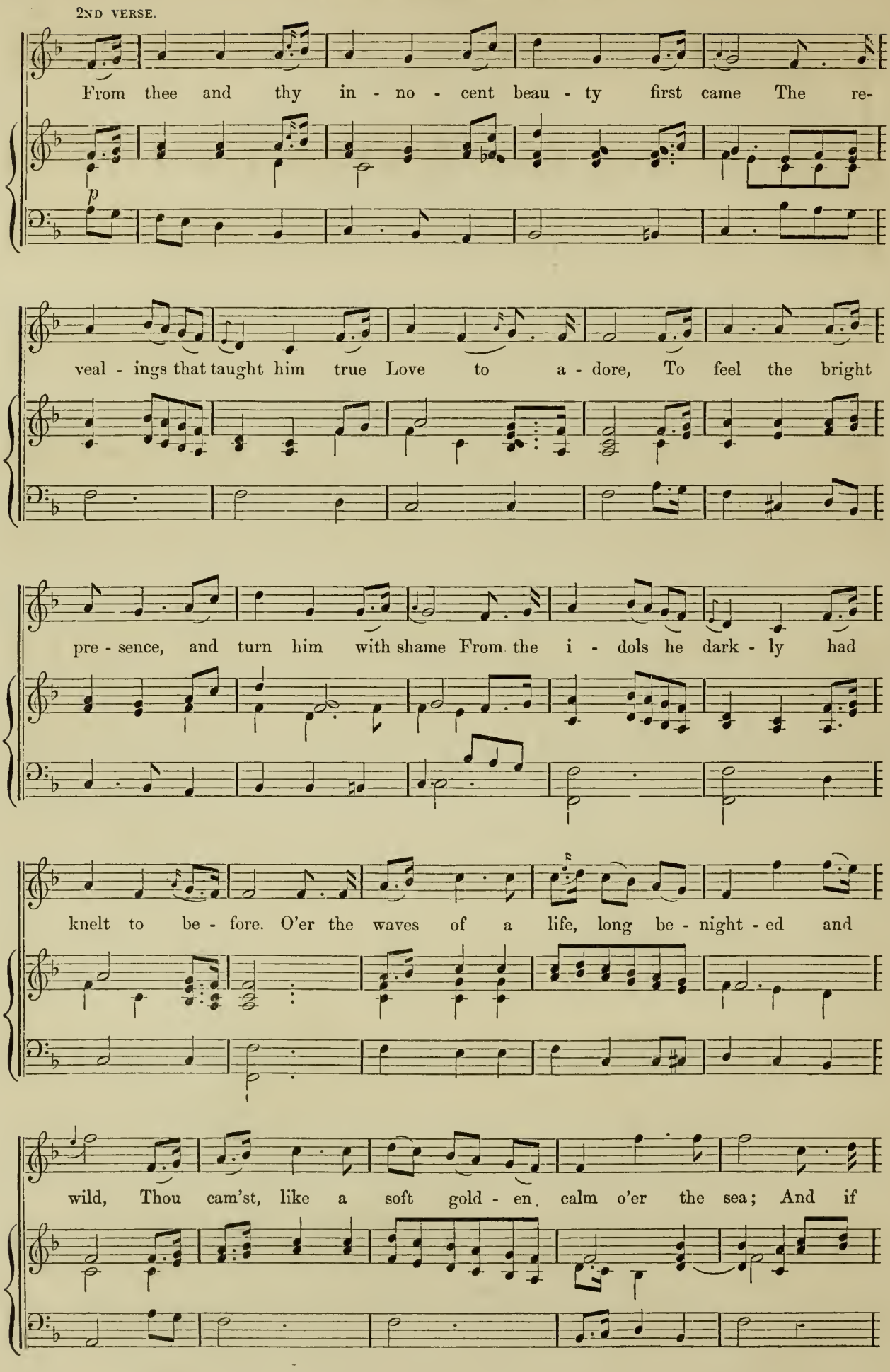
# WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

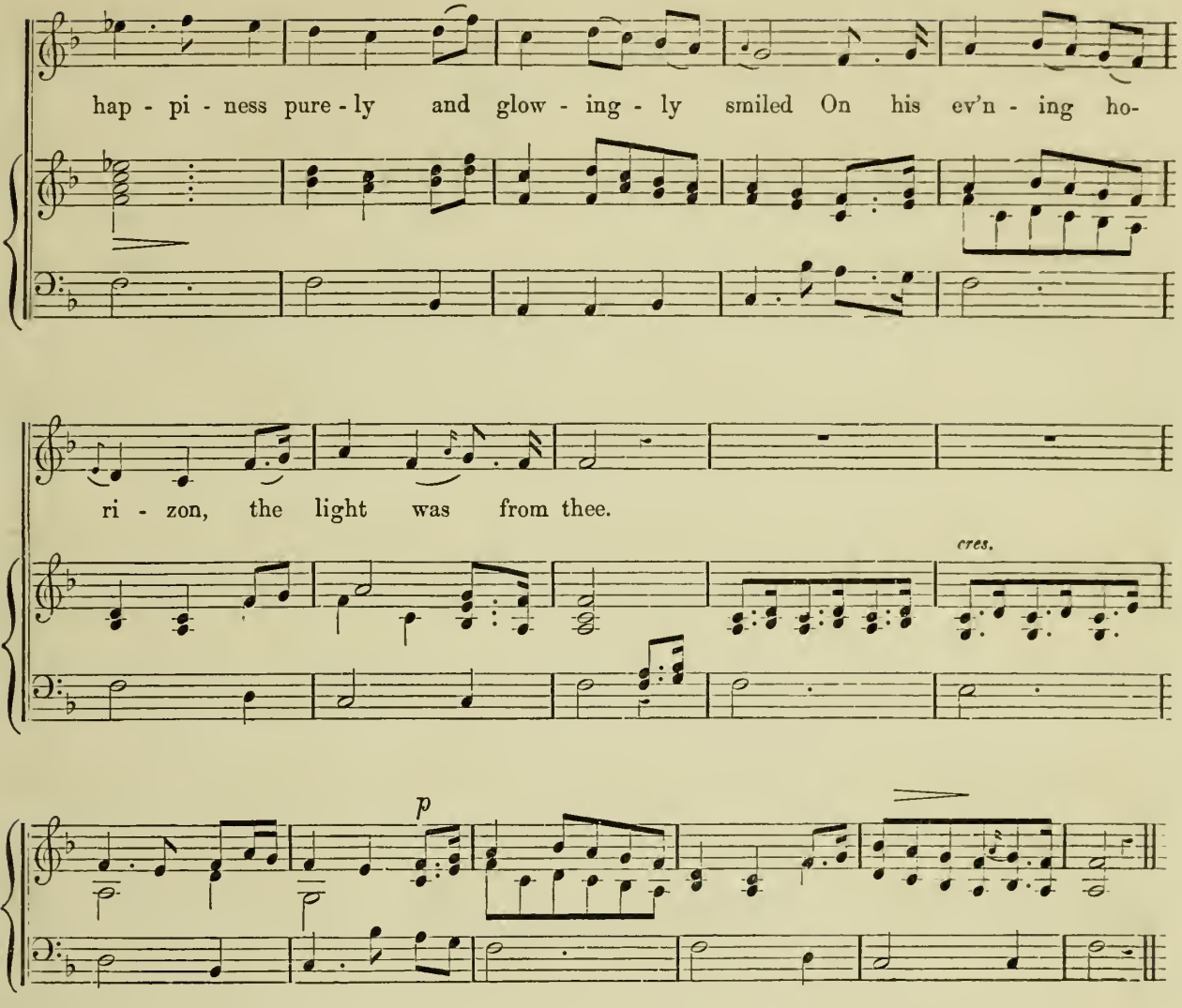
*Slow and with melancholy expression.* AIR—LIMERICK'S LAMENTATION.*


cres.
f
p
When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved, Be his
p
faults and his fol - lies for - got by thee then; Or, if from their
slum - ber the veil be re-moved, Weep o'er them in si - lence and

* Our right to this fine Air (the "Lochaber" of the Scotch) will, I fear, be disputed; but, as it has been long connected with Irish words, and is confidently claimed for us by Mr. Bunting and others, I thought I should not be authorized in leaving it out of this collection.


close it a - gain. And oh! if 't is pain to re - mem - ber how
far From the path - ways of light he was tempt - ed to roam, Be it
bliss to re - mem-ber that thou wert the star Which a - rose on his
dark - ness, And guid - ed him home.
cres.
p

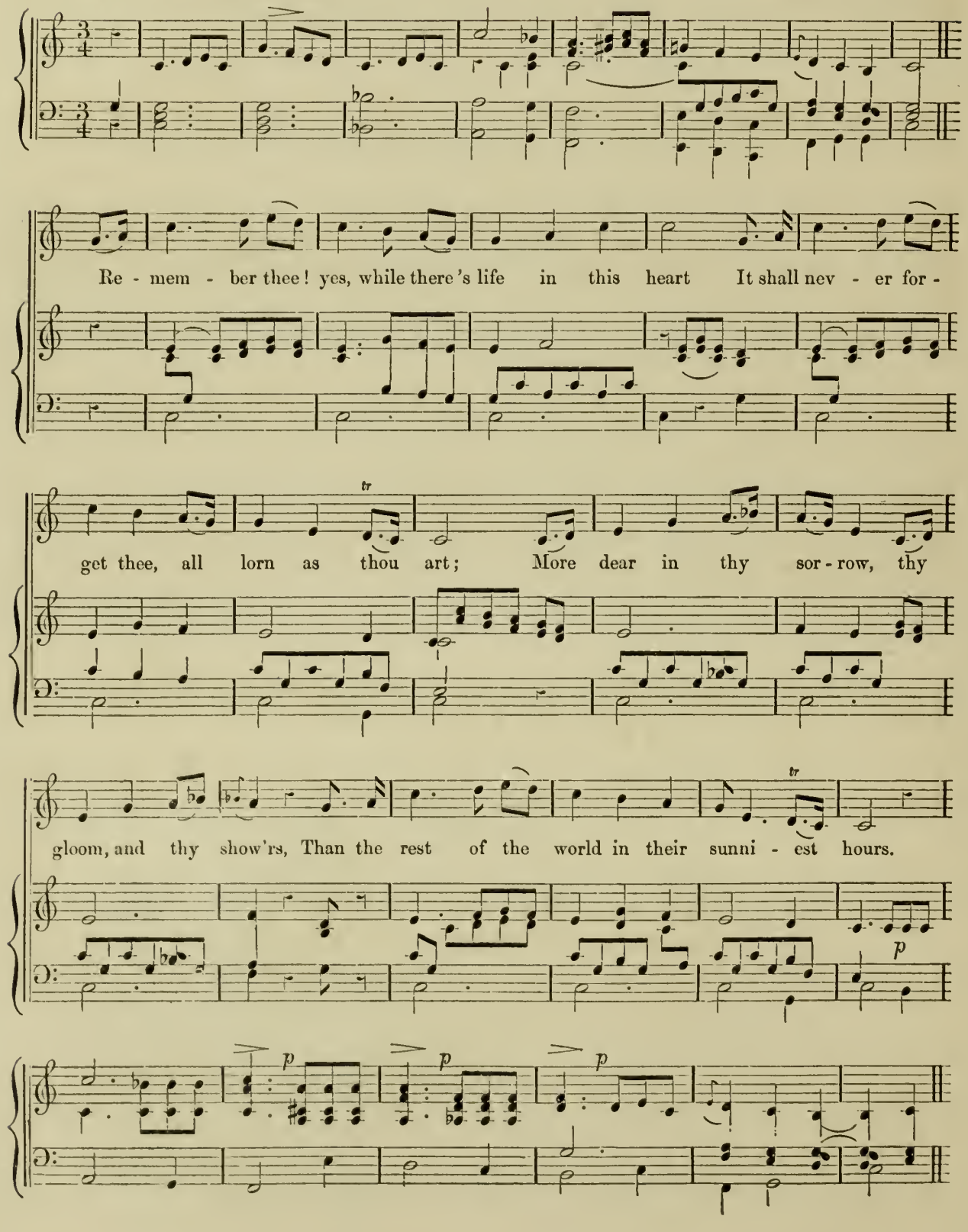

2ND VERSE.
From thee and thy in - no - cent beau - ty first came The re-
p
veal - ings that taught him true Love to a - dore, To feel the bright
pre - sence, and turn him with shame From the i - dols he dark - ly had
knelt to be - fore. O'er the waves of a life, long be - night - ed and
wild, Thou cam'st, like a soft gold - en calm o'er the sea; And if

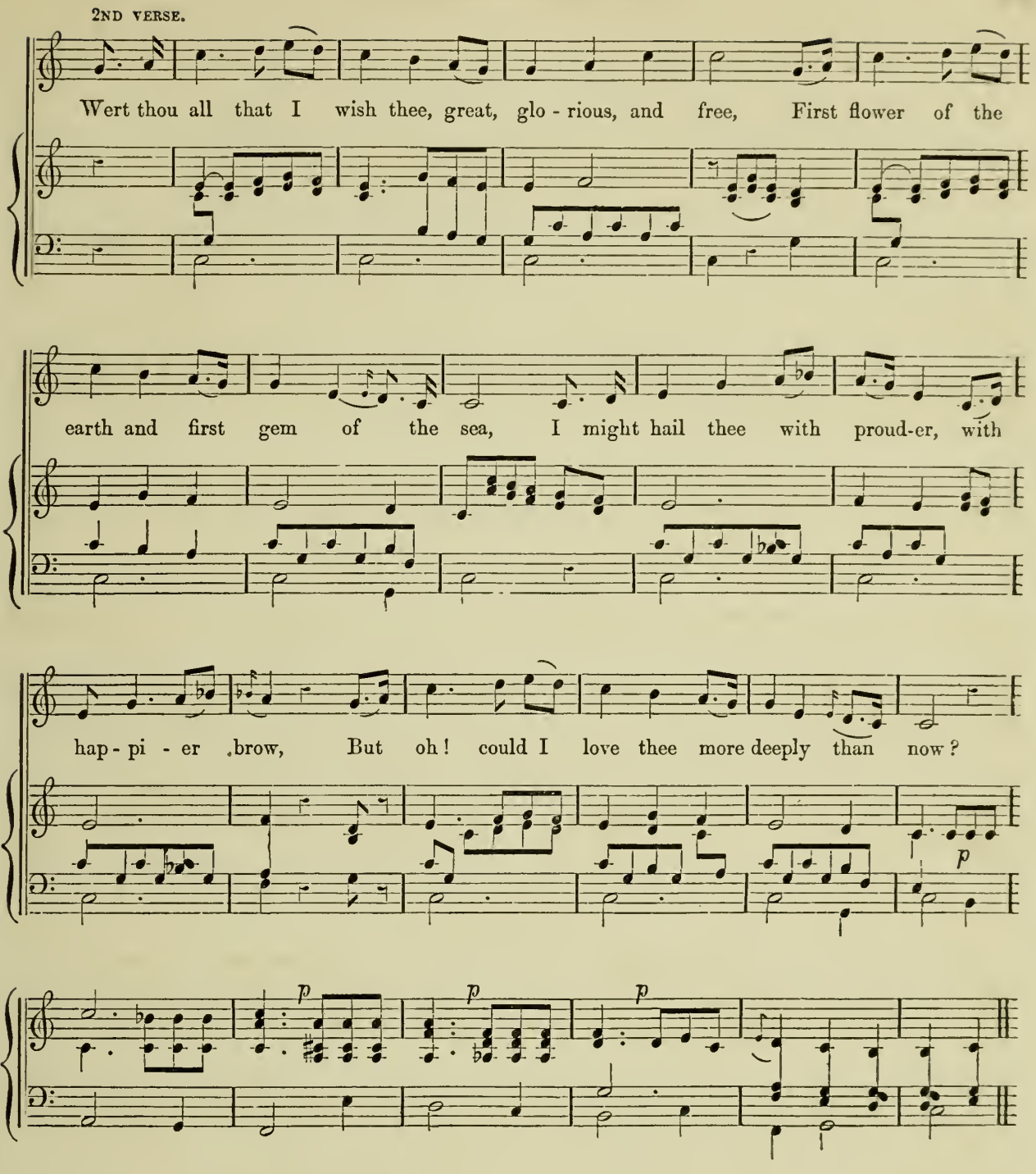



And though sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there!

# REMEMBER THEE!

*Not too slow, and with strong feeling.* AIR—CASTLE TIROWEN.

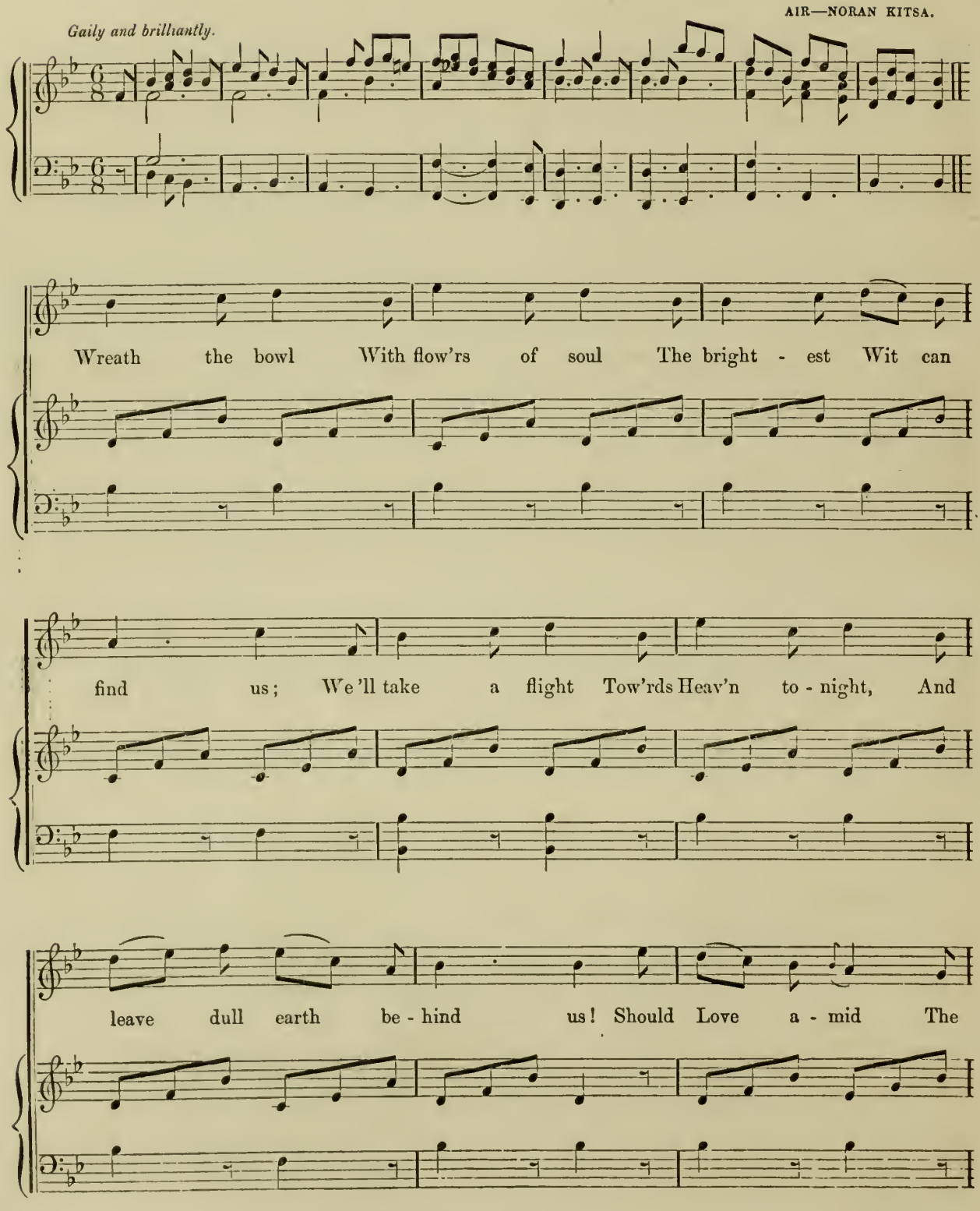

Re - mem - ber thee! yes, while there 's life in this heart It shall nev - er for -
get thee, all lorn as thou art; More dear in thy sor - row, thy
gloom, and thy show'rs, Than the rest of the world in their sunni - est hours.
tr
p


2ND VERSE.
Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glo - rious, and free, First flower of the
earth and first gem of the sea, I might hail thee with proud-er, with
hap - pi - er brow, But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?
p
p
p
p

No, thy chains as they torture thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

# WREATH THE BOWL.

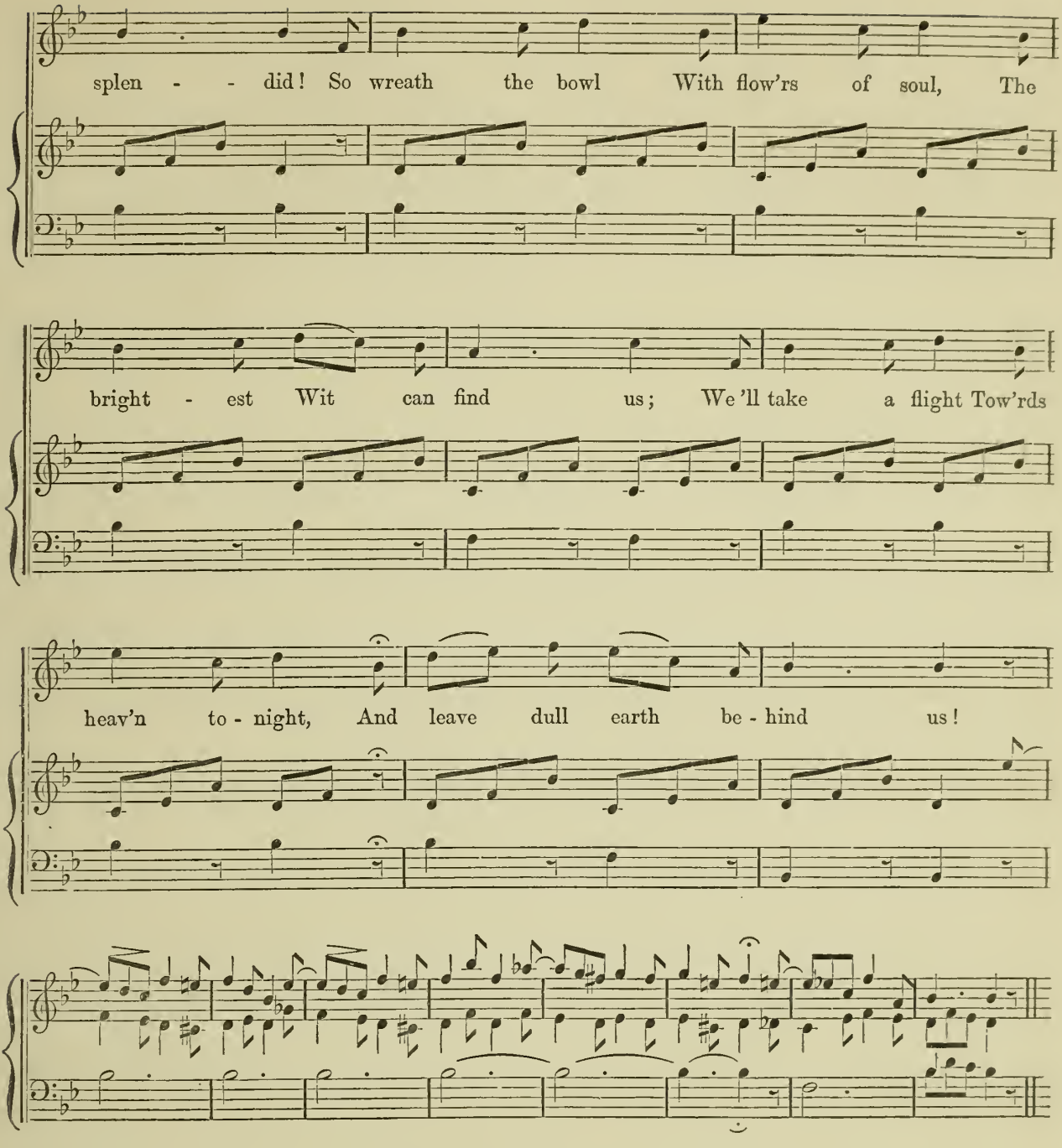
AIR—NORAN KITSA.


Gaily and brilliantly.
Wreath the bowl With flow'rs of soul The bright - est Wit can
find us; We'll take a flight Tow'rds Heav'n to - night, And
leave dull earth be - hind us! Should Love a - mid The

wreaths be hid, Which Mirth, th' enchant - er, brings us, No
dan - ger fear, While wine is near, We'll drown him if he
stings us. Then wreath the bowl With flow'rs of soul The
bright - est Wit can find us; We 'll take a flight Tow'rds
heav'n to - night, And leave dull earth be - hind us!

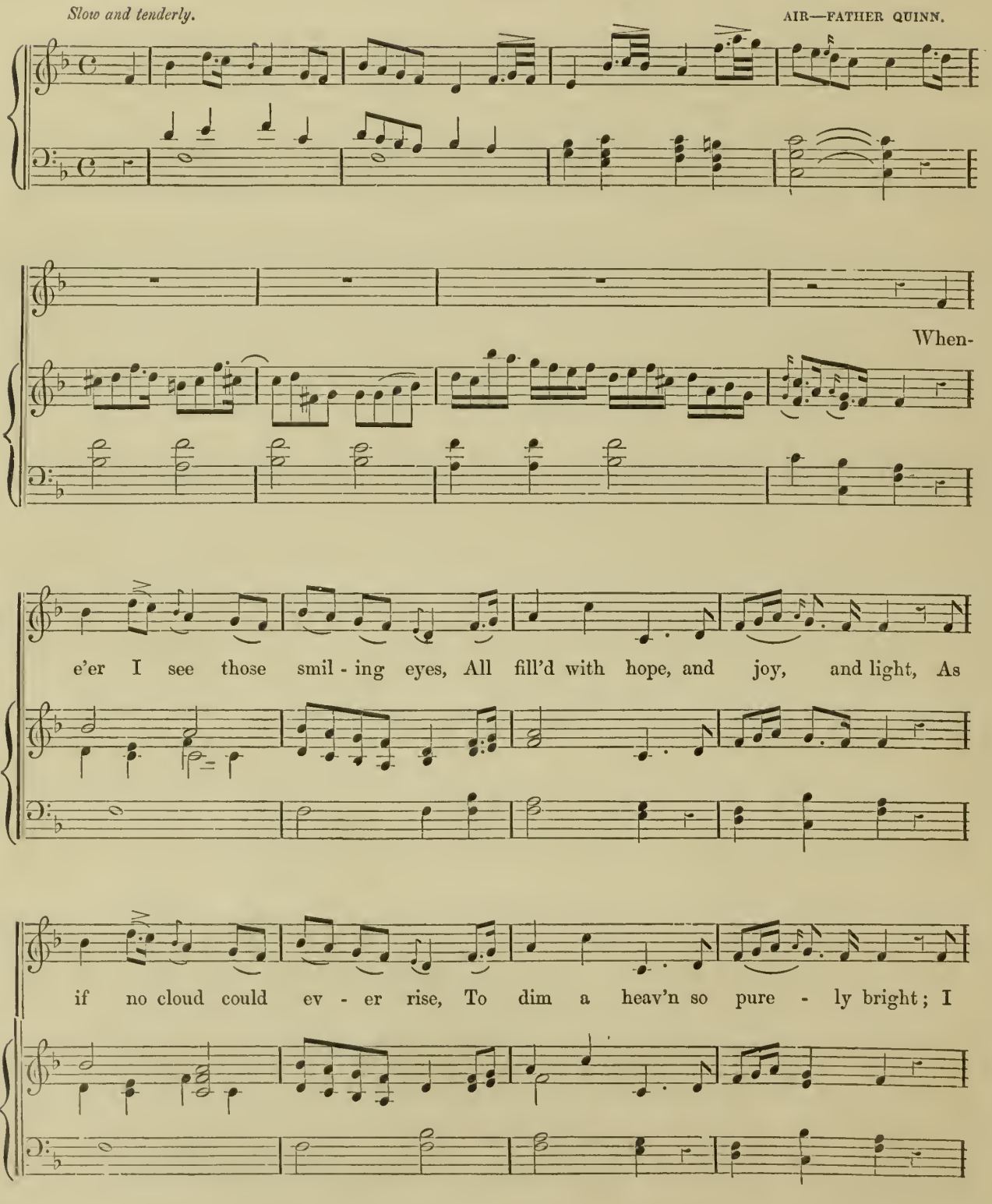
2ND VERSE.

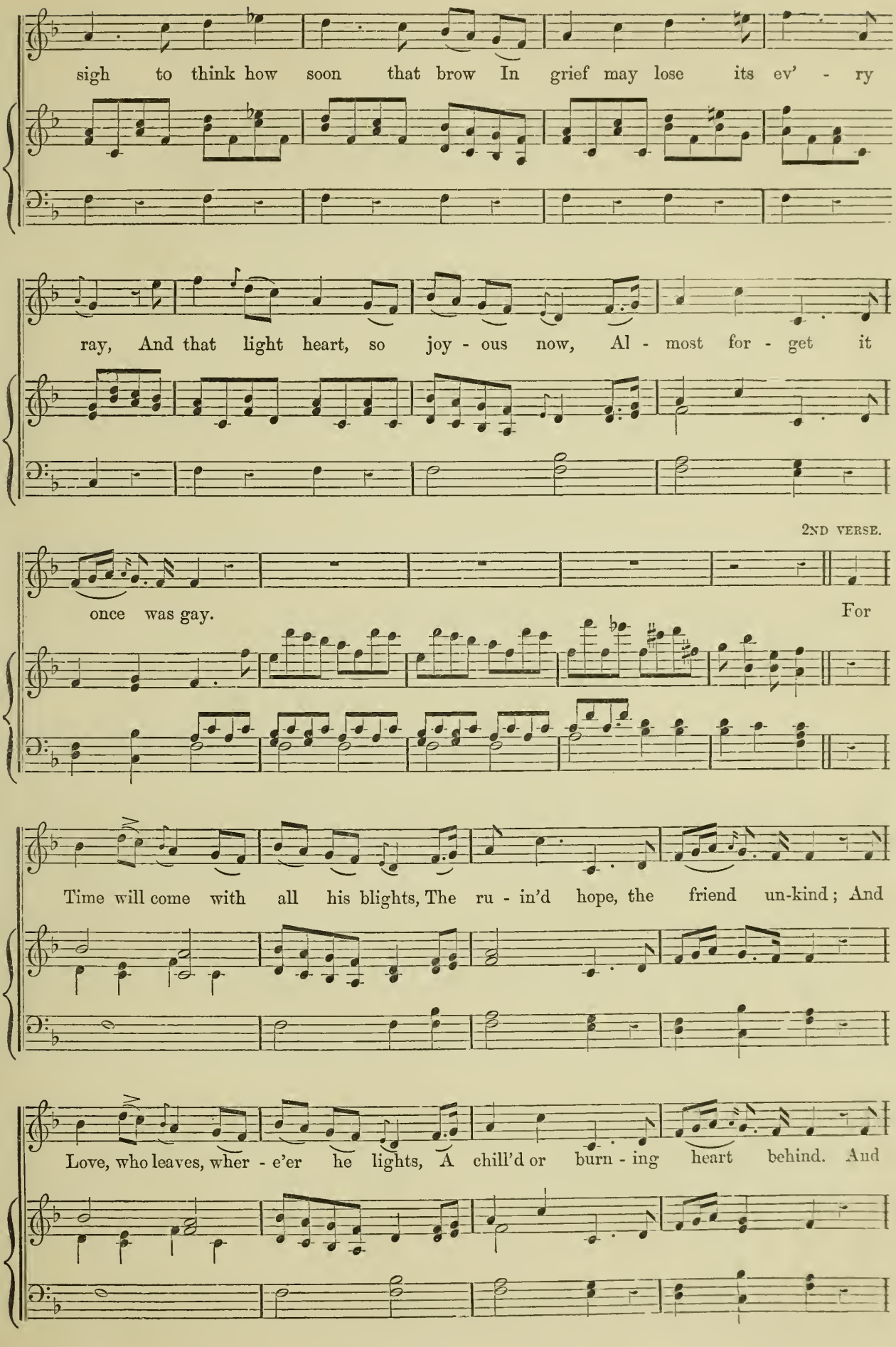
'T was nec - tar fed, Of old, 't is said, Their Ju - nos, Joves, A -
pol - - los; And Man may brew His nec - tar too, The
rich re - ceipt 's as fol - - lows:—Take wine like this, Let
looks of bliss A - round it well be blend - - - ed, Then
bring Wit's beam To warm the stream, And there's your nec - - tar,

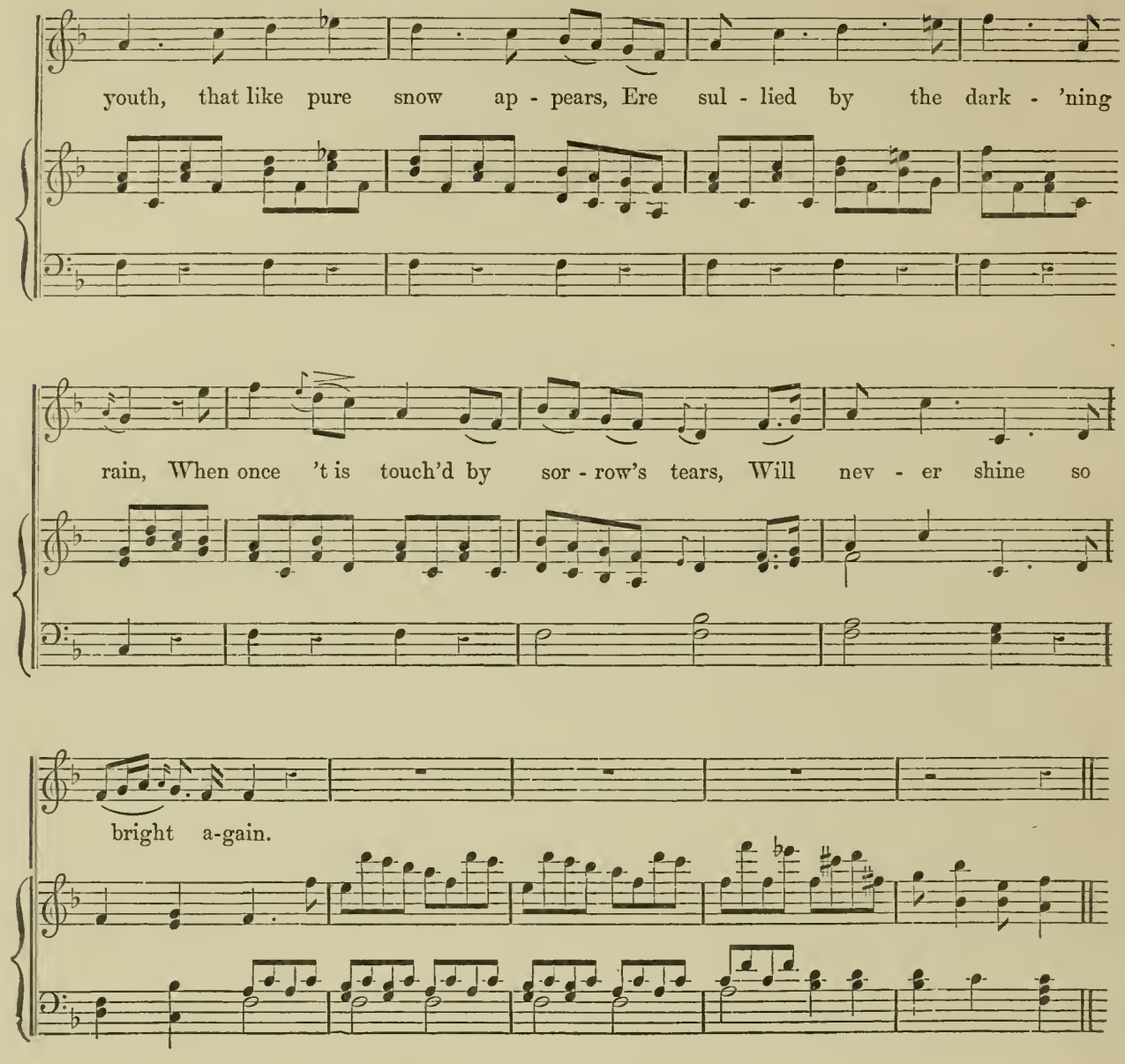

splen - - did! So wreath the bowl With flow'rs of soul, The
bright - est Wit can find us; We 'll take a flight Tow'rds
heav'n to - night, And leave dull earth be - hind us!

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly.
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we 'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then, wreath the bowl, &c.

# WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

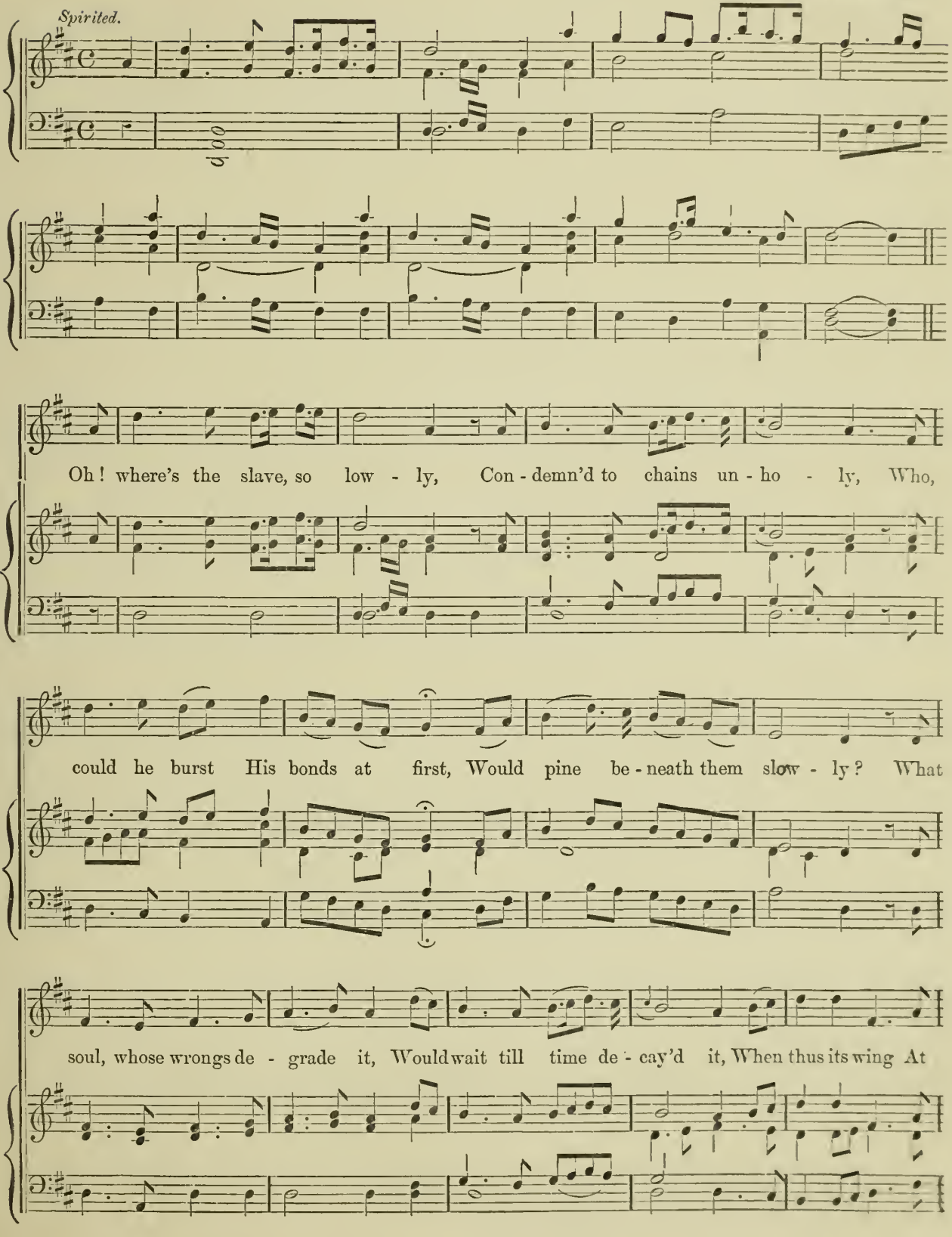

Slow and tenderly.
AIR—FATHER QUINN.
When-
e'er I see those smil - ing eyes, All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light, As
if no cloud could ev - er rise, To dim a heav'n so pure - ly bright; I

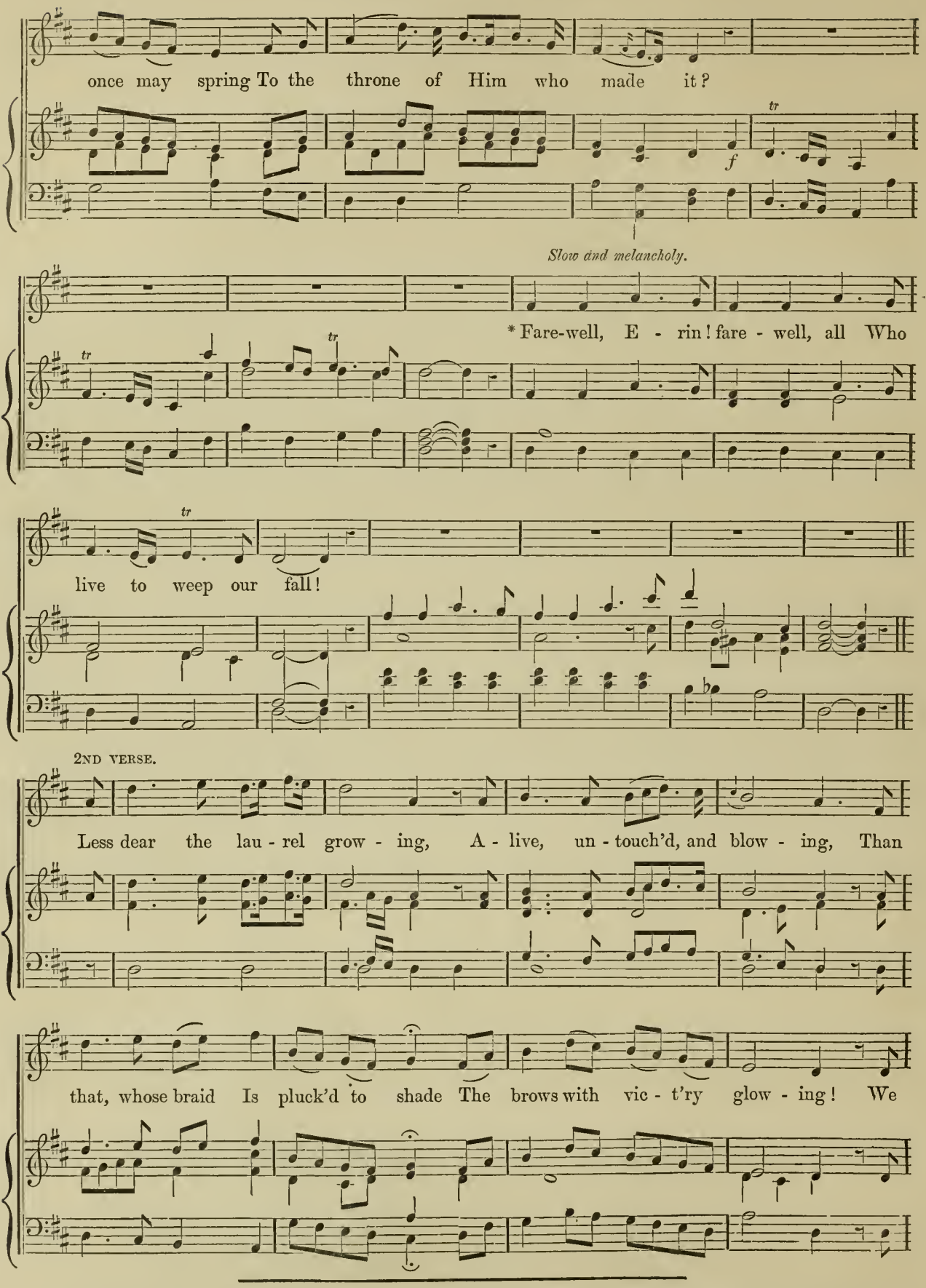

sigh to think how soon that brow In grief may lose its ev' - ry
ray, And that light heart, so joy - ous now, Al - most for - get it
2ND VERSE.
once was gay. For
Time will come with all his blights, The ru - in'd hope, the friend un-kind; And
Love, who leaves, wher - e'er he lights, A chill'd or burn - ing heart behind. And


youth, that like pure snow ap - pears, Ere sul - lied by the dark - 'ning
rain, When once 't is touch'd by sor - row's tears, Will nev - er shine so
bright a-gain.

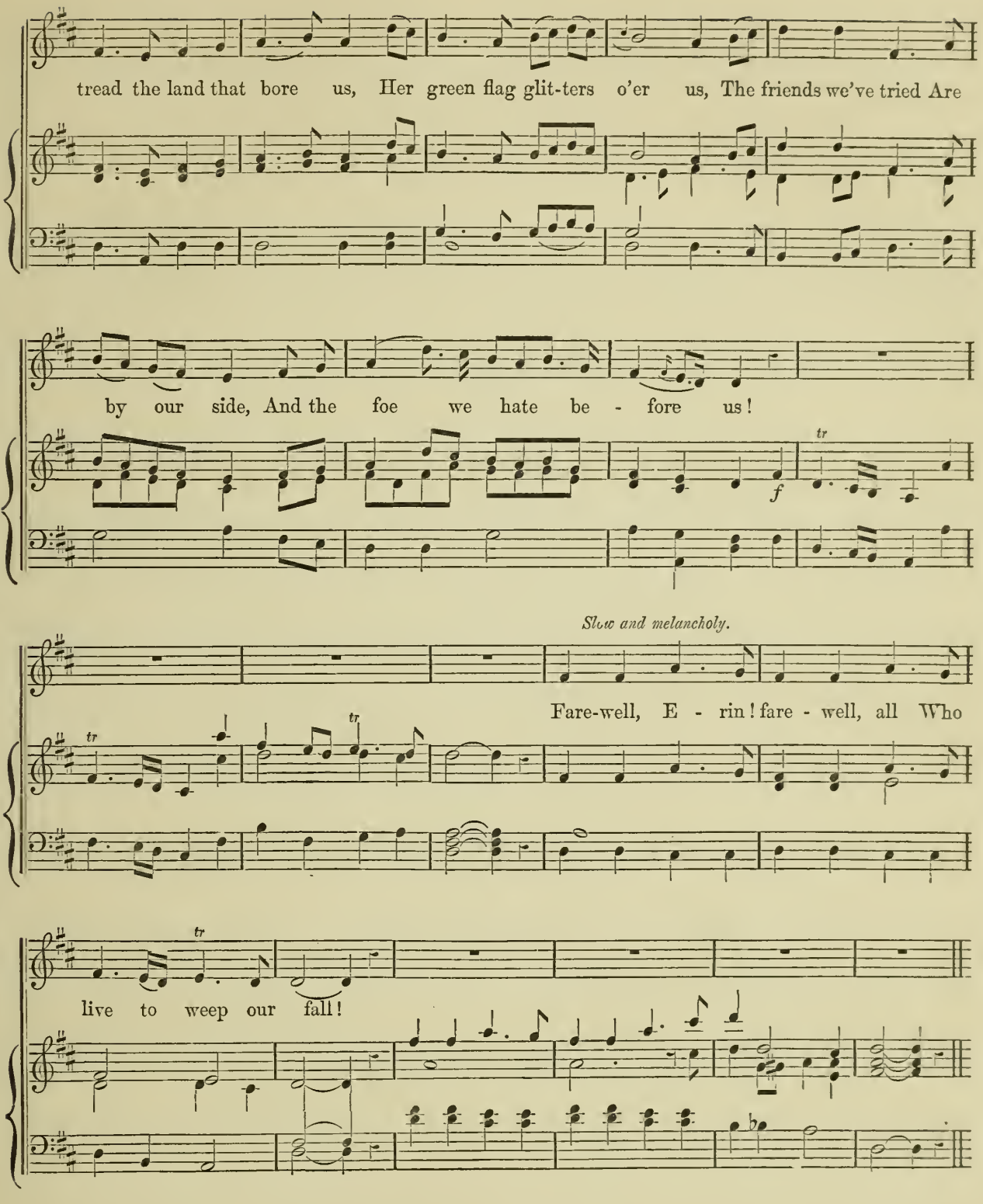
# OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

AIR—SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.


Spirited.
Oh! where's the slave, so low - ly, Con - demn'd to chains un - ho - ly, Who,
could he burst His bonds at first, Would pine be - neath them slow - ly? What
soul, whose wrongs de - grade it, Would wait till time de - cay'd it, When thus its wing At


once may spring To the throne of Him who made it?
f
tr
Slow and melancholy.
*Fare-well, E - rin! fare - well, all Who
live to weep our fall!
2ND VERSE.
Less dear the lau - rel grow - ing, A - live, un - touch'd, and blow - ing, Than
that, whose braid Is pluck'd to shade The brows with vic - t'ry glow - ing! We

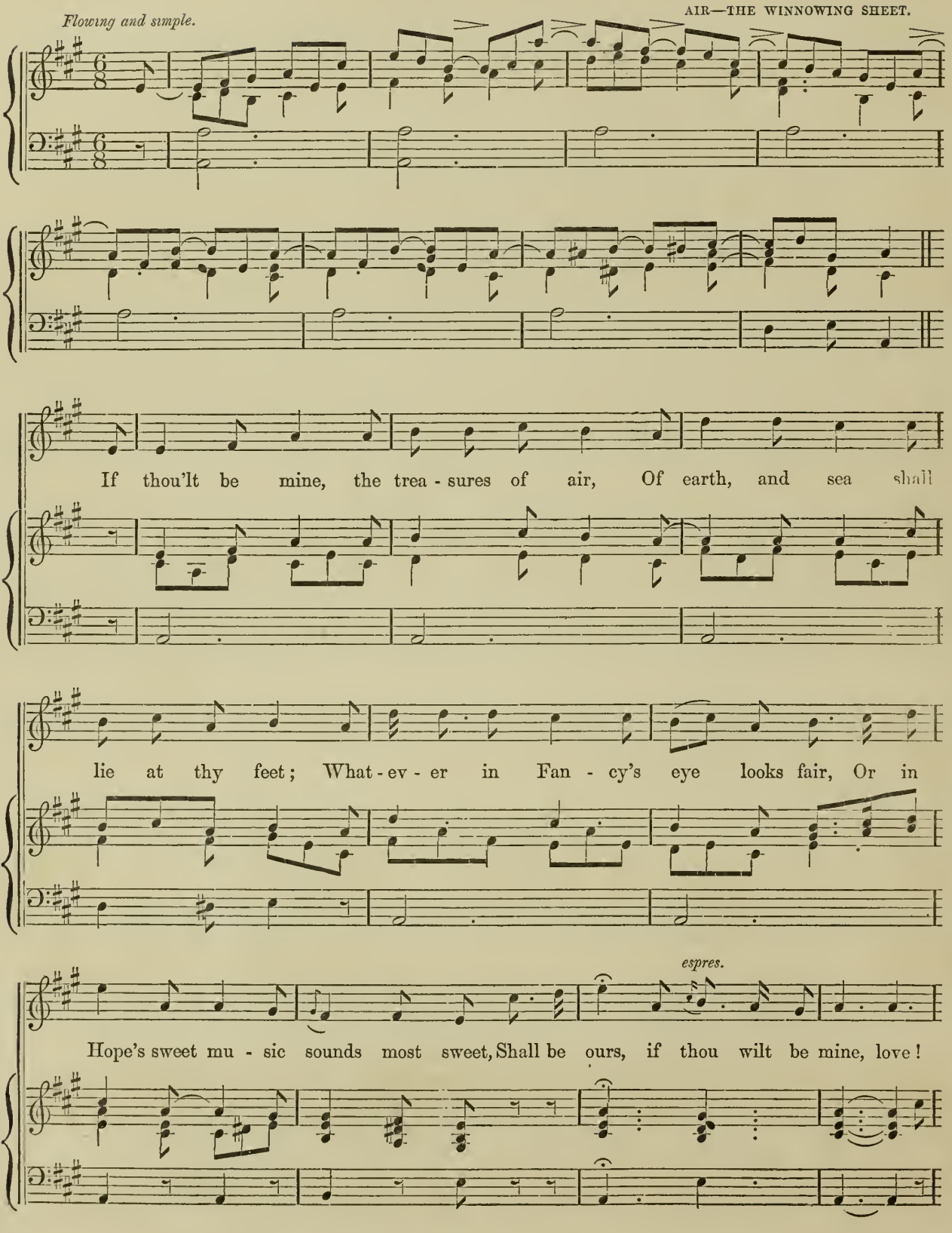
* The few bars which I have here taken the liberty of connecting with this spirited Air, form one of those melancholy strains of our Music, which are called *Dumps*. I found it in a collection entitled "The Hibernian Muse," and we are told in the Essay prefixed to that Work, that "it is said to have been sung by the Irish Women on the field of battle, after a terrible slaughter made by Cromwell's troops in Ireland."

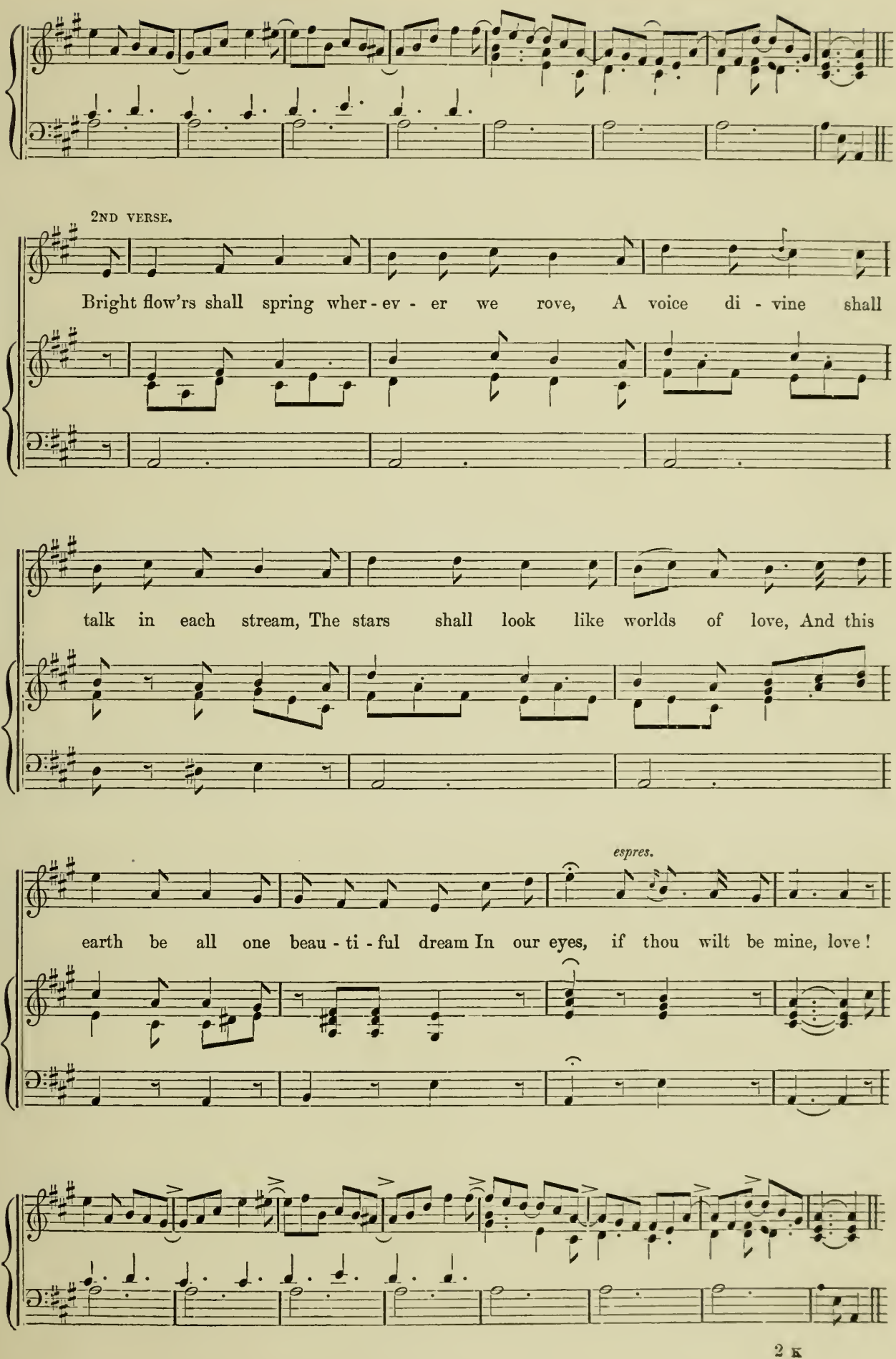

tread the land that bore us, Her green flag glit-ters o'er us, The friends we've tried Are
by our side, And the foe we hate be - fore us!
f
Slow and melancholy.
Fare-well, E - rin! fare - well, all Who
live to weep our fall!

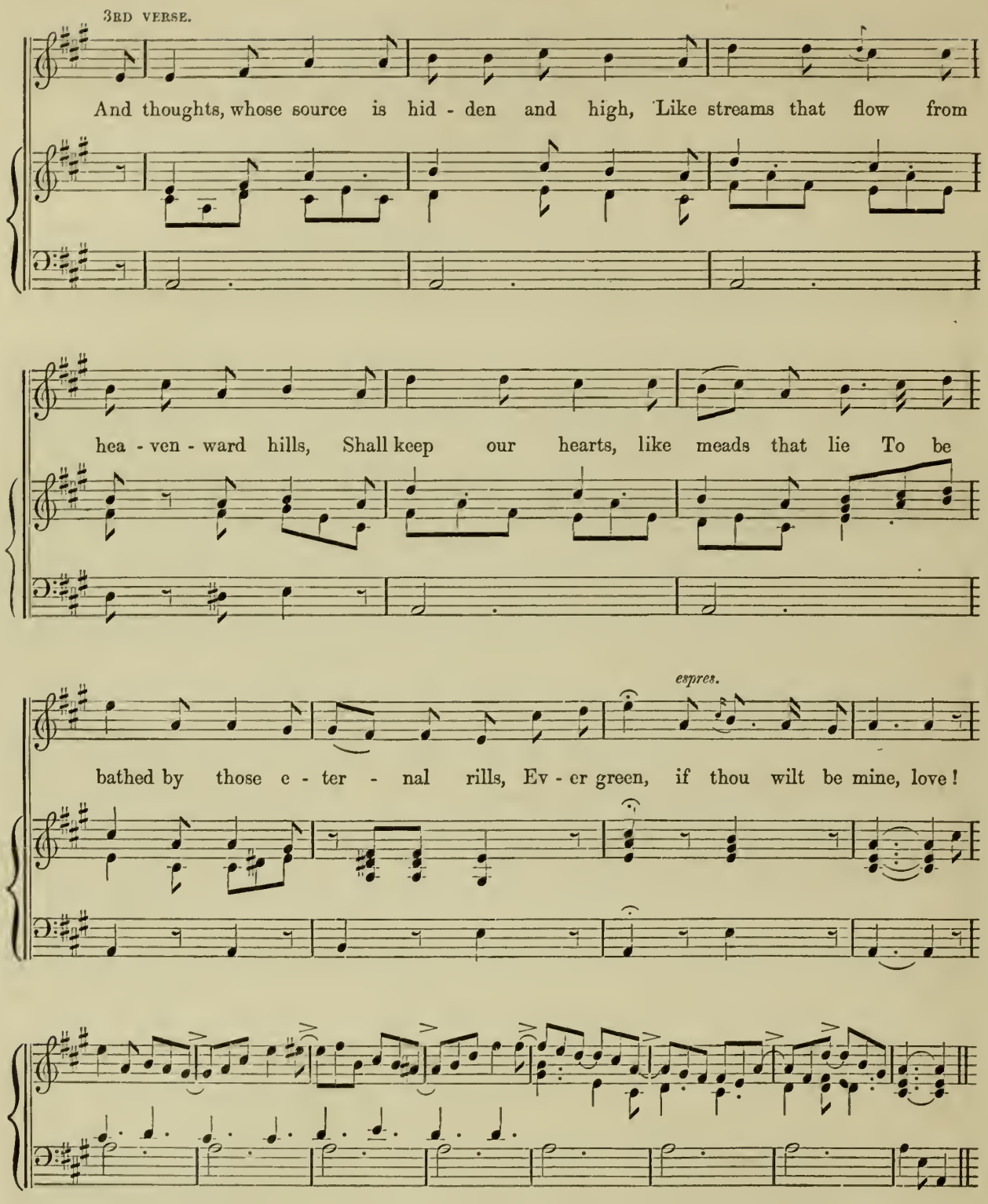
# IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

AIR—THE WINNOWING SHEET.

*Flowing and simple.*

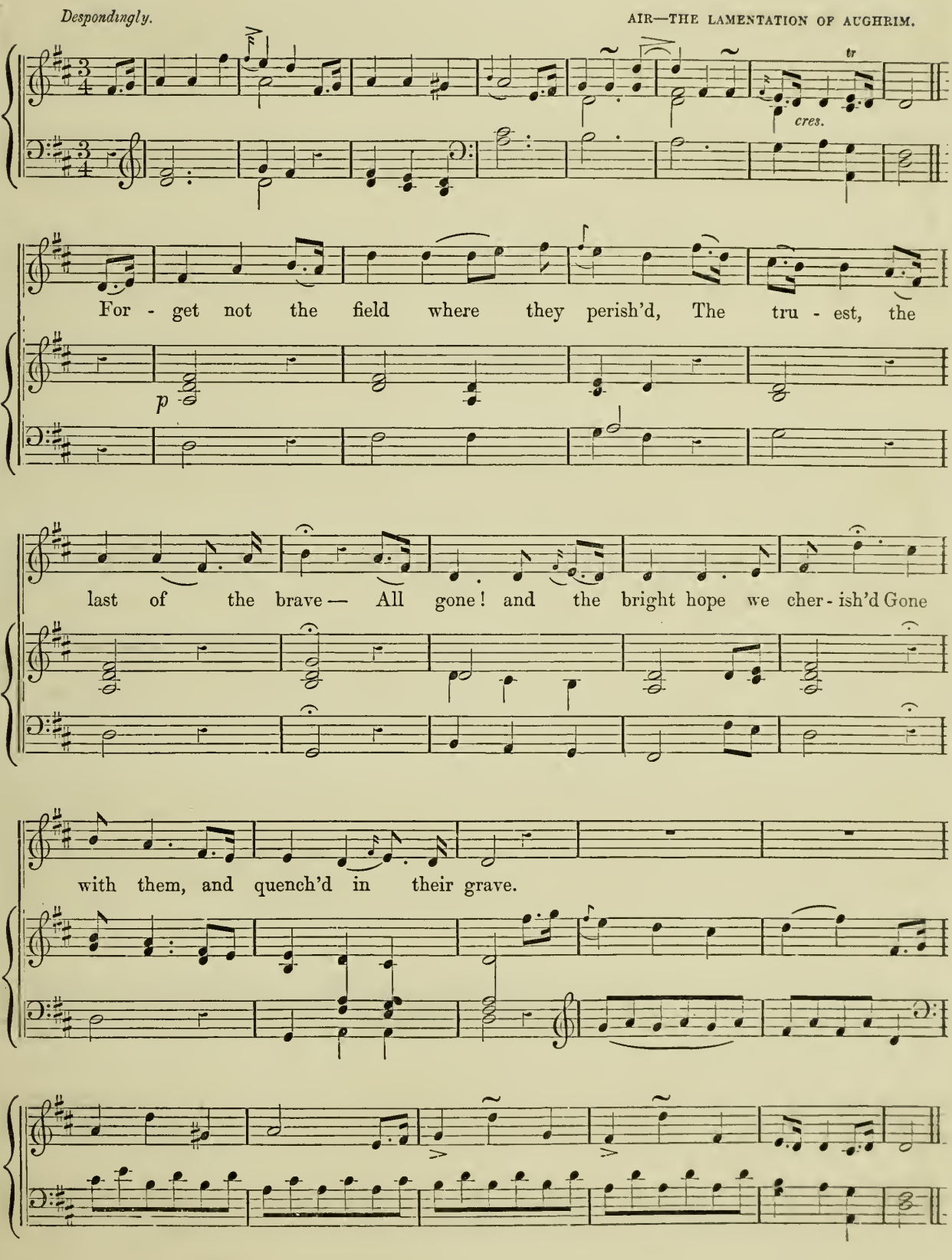

If thou'lt be mine, the trea - sures of air, Of earth, and sea shall
lie at thy feet; What - ev - er in Fan - cy's eye looks fair, Or in
espres.
Hope's sweet mu - sic sounds most sweet, Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

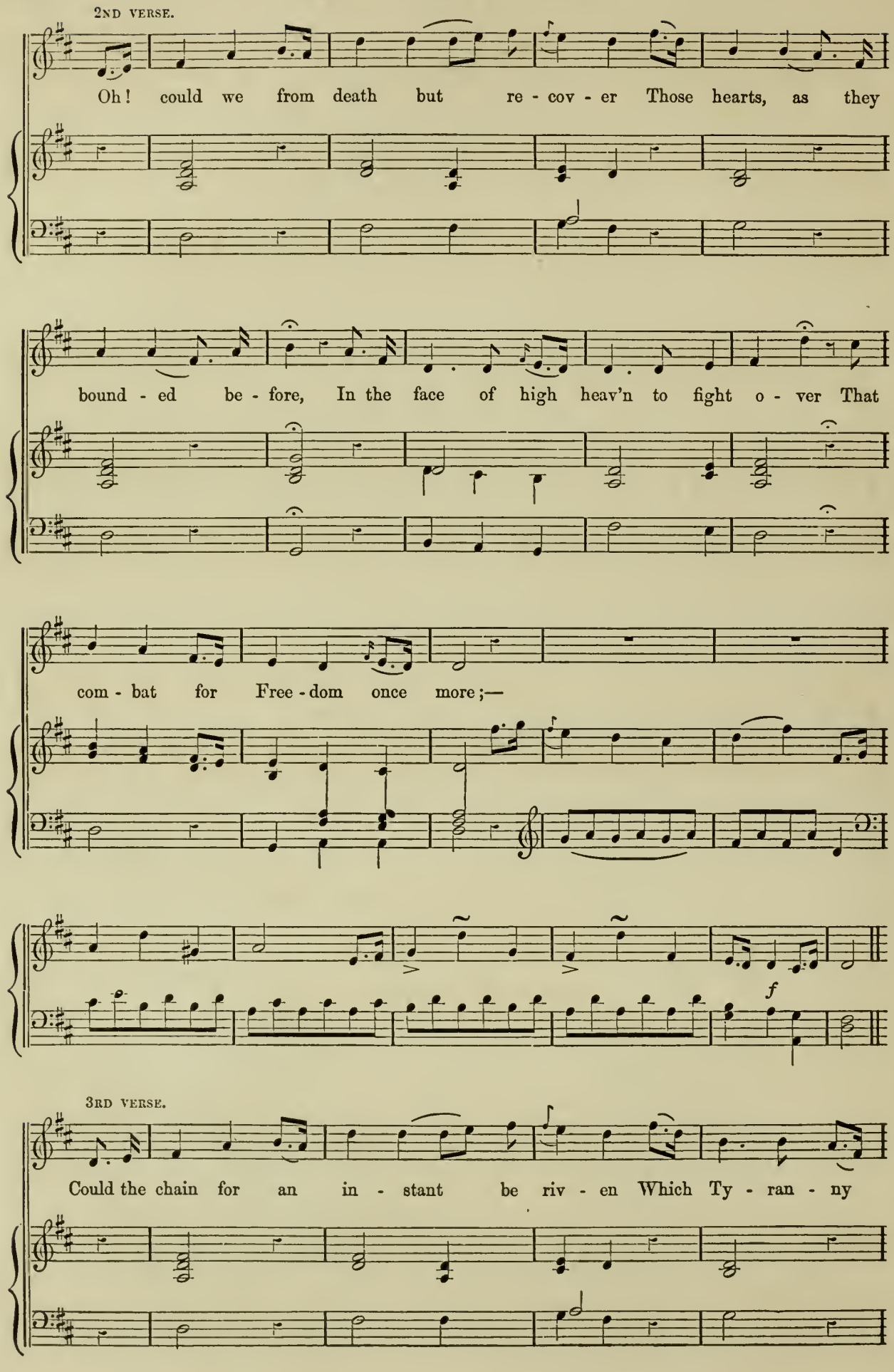

2ND VERSE.
Bright flow'rs shall spring wher - ev - er we rove, A voice di - vine shall
talk in each stream, The stars shall look like worlds of love, And this
espres.
earth be all one beau - ti - ful dream In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

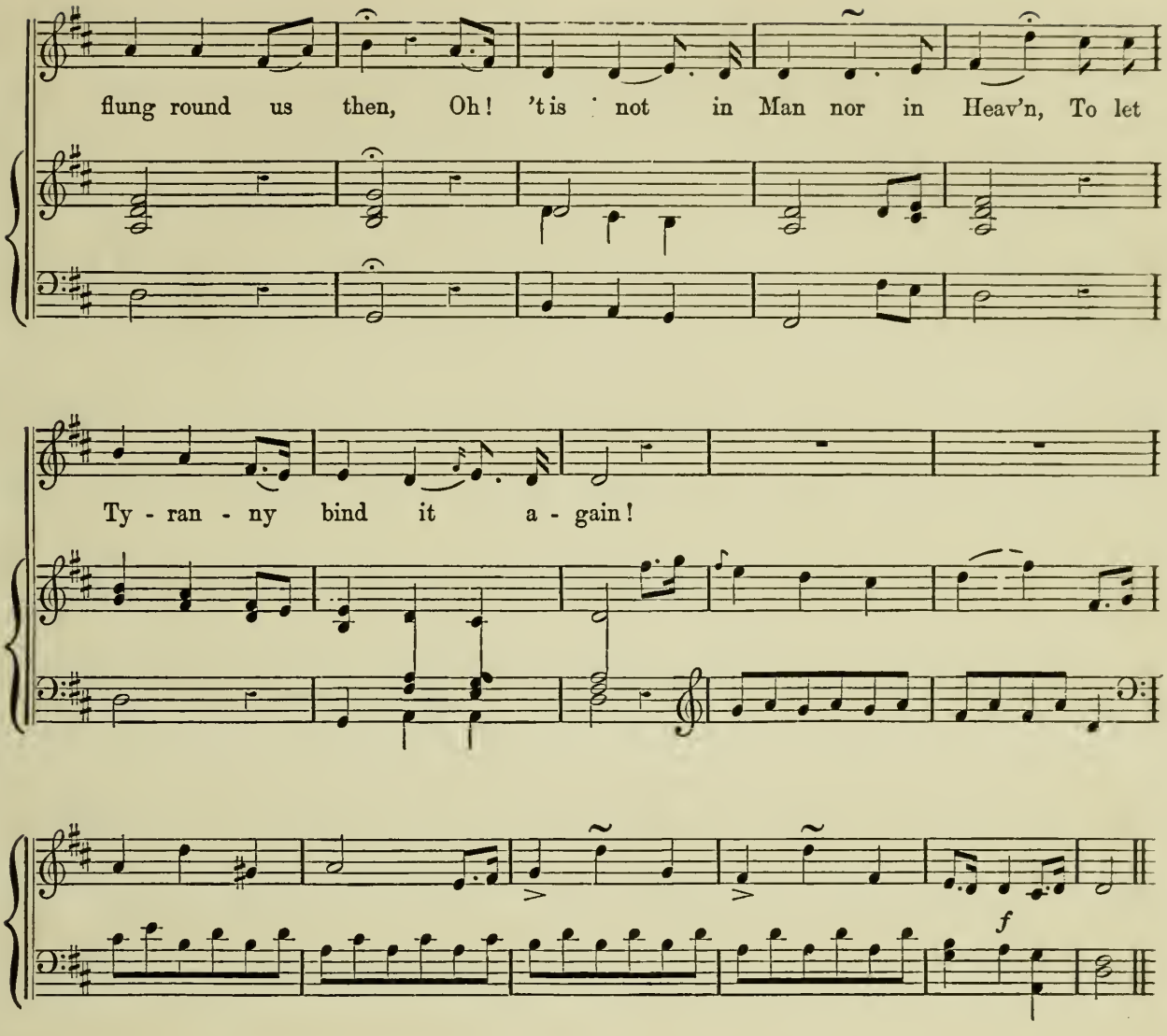

3RD VERSE.
And thoughts, whose source is hid - den and high, Like streams that flow from
hea - ven - ward hills, Shall keep our hearts, like meads that lie To be
espres.
bathed by those e - ter - nal rills, Ev - er green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home, above,
He can make, on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou 'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, love!

# FORGET NOT THE FIELD.


Despondingly.
AIR—THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM.
tr
cres.
For - get not the field where they perish'd, The tru - est, the
p
last of the brave— All gone! and the bright hope we cher - ish'd Gone
with them, and quench'd in their grave.


2ND VERSE.
Oh! could we from death but re - cov - er Those hearts, as they
bound - ed be - fore, In the face of high heav'n to fight o - ver That
com - bat for Free - dom once more;—
f
3RD VERSE.
Could the chain for an in - stant be riv - en Which Ty - ran - ny




IV.

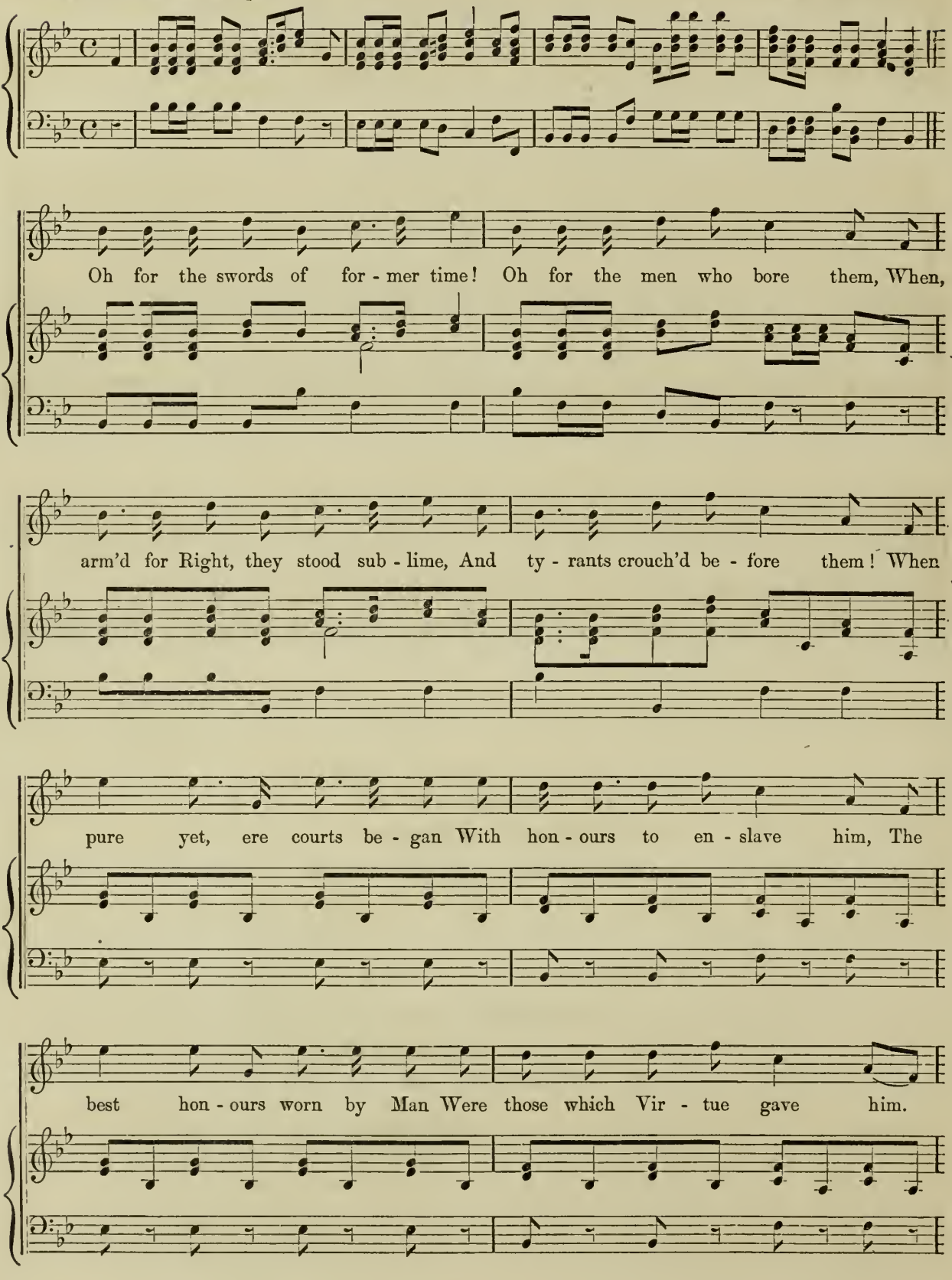
But 't is past—and though blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

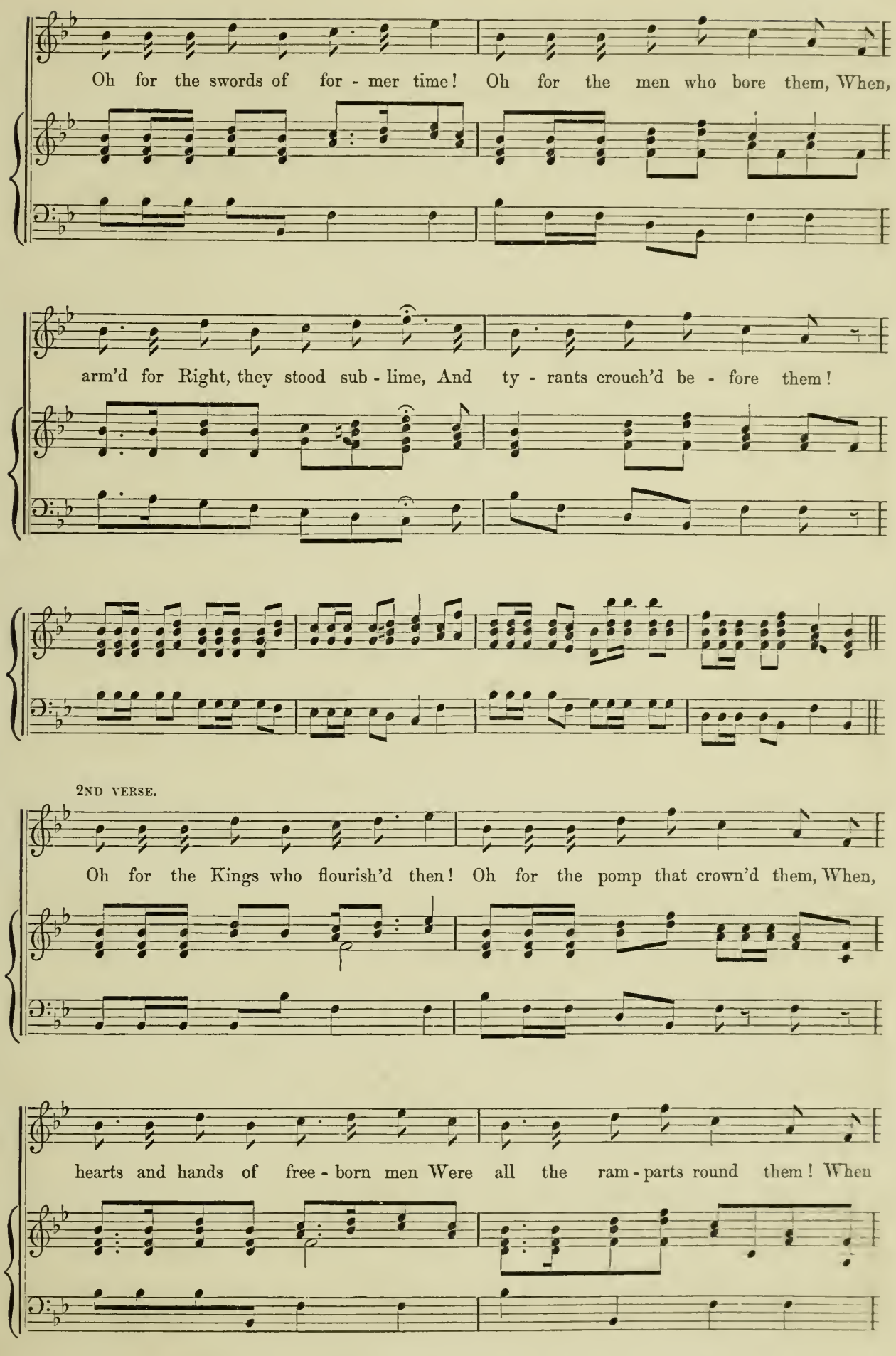
V.

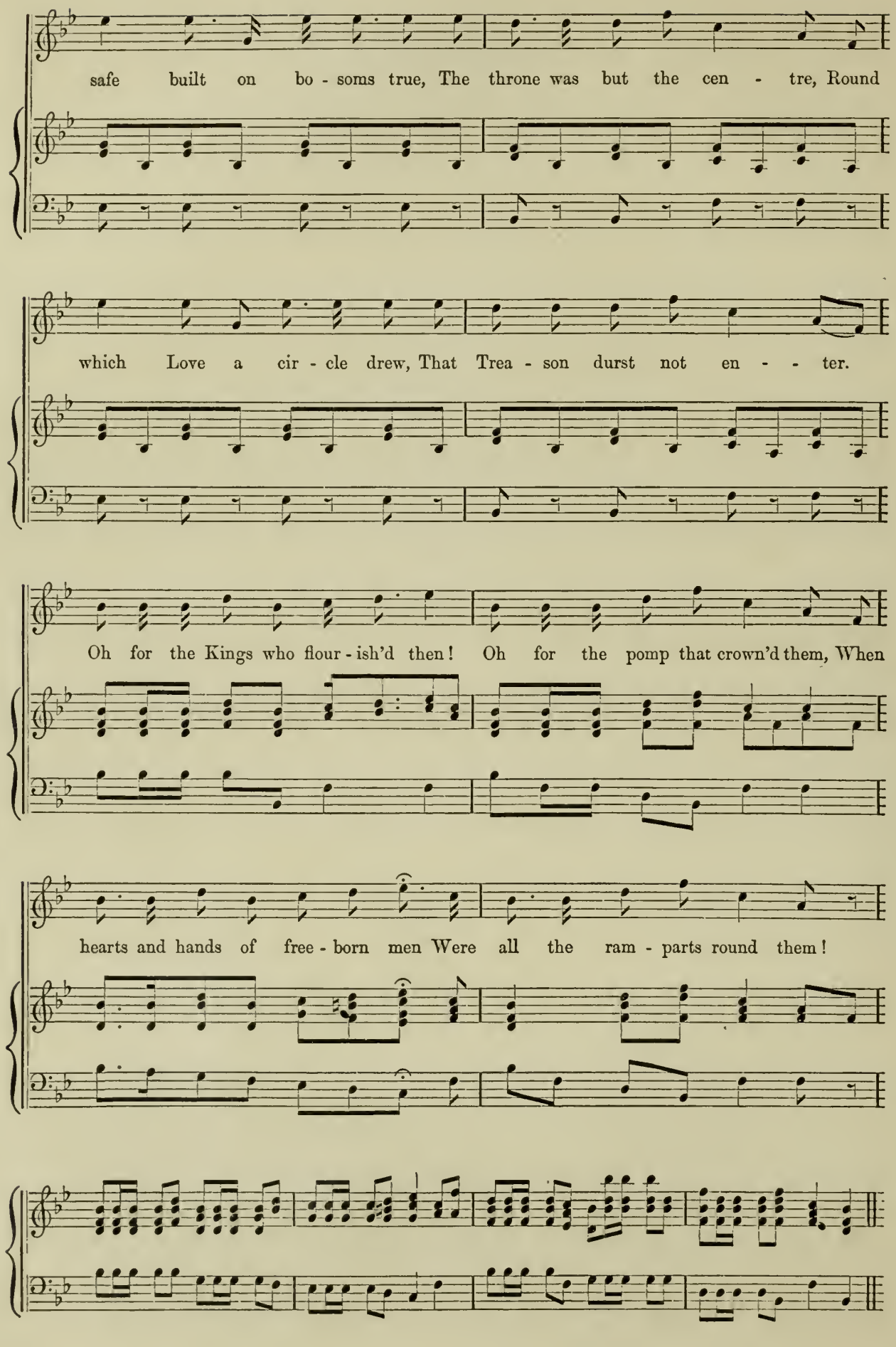
Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

# OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

*In moderate time and with spirit.* AIR—NAME UNKNOWN.


Oh for the swords of for - mer time! Oh for the men who bore them, When,
arm'd for Right, they stood sub - lime, And ty - rants crouch'd be - fore them! When
pure yet, ere courts be - gan With hon - ours to en - slave him, The
best hon - ours worn by Man Were those which Vir - tue gave him.


Oh for the swords of for - mer time! Oh for the men who bore them, When,
arm'd for Right, they stood sub - lime, And ty - rants crouch'd be - fore them!
2ND VERSE.
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then! Oh for the pomp that crown'd them, When,
hearts and hands of free - born men Were all the ram - parts round them! When


safe built on bo - soms true, The throne was but the cen - tre, Round
which Love a cir - cle drew, That Trea - son durst not en - - - ter.
Oh for the Kings who flour - ish'd then! Oh for the pomp that crown'd them, When
hearts and hands of free - born men Were all the ram - parts round them!

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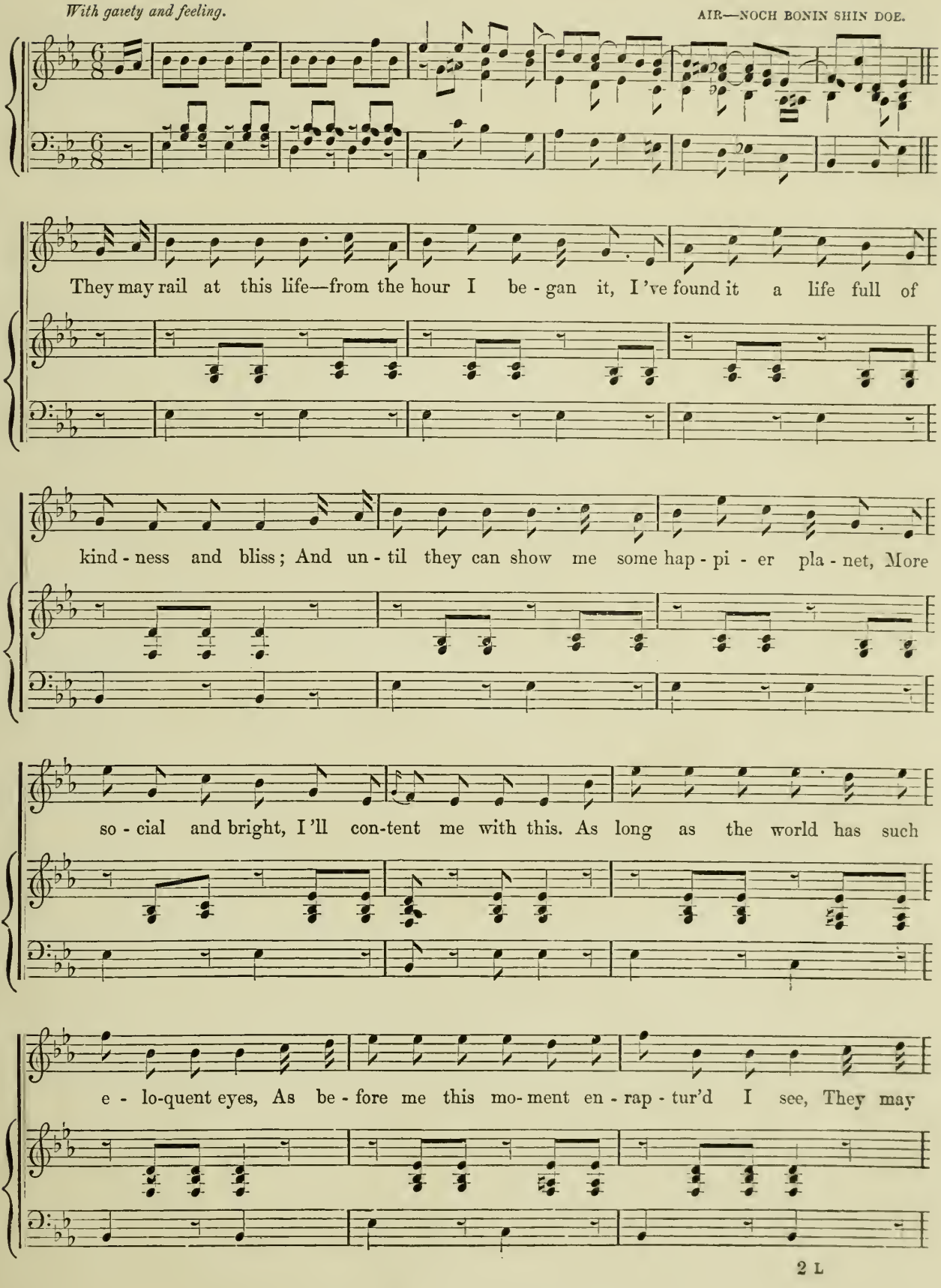
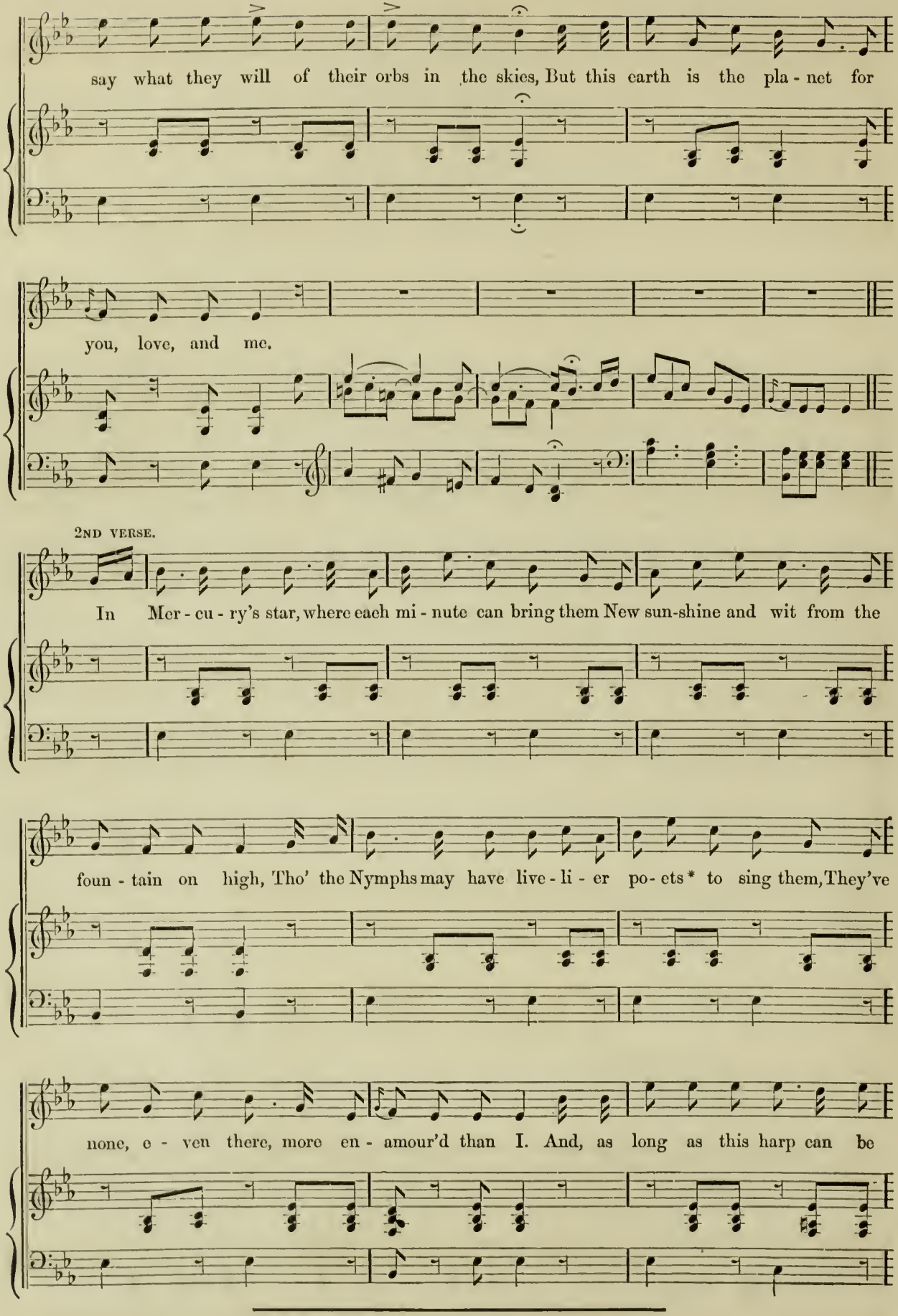
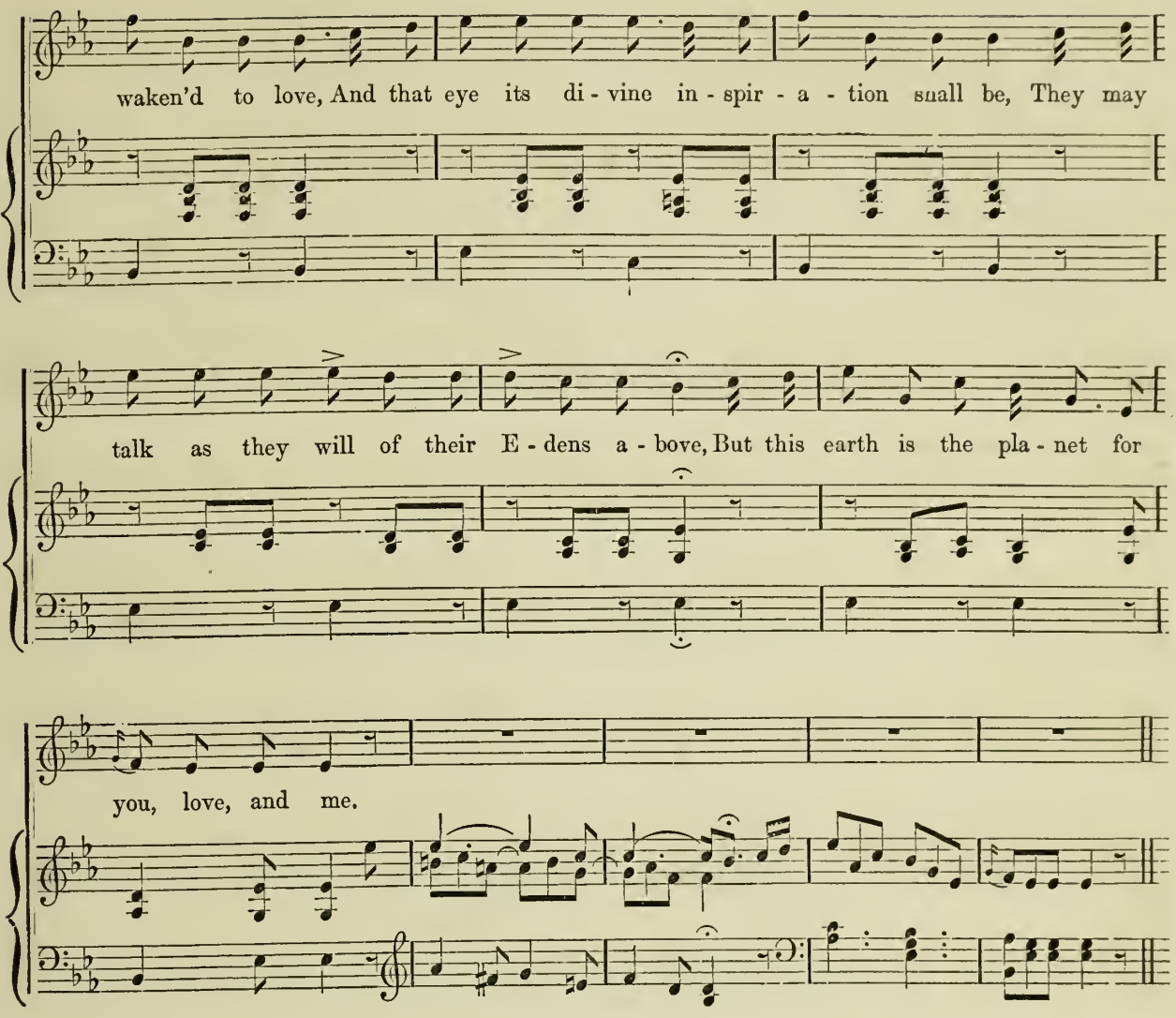
# THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.


With gaiety and feeling.
AIR—NOCH BONIN SHIN DOE.
They may rail at this life—from the hour I be - gan it, I've found it a life full of
kind - ness and bliss; And un - til they can show me some hap - pi - er pla - net, More
so - cial and bright, I'll con-tent me with this. As long as the world has such
e - lo-quent eyes, As be - fore me this mo- ment en - rap - tur'd I see, They may


say what they will of their orbs in the skies, But this earth is the pla - net for
you, love, and me.
2ND VERSE.
In Mer - cu - ry's star, where each mi - nute can bring them New sun-shine and wit from the
foun - tain on high, Tho' the Nymphs may have live - li - er po - ets * to sing them, They've
none, e - ven there, more en - amour'd than I. And, as long as this harp can be

* Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.—*Pluralité des Mondes*


waken'd to love, And that eye its di - vine in - spir - a - tion shall be, They may
talk as they will of their E - dens a - bove, But this earth is the pla - net for
you, love, and me.

III.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we 've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights,* as lovely as you.
But, though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

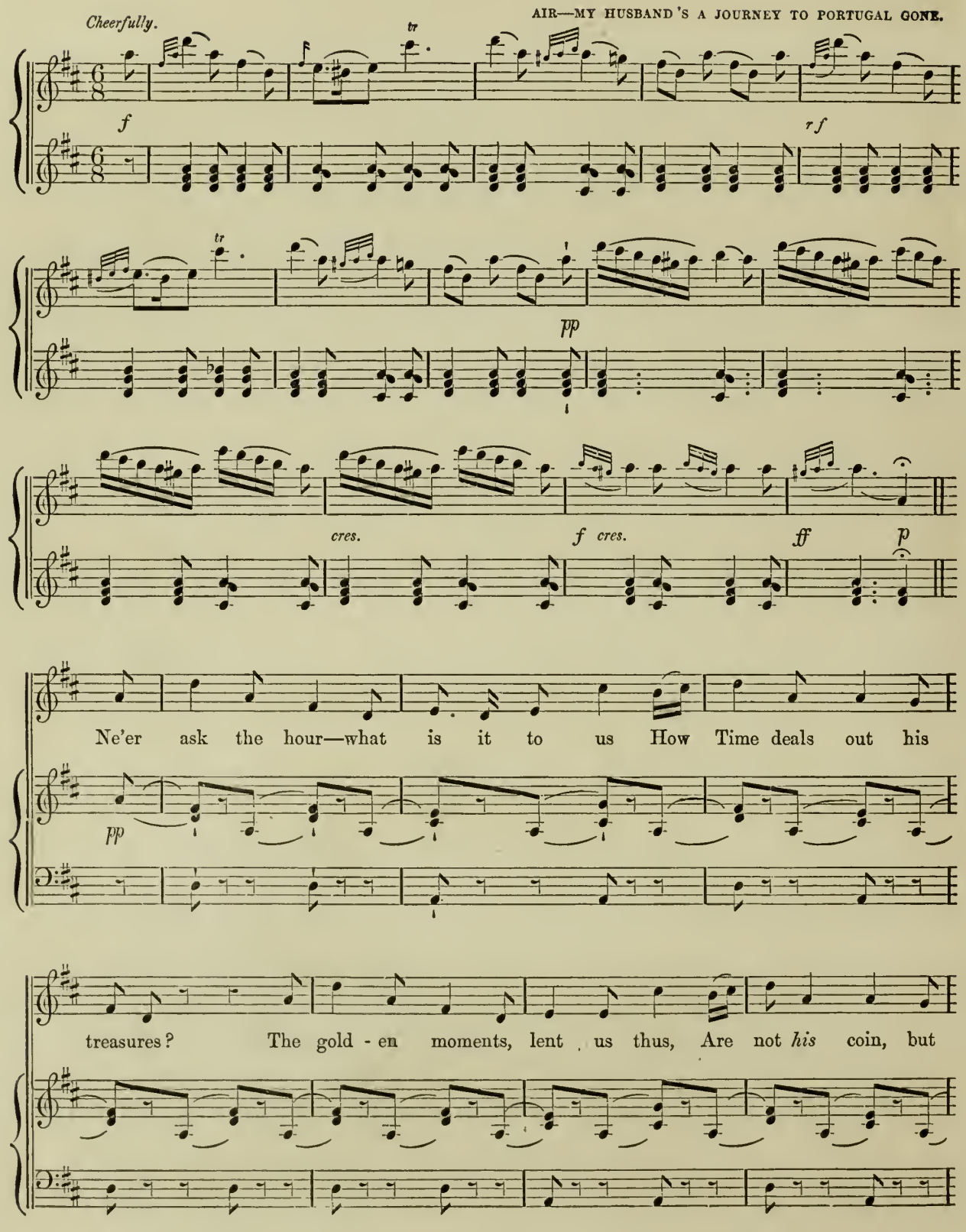
IV.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows, we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

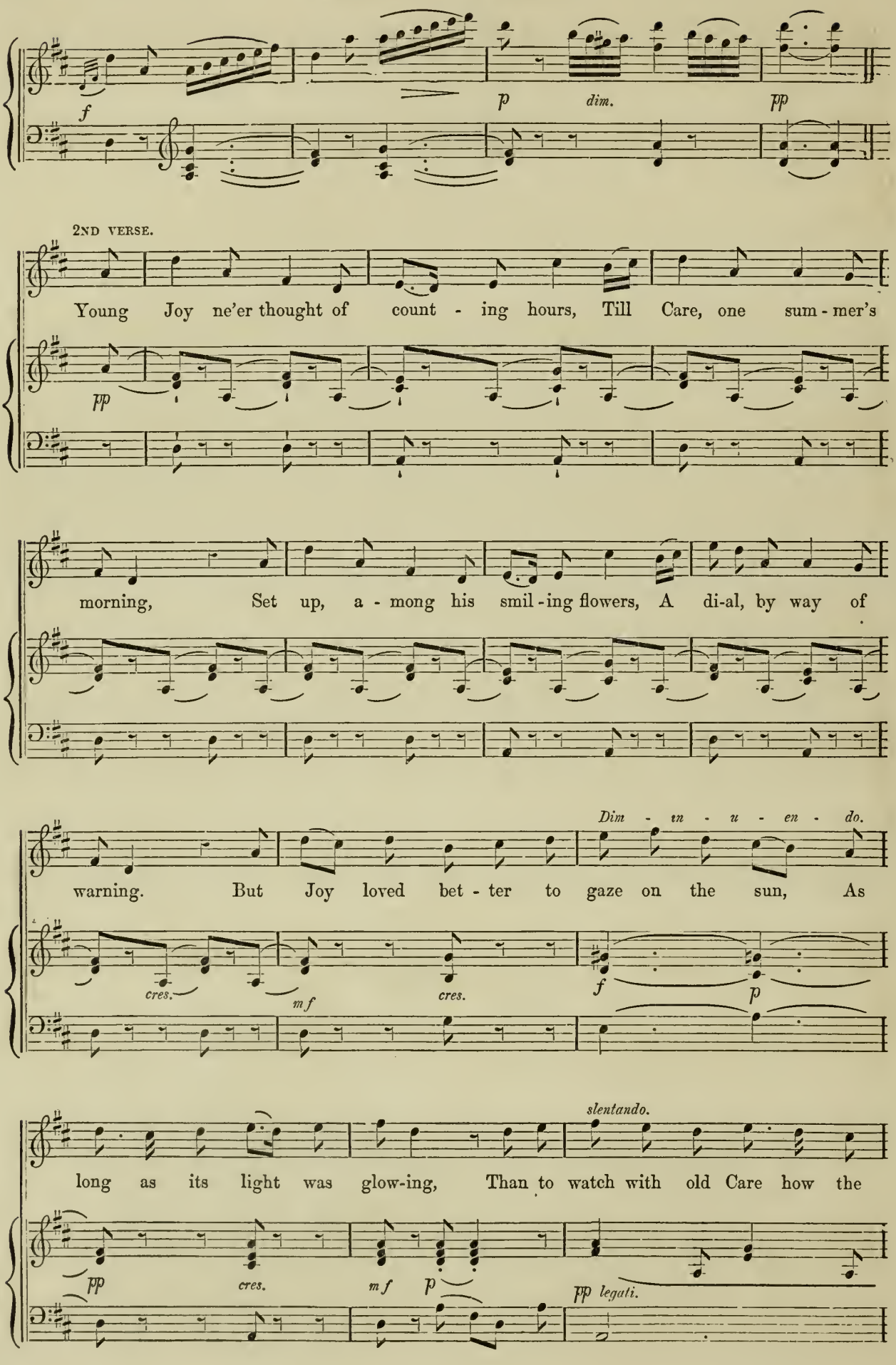
---

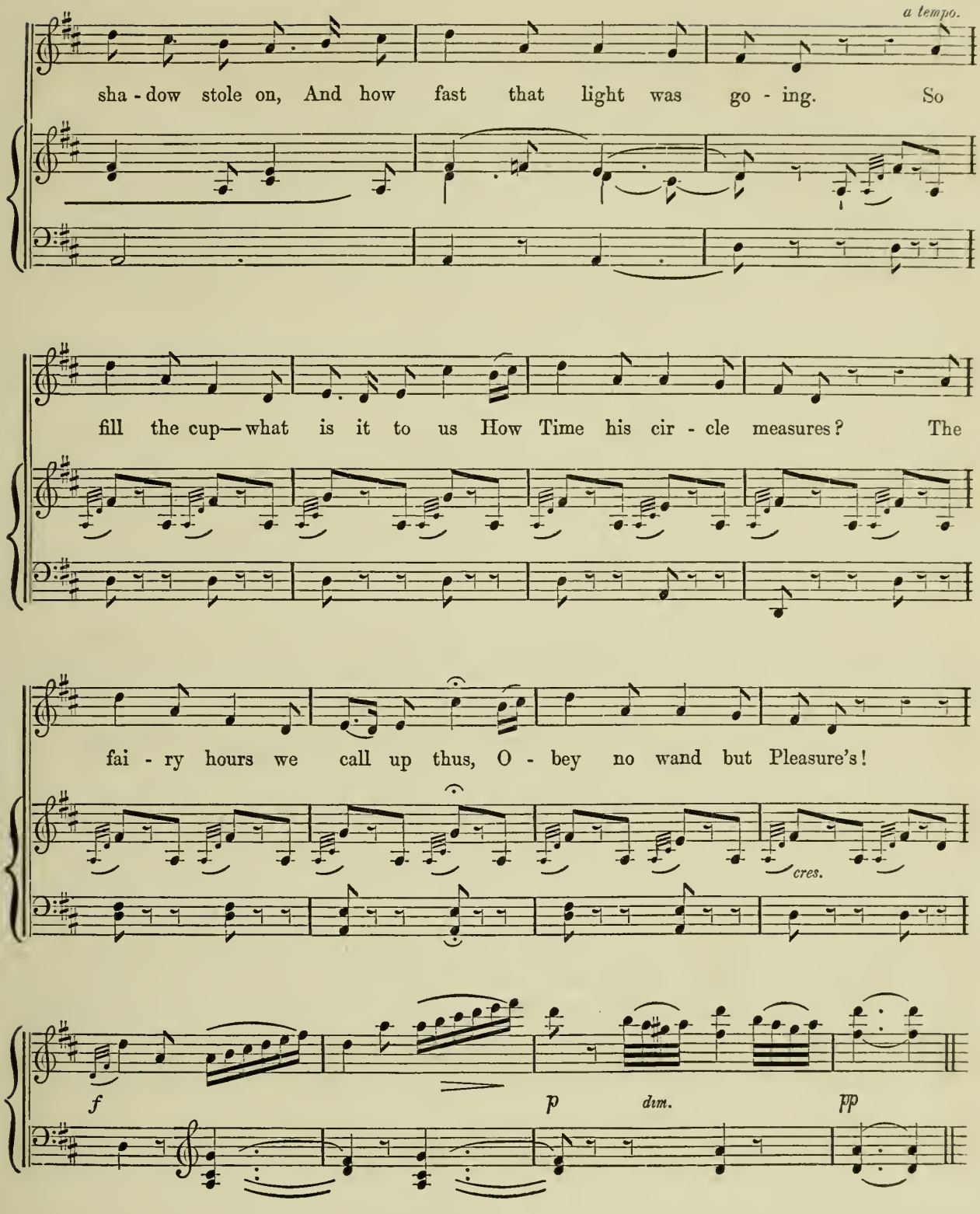
* La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous.—*B.*

# NE'ER ASK THE HOUR



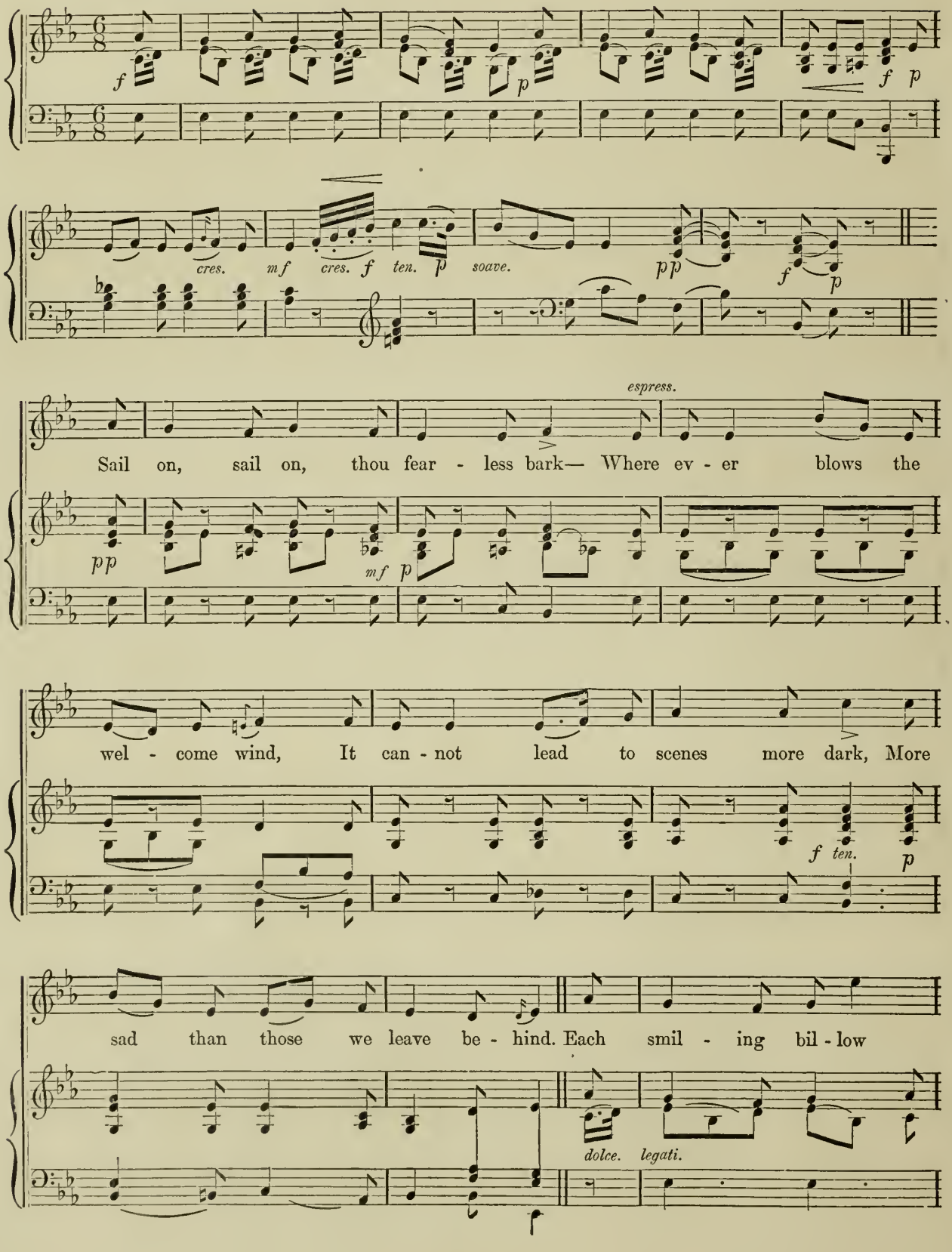
Dim - in - u - en - do.
Pleasure's. If count - ing them o - ver could add to their bliss - es, I 'd
cres.
m f
cres.
f
p
slentandо.
num - ber each glo - rious se - cond; But mo - ments of joy are, like
pp
cres.
m f
p
pp legati.
a tempo.
Les - bia's kiss - es, Too quick and sweet to be reck - on'd. Then
fill the cup—what is it to us How Time his cir - cle measures? The
fai - ry hours we call up thus, O - bey no wand but Pleasure's!
cres.

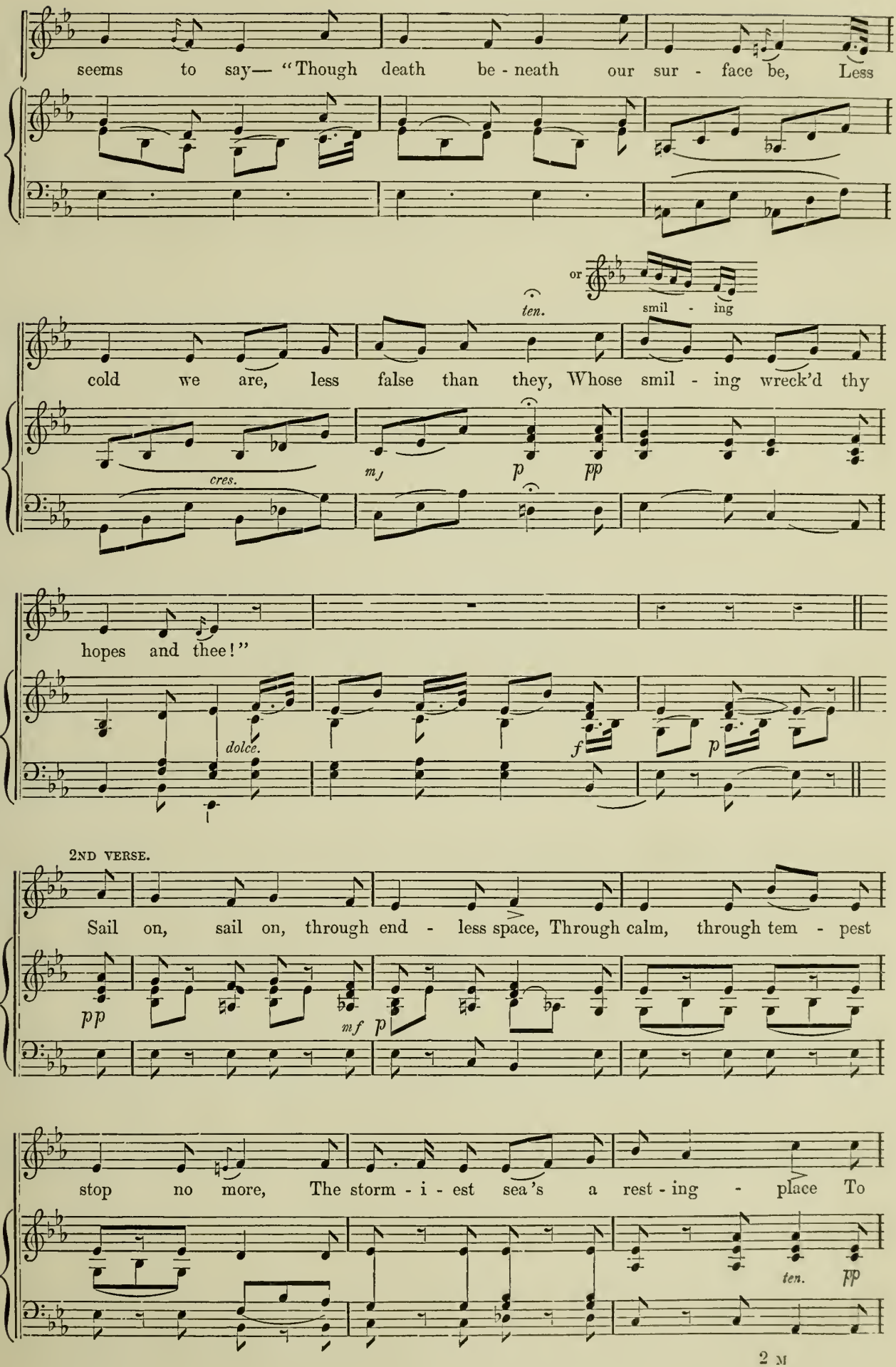

f
p
dim.
pp
2ND VERSE.
Young Joy ne'er thought of count - ing hours, Till Care, one sum - mer's
pp
morning, Set up, a - mong his smil - ing flowers, A di-al, by way of
Dim - in - u - en - do.
warning. But Joy loved bet - ter to gaze on the sun, As
cres.
mf
cres.
f
p
slentando.
long as its light was glow-ing, Than to watch with old Care how the
pp
cres.
mf
p
pp legati.

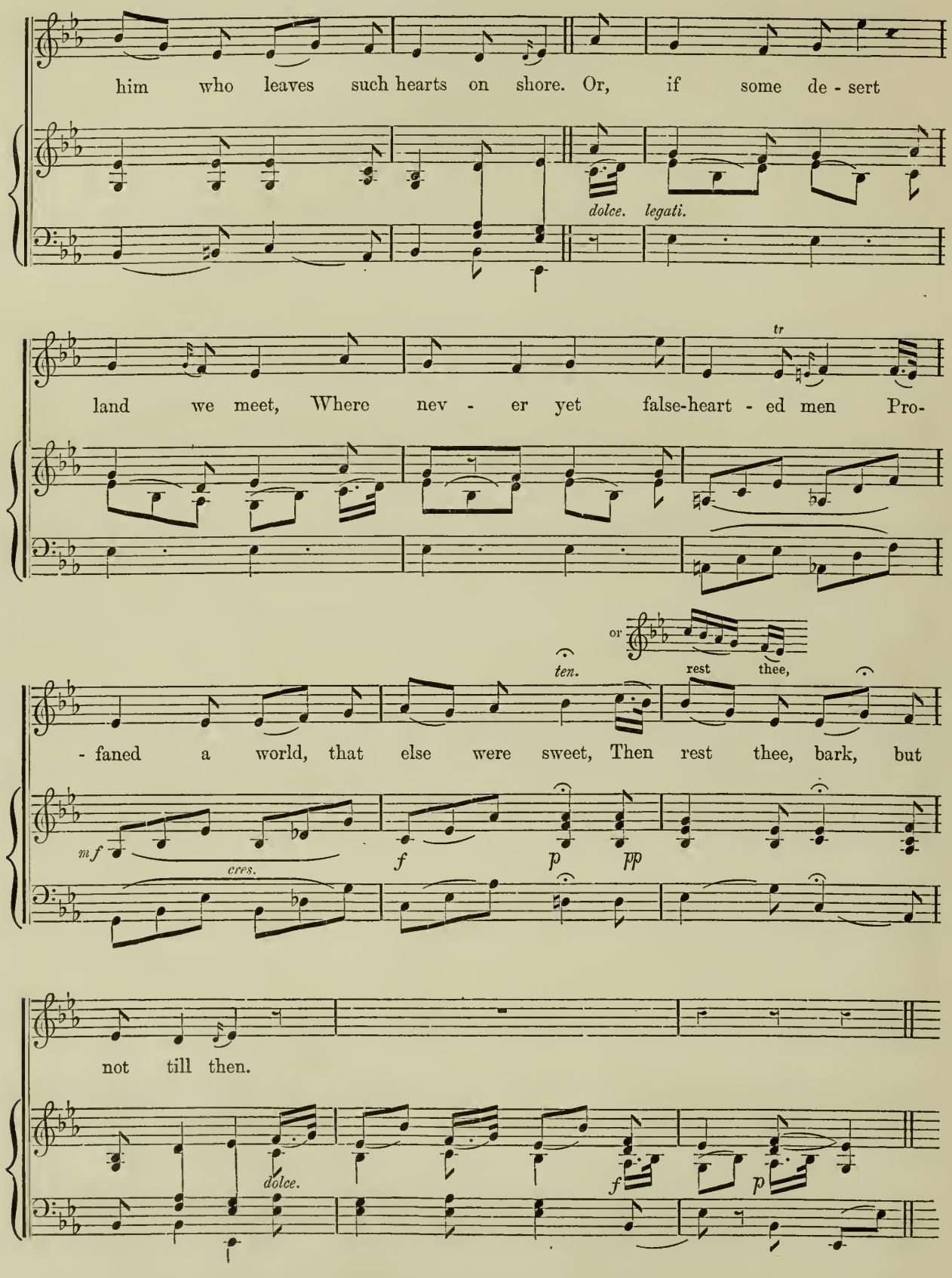

a tempo.
sha - dow stole on, And how fast that light was go - ing. So
fill the cup—what is it to us How Time his cir - cle measures? The
fai - ry hours we call up thus, O - bey no wand but Pleasure's!
cres.
f
p
dim.
pp

# SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

*With mournful defiance.* AIR—THE HUMMING OF THE BAN.



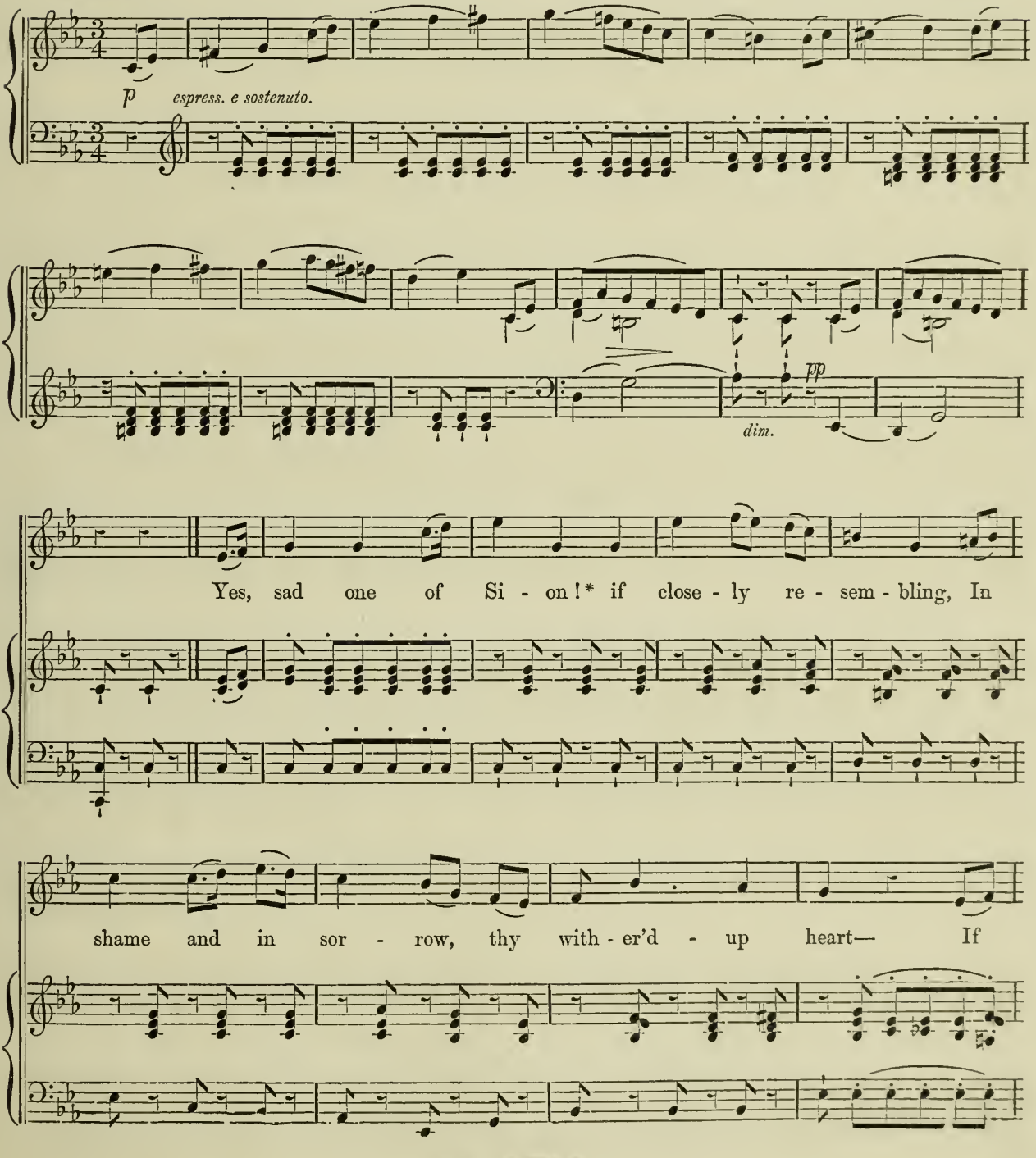

seems to say— "Though death be - neath our sur - face be, Less
or
smil - ing
ten.
cold we are, less false than they, Whose smil - ing wreck'd thy
cres.
mf
p
pp
hopes and thee!"
dolce.
f
p
2ND VERSE.
Sail on, sail on, through end - less space, Through calm, through tem - pest
pp
mf
p
stop no more, The storm - i - est sea's a rest - ing - place To
ten.
pp


him who leaves such hearts on shore. Or, if some de - sert
dolce. legati.
land we meet, Where nev - er yet false-heart - ed men Pro-
tr
ten.
or
rest thee,
- faned a world, that else were sweet, Then rest thee, bark, but
mf
cres.
f
p
pp
not till then.
dolce.
f
p

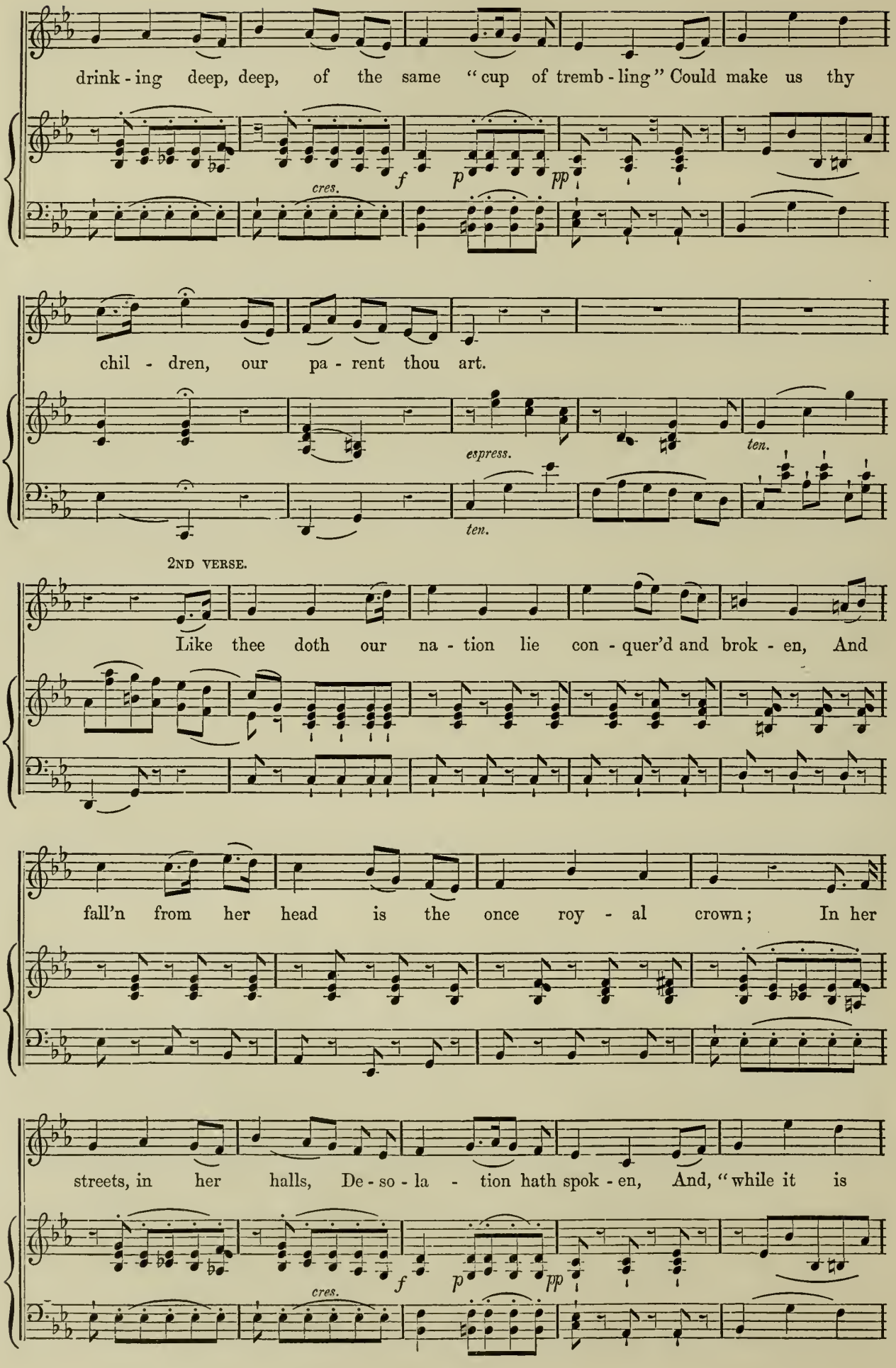
# THE PARALLEL.

## YES, SAD ONE OF ZION! IF CLOSELY RESEMBLING.

*Mournfully.* AIR—I WOULD RATHER THAN IRELAND.




* These verses were written after the perusa. of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.


drink - ing deep, deep, of the same "cup of tremb - ling" Could make us thy
cres.
f
p
pp
chil - dren, our pa - rent thou art.
espress.
ten.
ten.
2ND VERSE.
Like thee doth our na - tion lie con - quer'd and brok - en, And
fall'n from her head is the once roy - al crown; In her
streets, in her halls, De - so - la - tion hath spok - en, And, "while it is
cres.
f
p
pp

III.

Like thine doth her exile, mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old!

IV.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken," †
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves!

V.

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

VI.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City ‡
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships.

VII.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over,
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And—a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover,—§
The Lady of Kingdoms ‖ lay low in the dust.

---

* "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—*Jerem.* xv. 9.

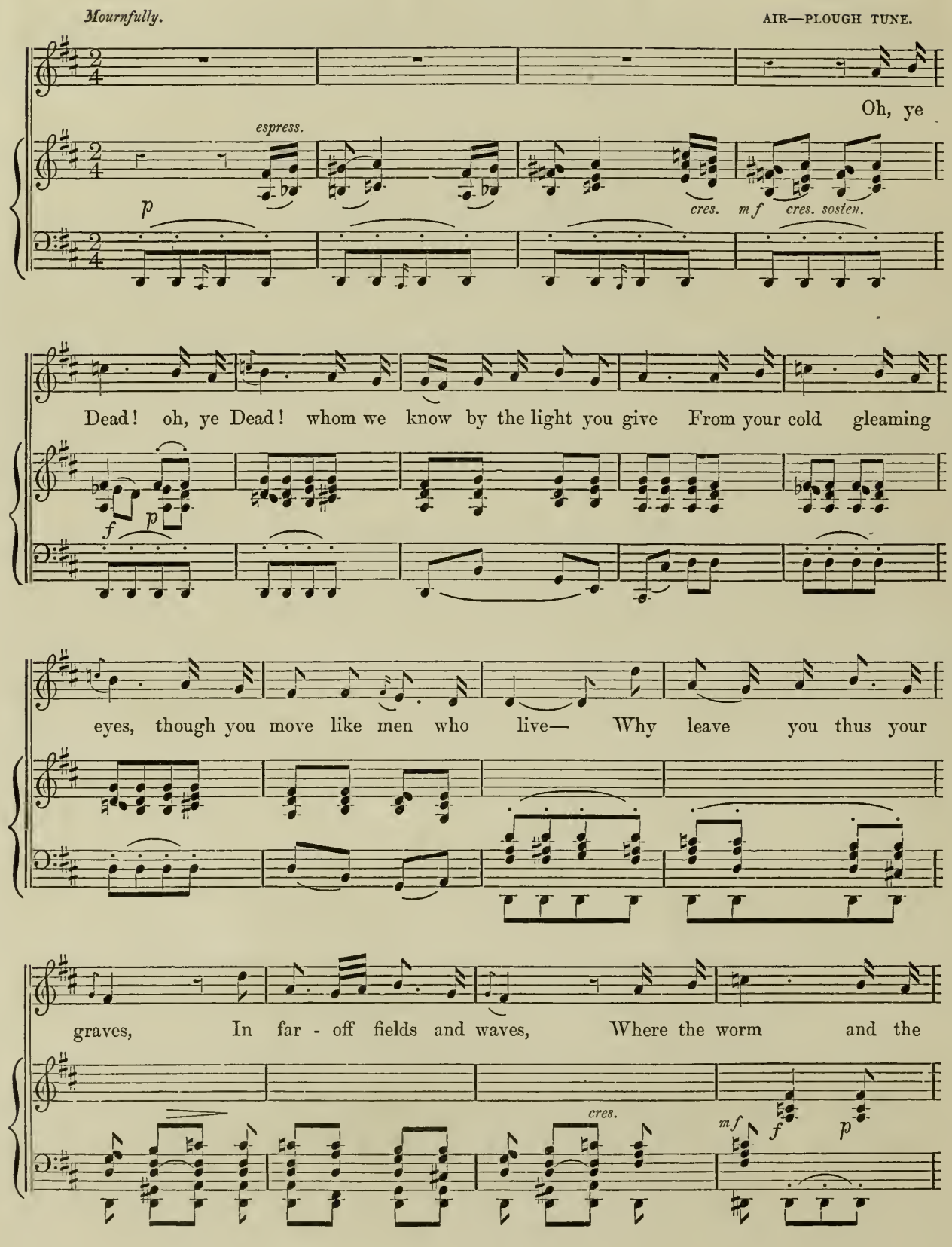
† "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken."—*Isaiah* lxii. 4.

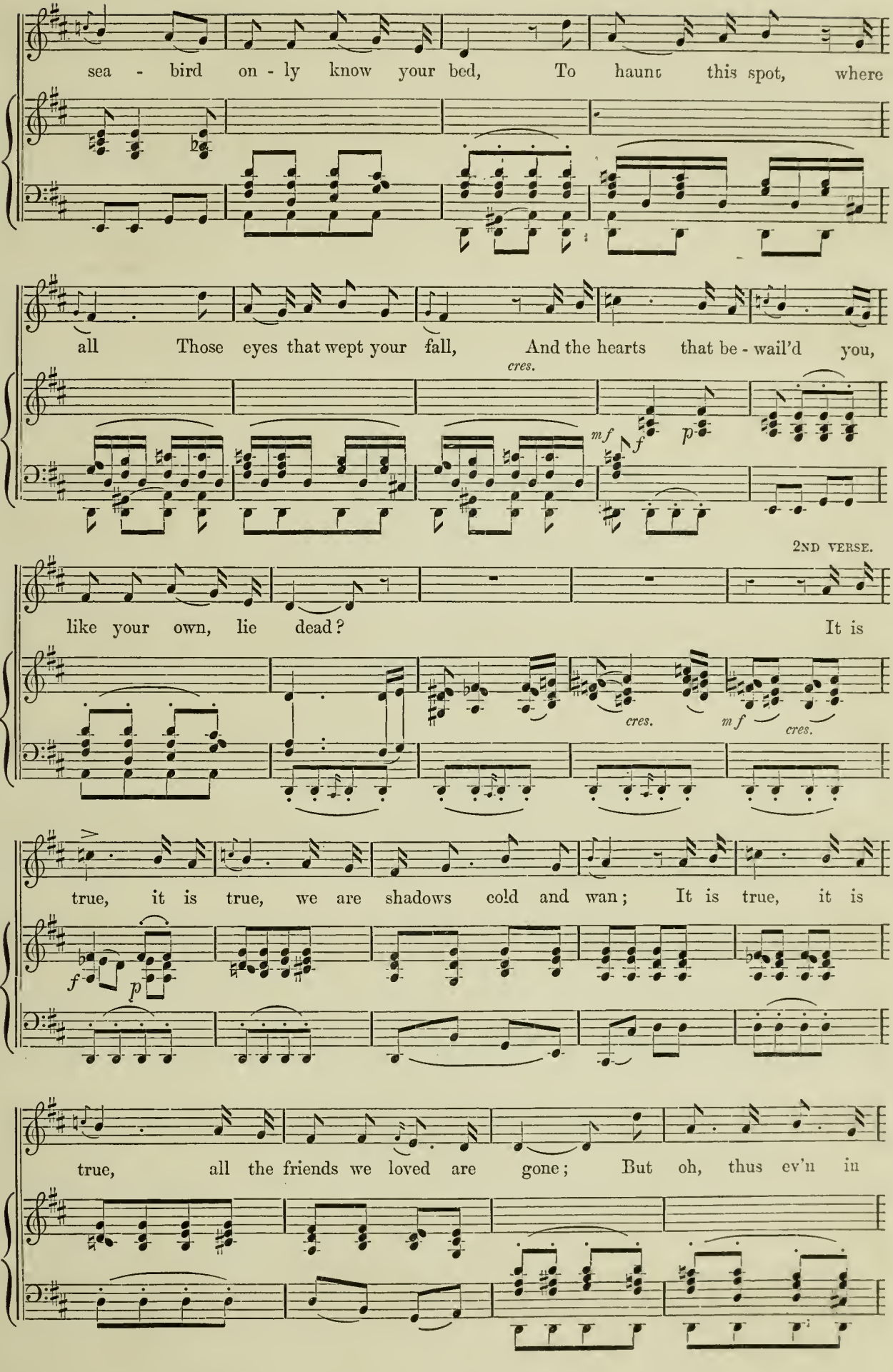
‡ "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!"—*Id.* xiv. 4.

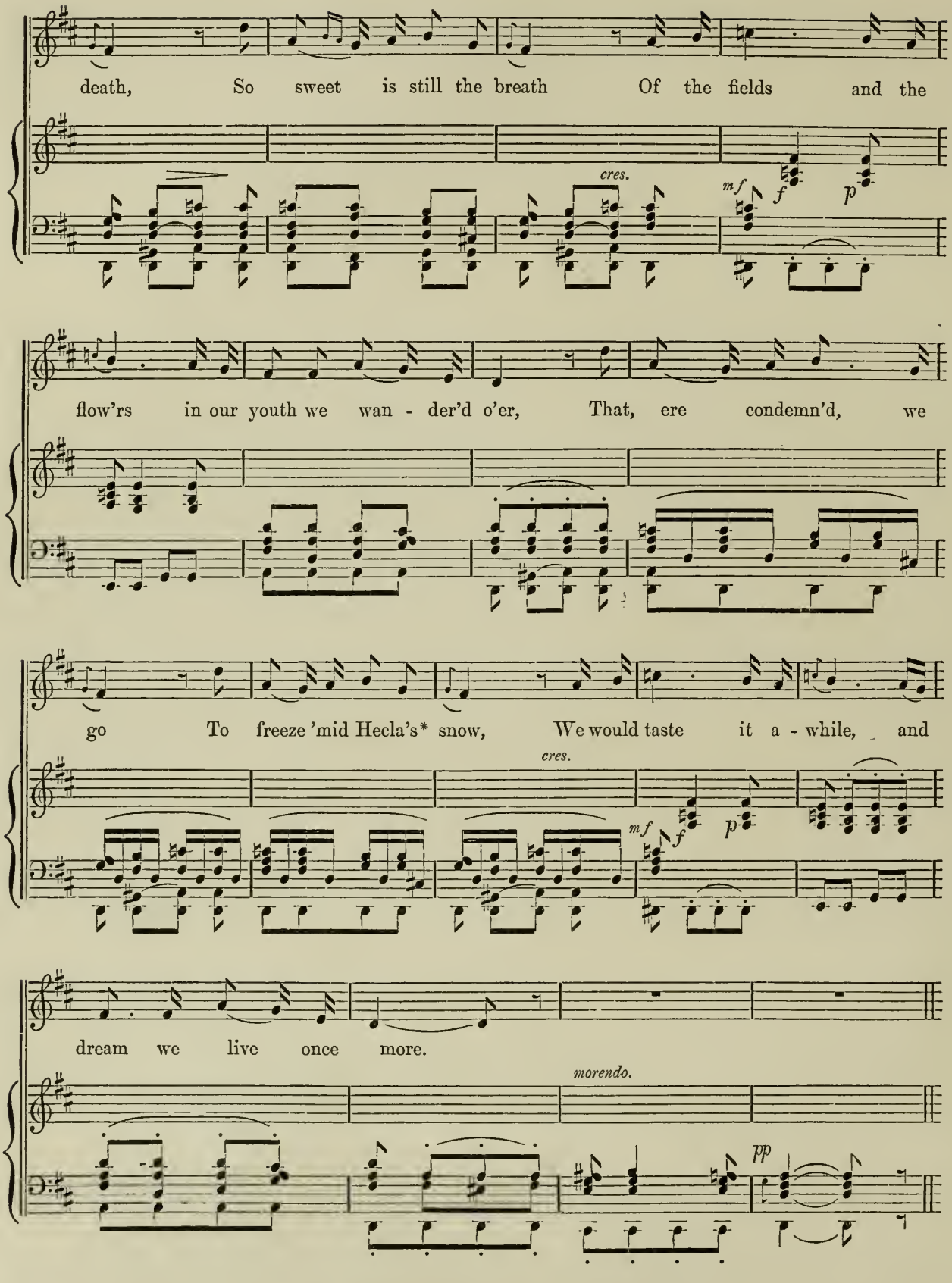
§ "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave . . . . and the worms cover thee."—*Id.* xiv. 11.

‖ "Thou shalt no more be called, The Lady of Kingdoms."—*Id.* xlvii. 5.

# OH, YE DEAD!


Mournfully.
AIR—PLOUGH TUNE.
Oh, ye
espress.
p
cres.
mf
cres. sosten.
Dead! oh, ye Dead! whom we know by the light you give From your cold gleaming
f
p
eyes, though you move like men who live— Why leave you thus your
graves, In far - off fields and waves, Where the worm and the
cres.
mf
f
p


sea - bird on - ly know your bed, To haunt this spot, where
all Those eyes that wept your fall, And the hearts that be - wail'd you,
cres.
mf
f
p
2ND VERSE.
like your own, lie dead? It is
cres.
mf
cres.
true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan; It is true, it is
f
p
true, all the friends we loved are gone; But oh, thus ev'n in




* Paul Zeland mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked, why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

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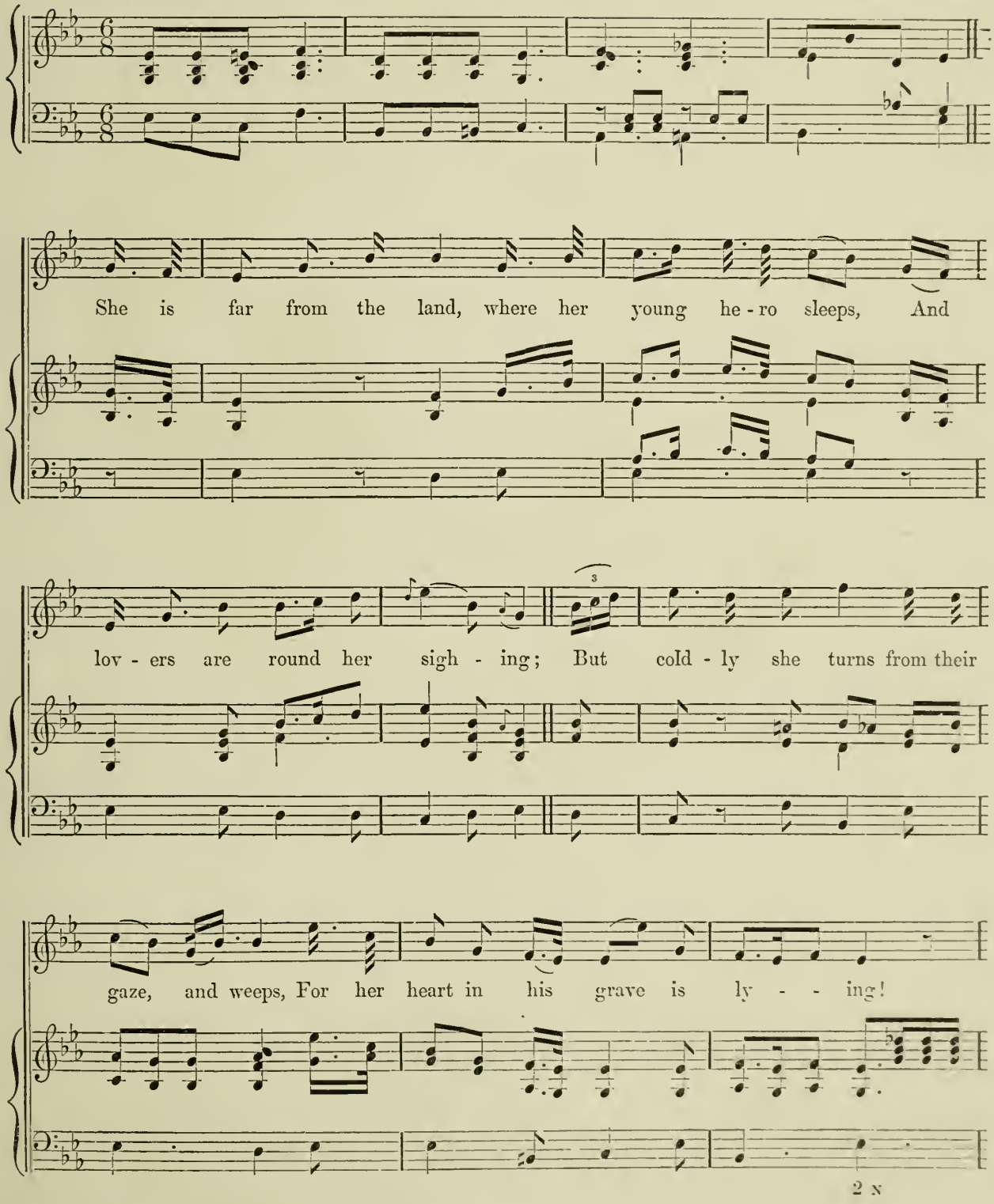
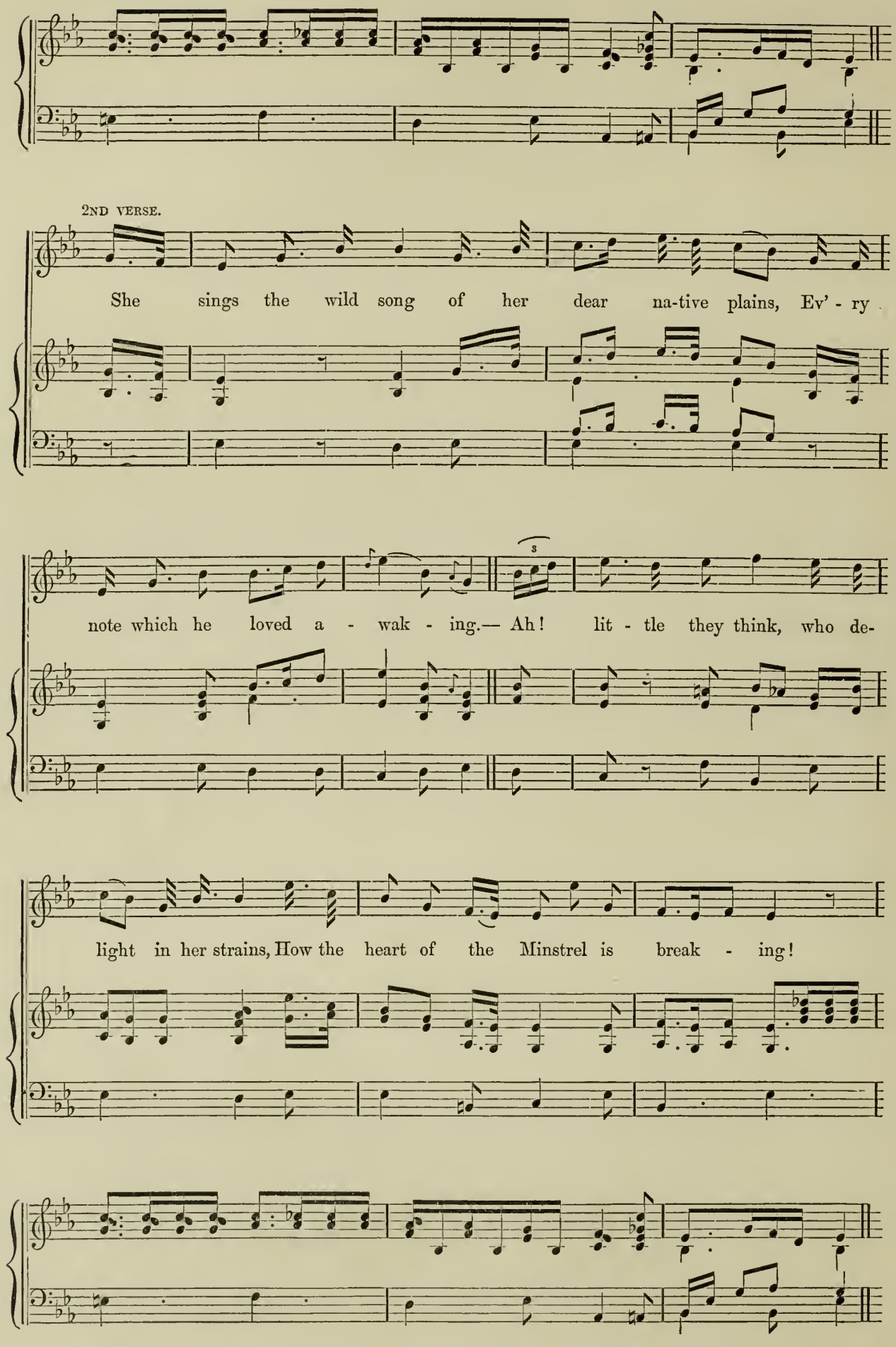
# SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

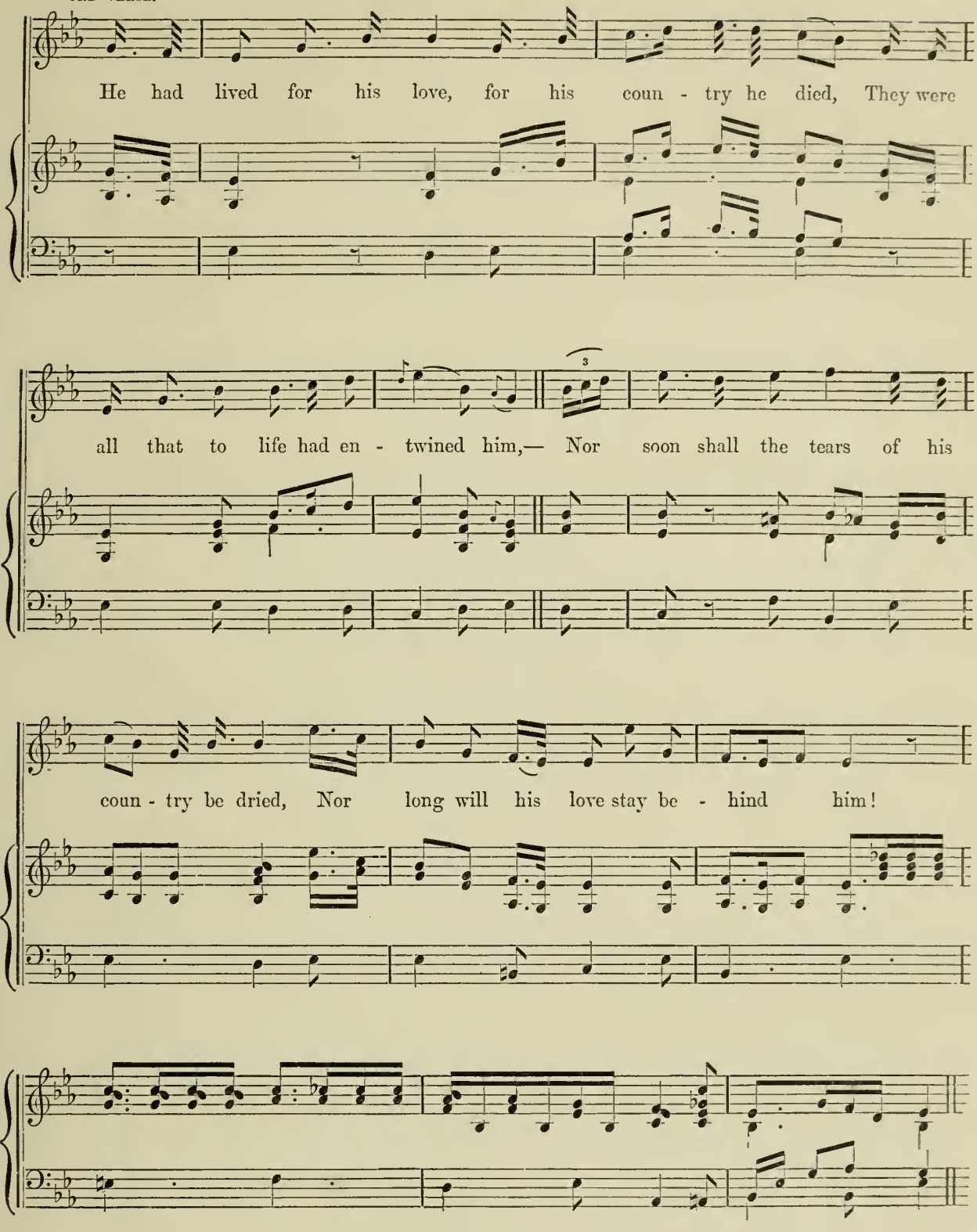
*With melancholy expression.*

AIR—OPEN THE DOOR.


She is far from the land, where her young he - ro sleeps, And
lov - ers are round her sigh - ing; But cold - ly she turns from their
gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - - ing!


2ND VERSE.
She sings the wild song of her dear na-tive plains, Ev' - ry
note which he loved a - wak - ing.— Ah! lit - tle they think, who de-
light in her strains, How the heart of the Minstrel is break - ing!

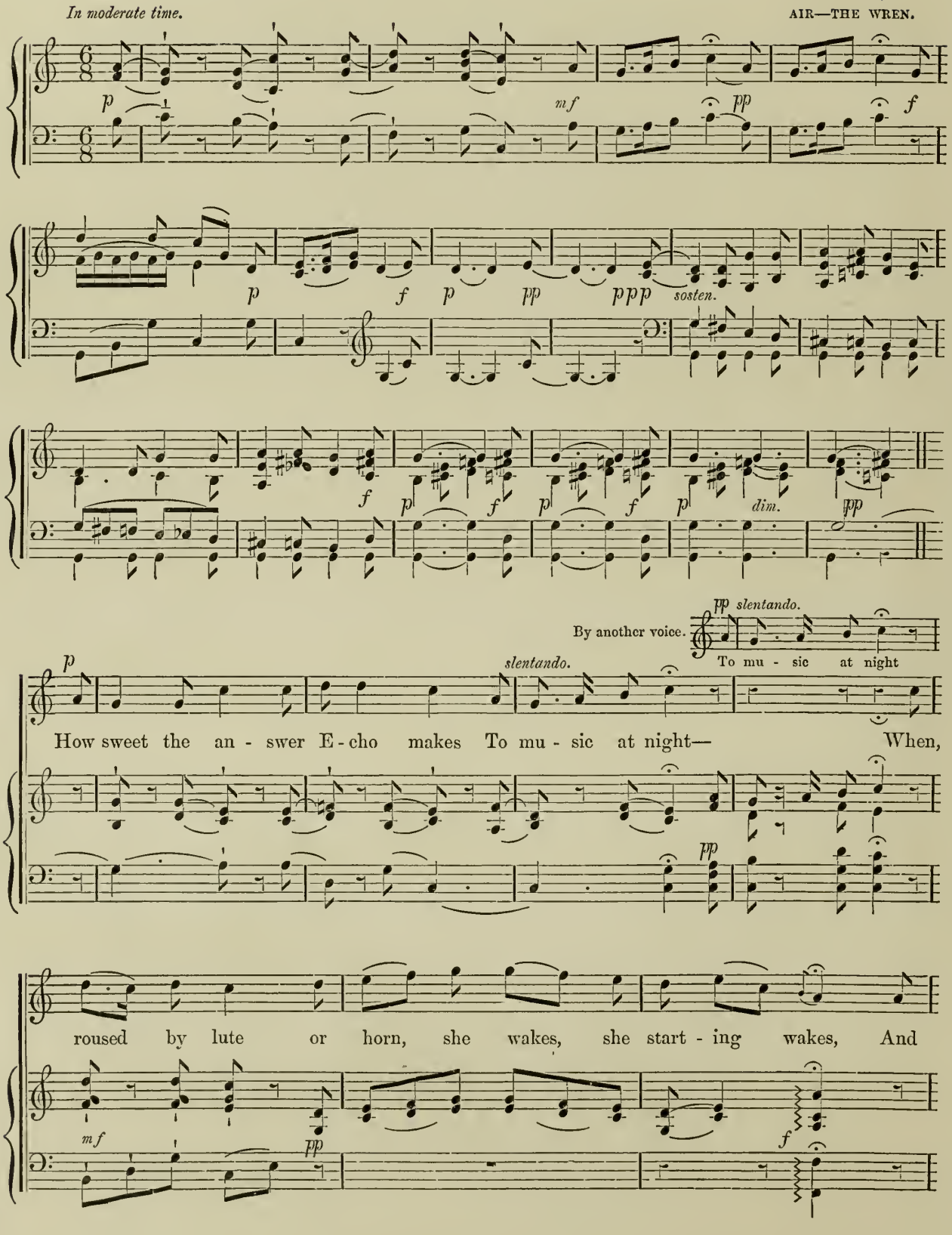
3RD VERSE.


He had lived for his love, for his coun - try he died, They were
all that to life had en - twined him,— Nor soon shall the tears of his
coun - try be dried, Nor long will his love stay be - hind him!

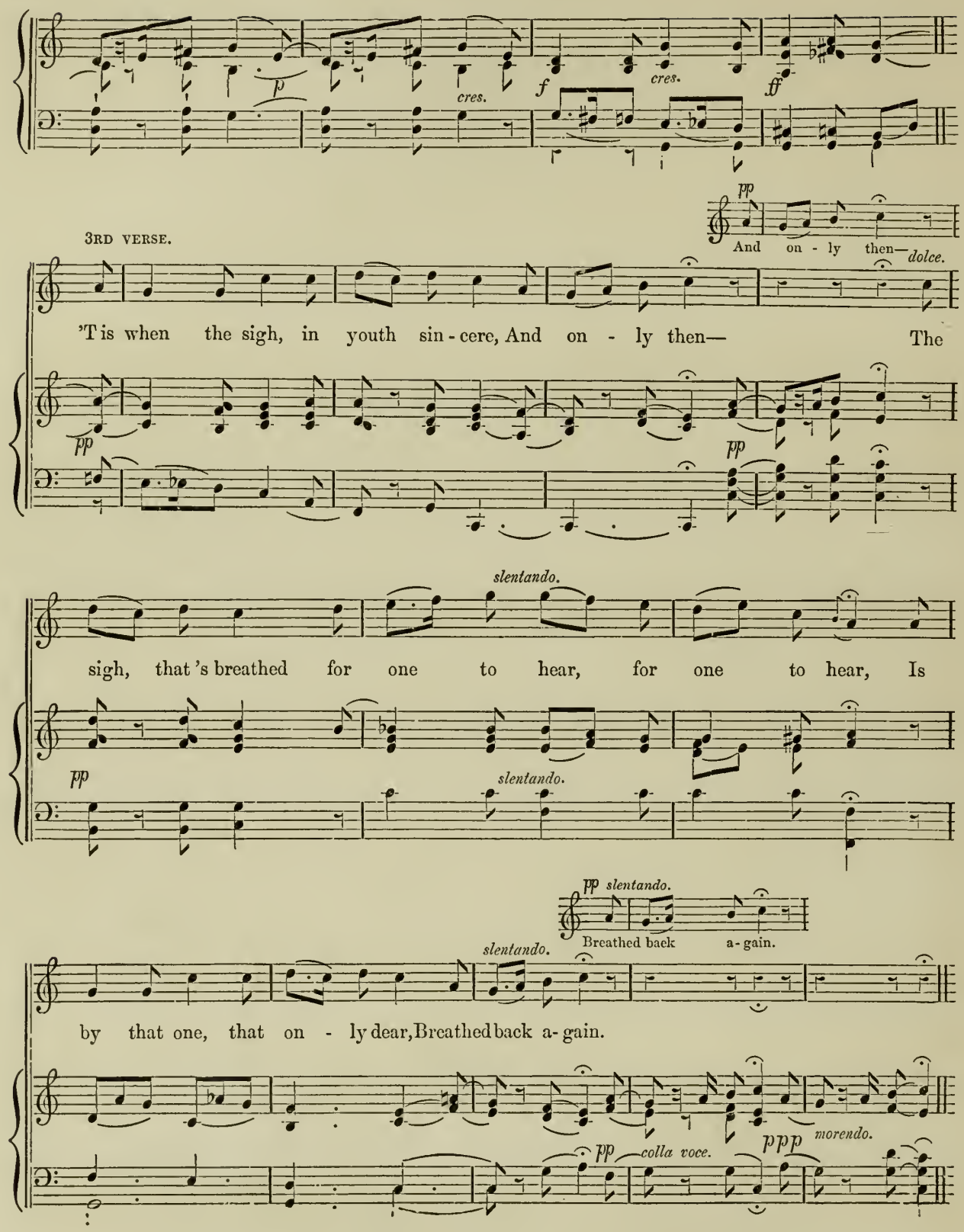
Oh! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved Island of sorrow!

# ECHO.

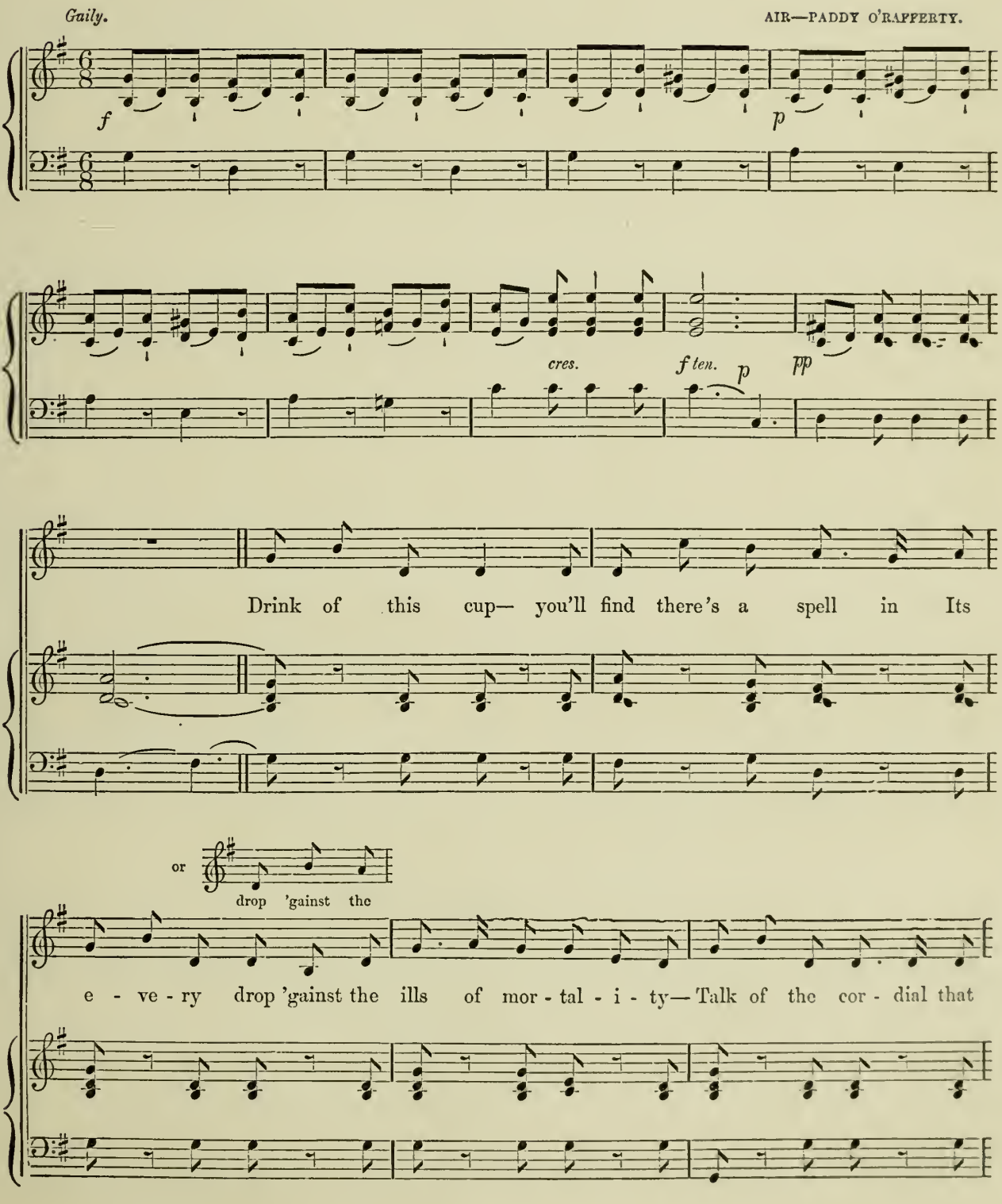
## HOW SWEET THE ANSWER ECHO MAKES!



pp
Goes an - swer-ing light.
far a - way, o'er lawns and lakes, Goes an-swering light.—
p stacc. molto.
cres.
p
pp
pp
mf
p
cres.
cres.
f
ff
pp
And far more sweet—
2ND VERSE.
Yet Love hath e - choes tru - er far, And far more sweet, Than
pp
pp
dolce.
slentando.
e'er, be - neath the moon - light's star, the moon - light's star, Of
p
slentando
pp slentando.
The songs re - peat.
horn, or lute, or soft gui - tar, The songs re - peat.
pp colla voce.
mf


p
cres.
f
cres.
ff
pp
And on - ly then— dolce.
3RD VERSE.
'T is when the sigh, in youth sin - cere, And on - ly then— The
pp
pp
slentando.
sigh, that 's breathed for one to hear, for one to hear, Is
pp
slentando.
pp slentando.
Breathed back a - gain.
slentando.
by that one, that on - ly dear, Breathed back a - gain.
pp colla voce.
ppp morendo.

# DRINK OF THIS CUP.


Gaily.
AIR—PADDY O'RAFFERTY.
f
p
cres.
f ten.
p
pp
Drink of this cup— you'll find there's a spell in Its
or
drop 'gainst the
e - ve - ry drop 'gainst the ills of mor - tal - i - ty— Talk of the cor - dial that

spark-led for He - len, Her cup was a fic - tion, but this is re - al - i - ty.
Would you for - get the dark world we are in, On - ly taste of the bub - ble that
gleams on the top of it; But would you rise a - bove earth, till a - kin To im-
mor - tals themselves, you must drain ev' - ry drop of it. Send round the cup— for
f p
or
drop 'gainst the
oh! there's a spell in Its ev - e - ry drop 'gainst the ills of mor - tal - i - ty—

II.

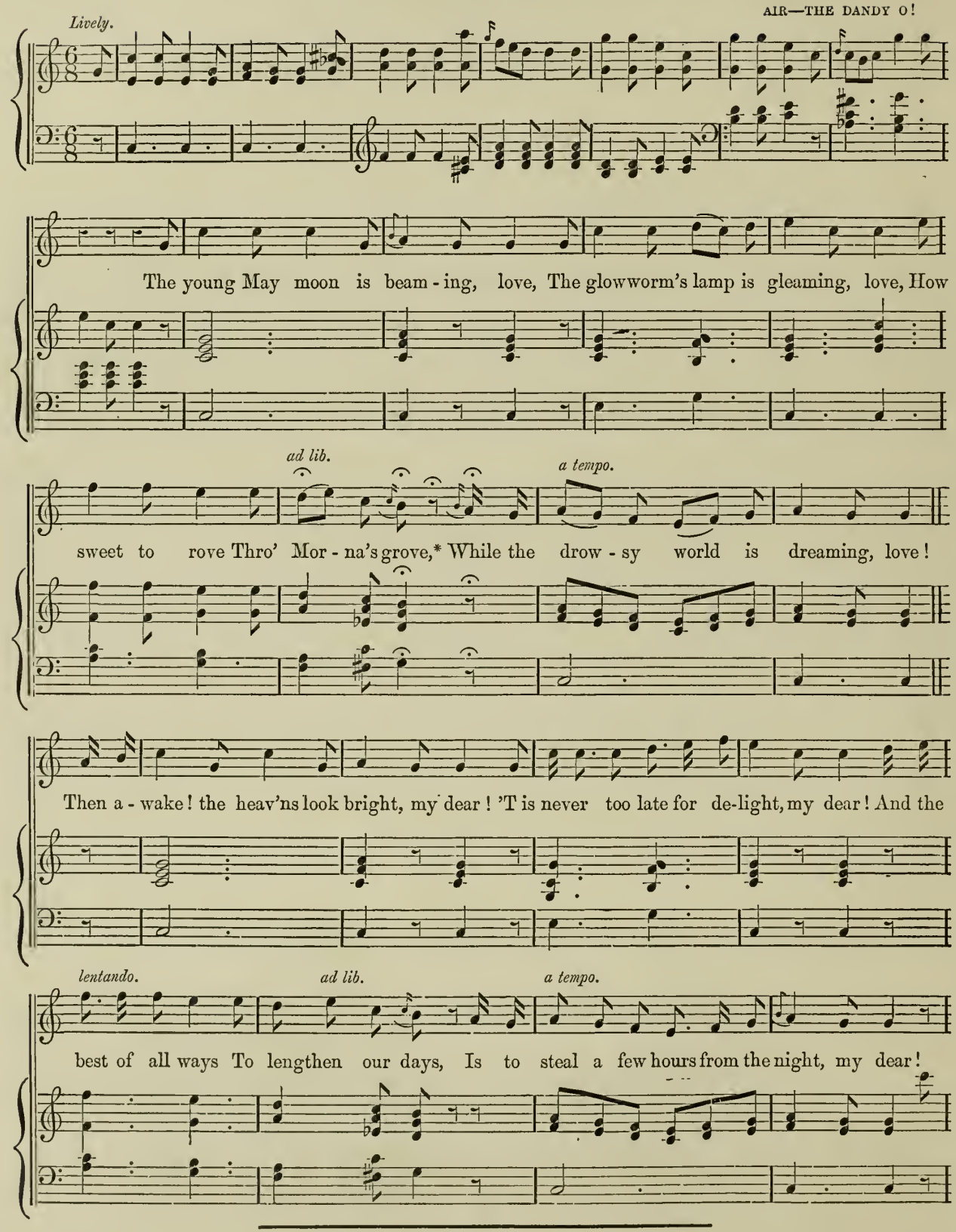
Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing ;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There having, by nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together !
Then drink of the cup—you 'll find there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality :
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

III.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like caldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
Yet—'t is n't less potent for being unlawful.
What, though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
Fill up—there 's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though now lawless and hidden.
So drink of the cup—for oh there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality :
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

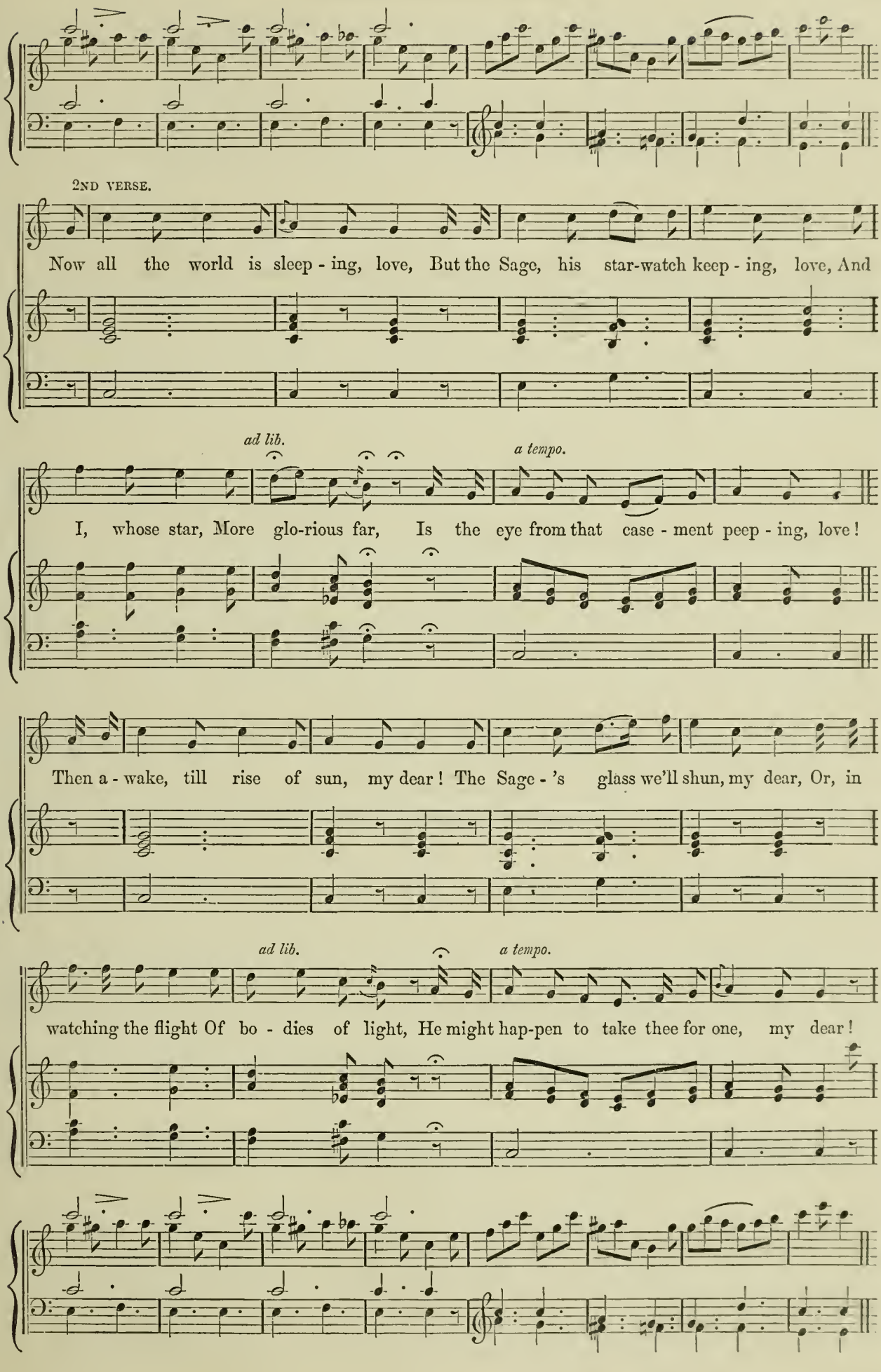
# THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

AIR—THE DANDY O!

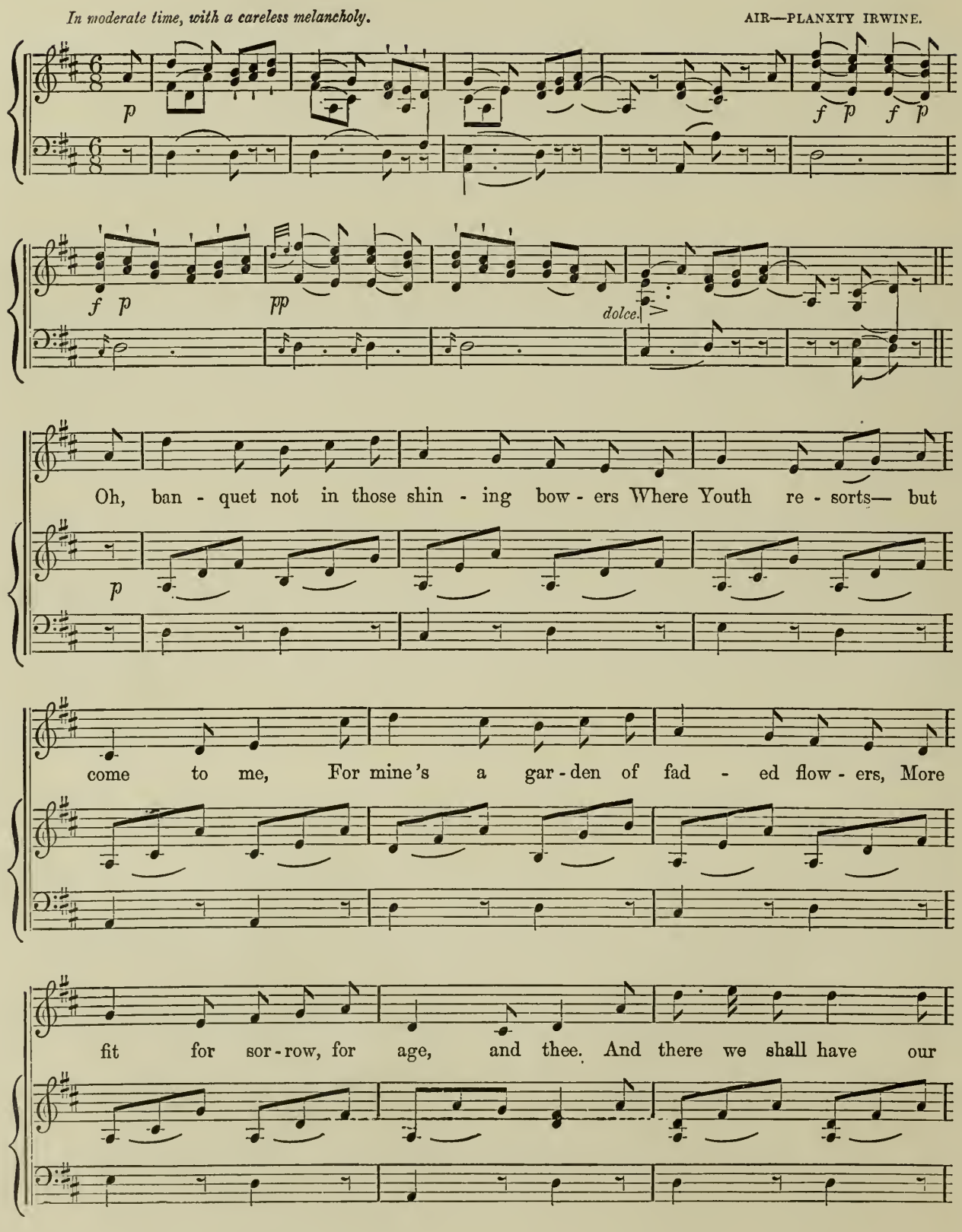

Lively.
The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love, How
ad lib.
a tempo.
sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove,* While the drow - sy world is dreaming, love!
Then a - wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'T is never too late for de-light, my dear! And the
lentando.
ad lib.
a tempo.
best of all ways To lengthen our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

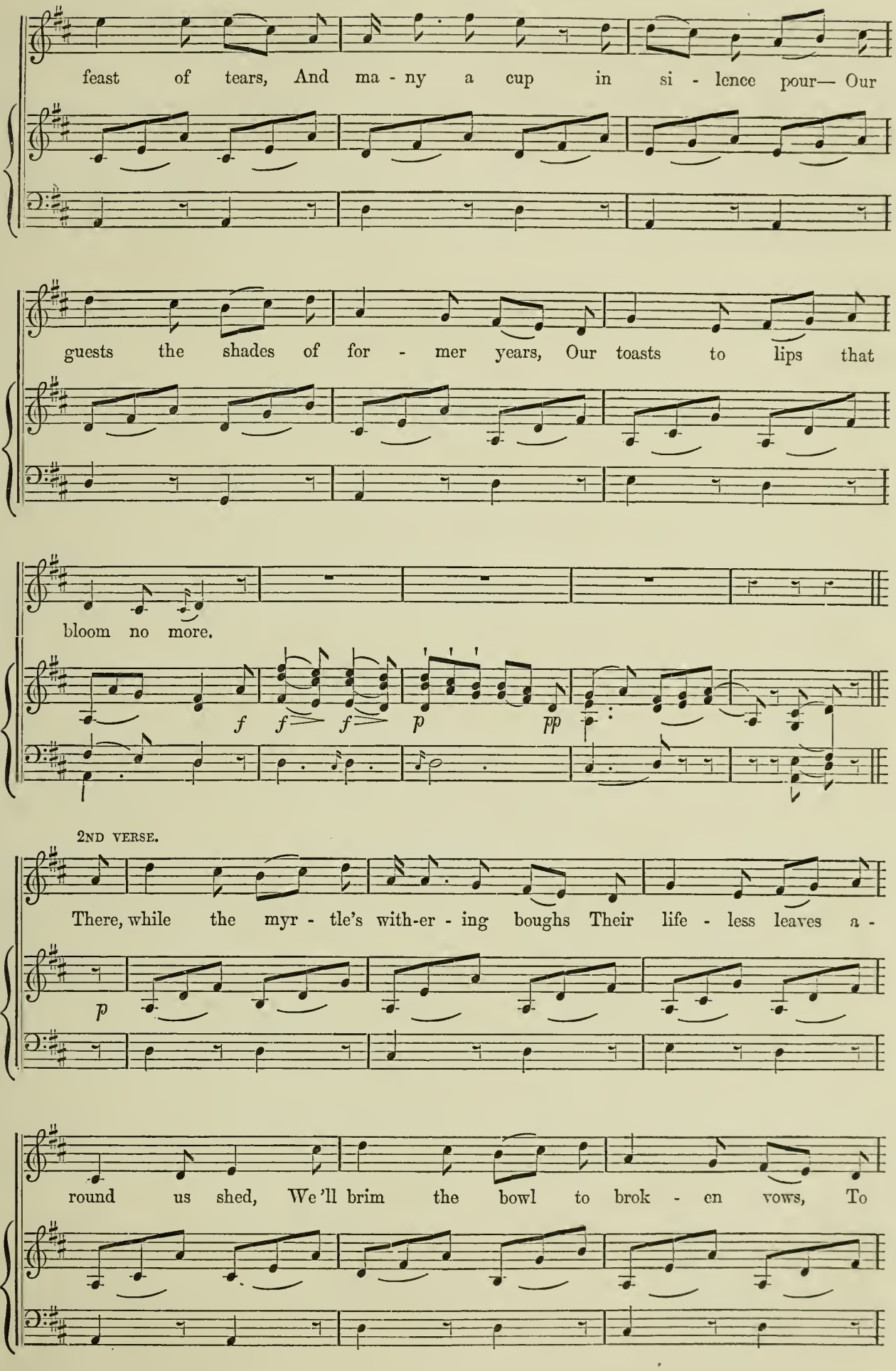
* "Steal silently to Morna's grove."

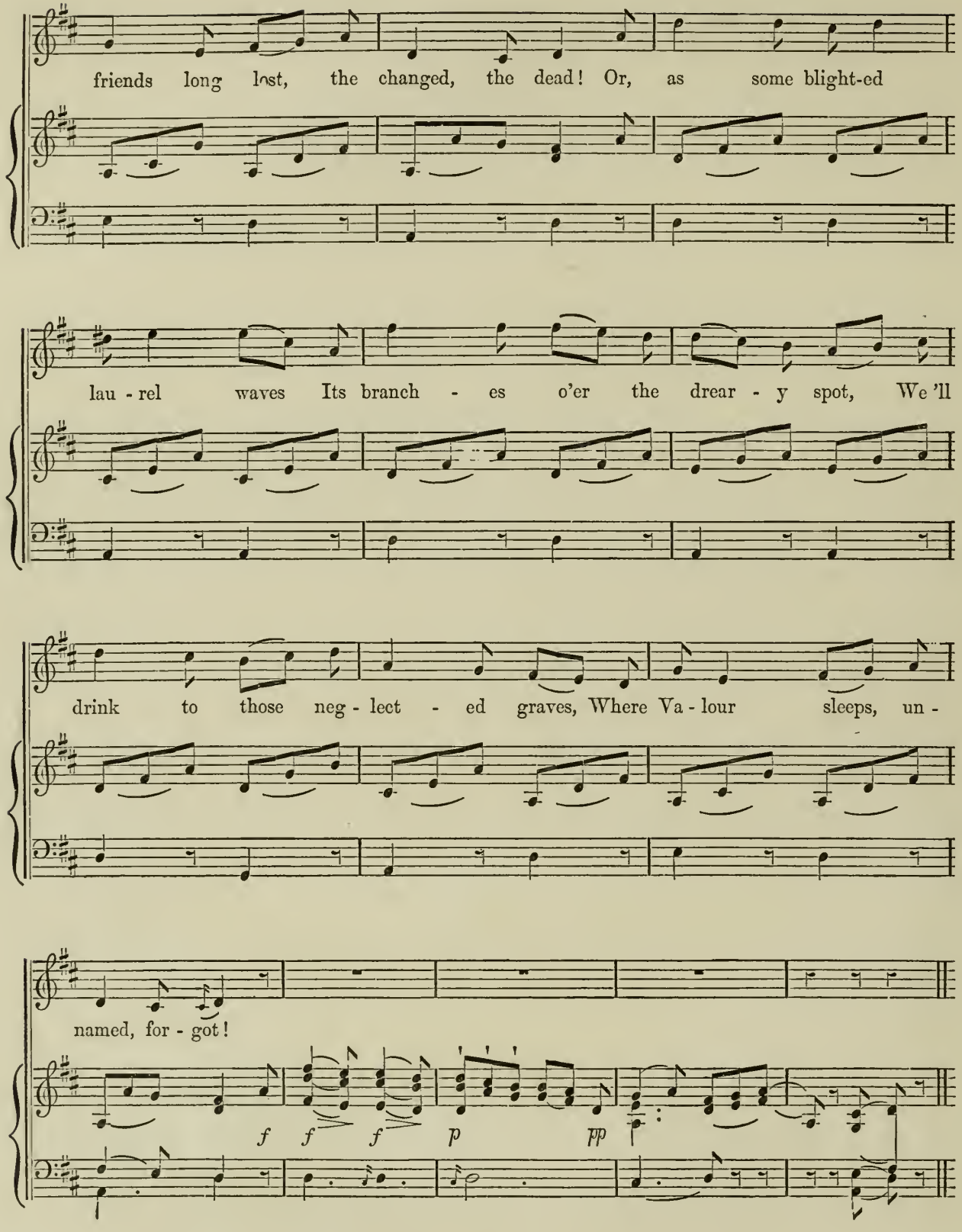
See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by JOHN BROWN, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate, as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.


2ND VERSE.
Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep - ing, love, And
ad lib.
a tempo.
I, whose star, More glo-rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment peep - ing, love!
Then a - wake, till rise of sun, my dear! The Sage - 's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in
ad lib.
a tempo.
watching the flight Of bo - dies of light, He might hap-pen to take thee for one, my dear!

# OH, BANQUET NOT IN THOSE SHINING BOWERS.


In moderate time, with a careless melancholy.
AIR—PLANXTY IRWINE.
p
f p f p
f p
pp
dolce.
Oh, ban - quet not in those shin - ing bow - ers Where Youth re - sorts— but
p
come to me, For mine's a gar - den of fad - ed flow - ers, More
fit for sor - row, for age, and thee. And there we shall have our


feast of tears, And ma - ny a cup in si - lence pour— Our
guests the shades of for - mer years, Our toasts to lips that
bloom no more.
f f f p pp
2ND VERSE.
There, while the myr - tle's with-er - ing boughs Their life - less leaves a -
p
round us shed, We 'll brim the bowl to brok - en vows, To


friends long lost, the changed, the dead! Or, as some blight-ed
lau - rel waves Its branch - es o'er the drear - y spot, We 'll
drink to those neg - lect - ed graves, Where Va - lour sleeps, un -
named, for - got!
f f f p pp

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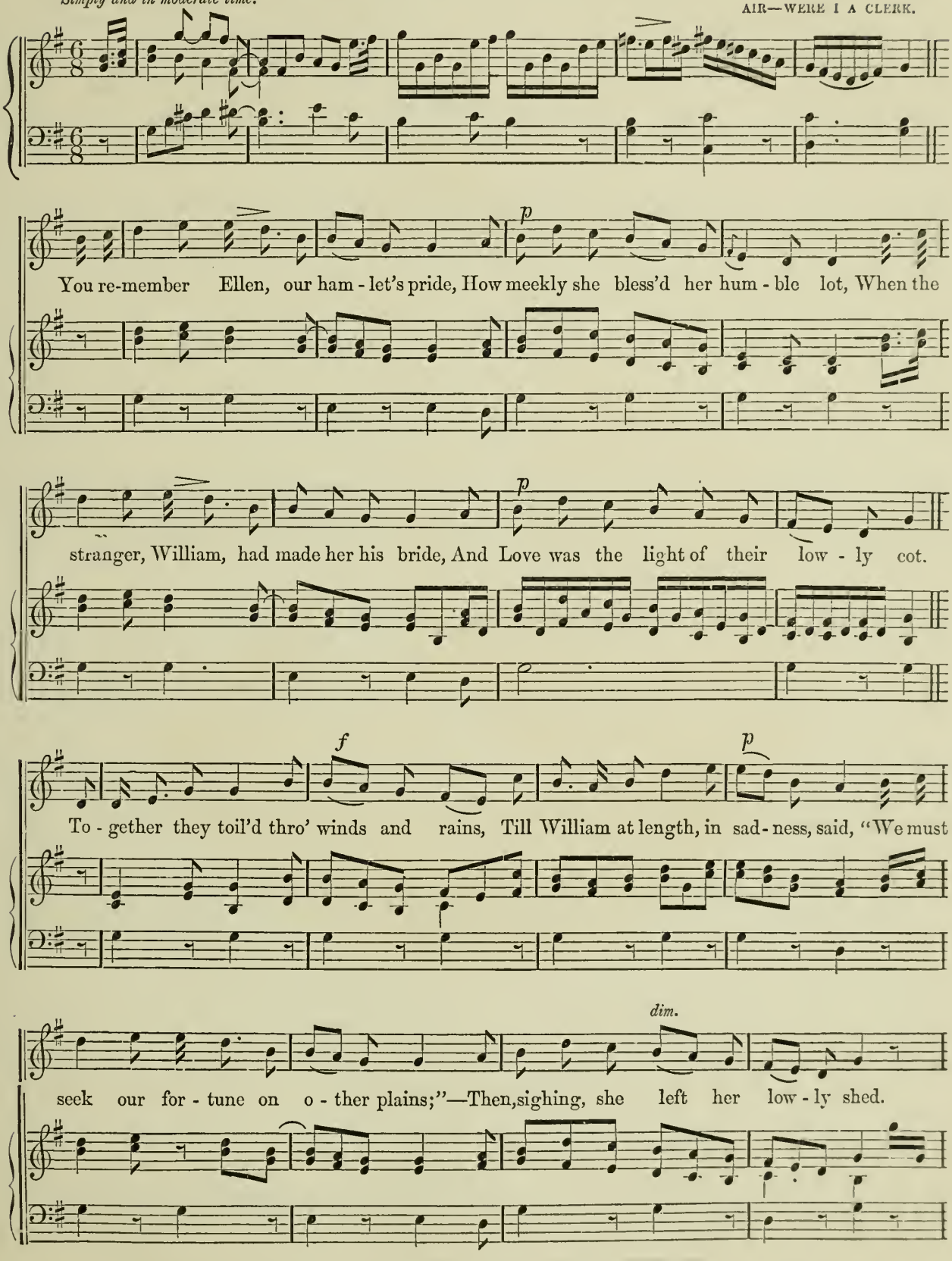
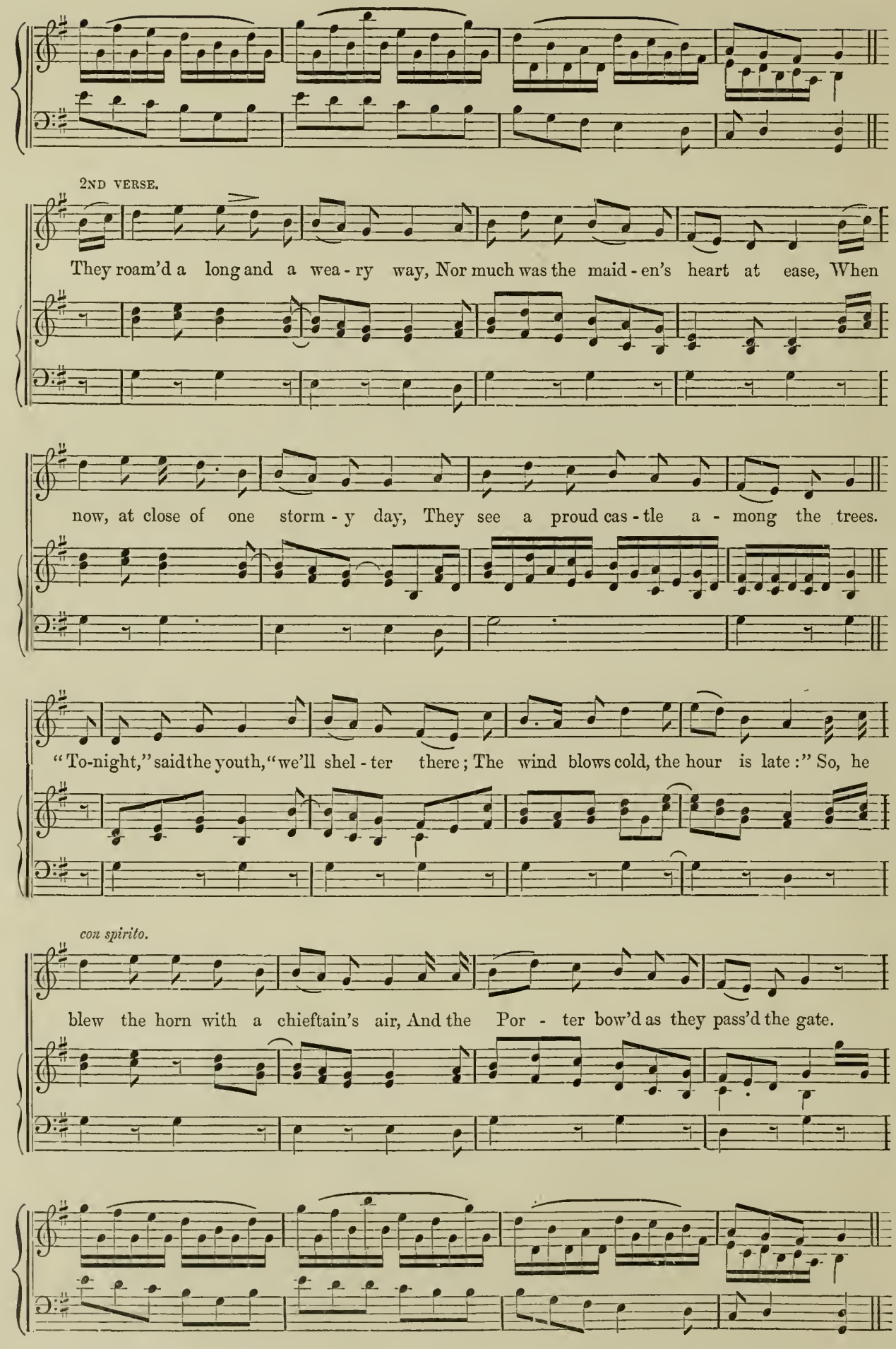
# YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

*Simply and in moderate time.*

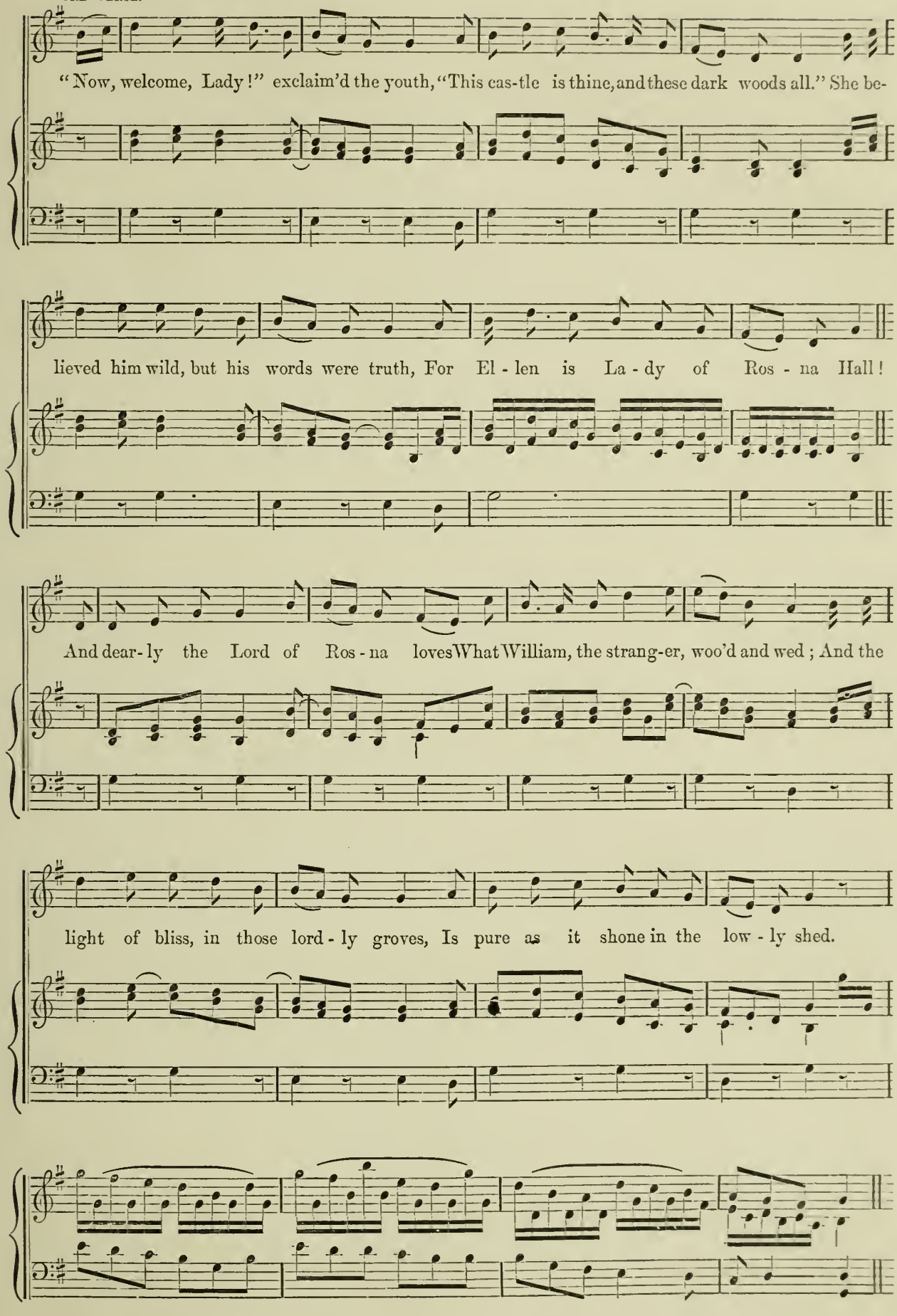
AIR—WERE I A CLERK.


p
You re-member Ellen, our ham - let's pride, How meekly she bless'd her hum - ble lot, When the
p
stranger, William, had made her his bride, And Love was the light of their low - ly cot.
f
p
To - gether they toil'd thro' winds and rains, Till William at length, in sad - ness, said, "We must
dim.
seek our for - tune on o - ther plains;"—Then, sighing, she left her low - ly shed.

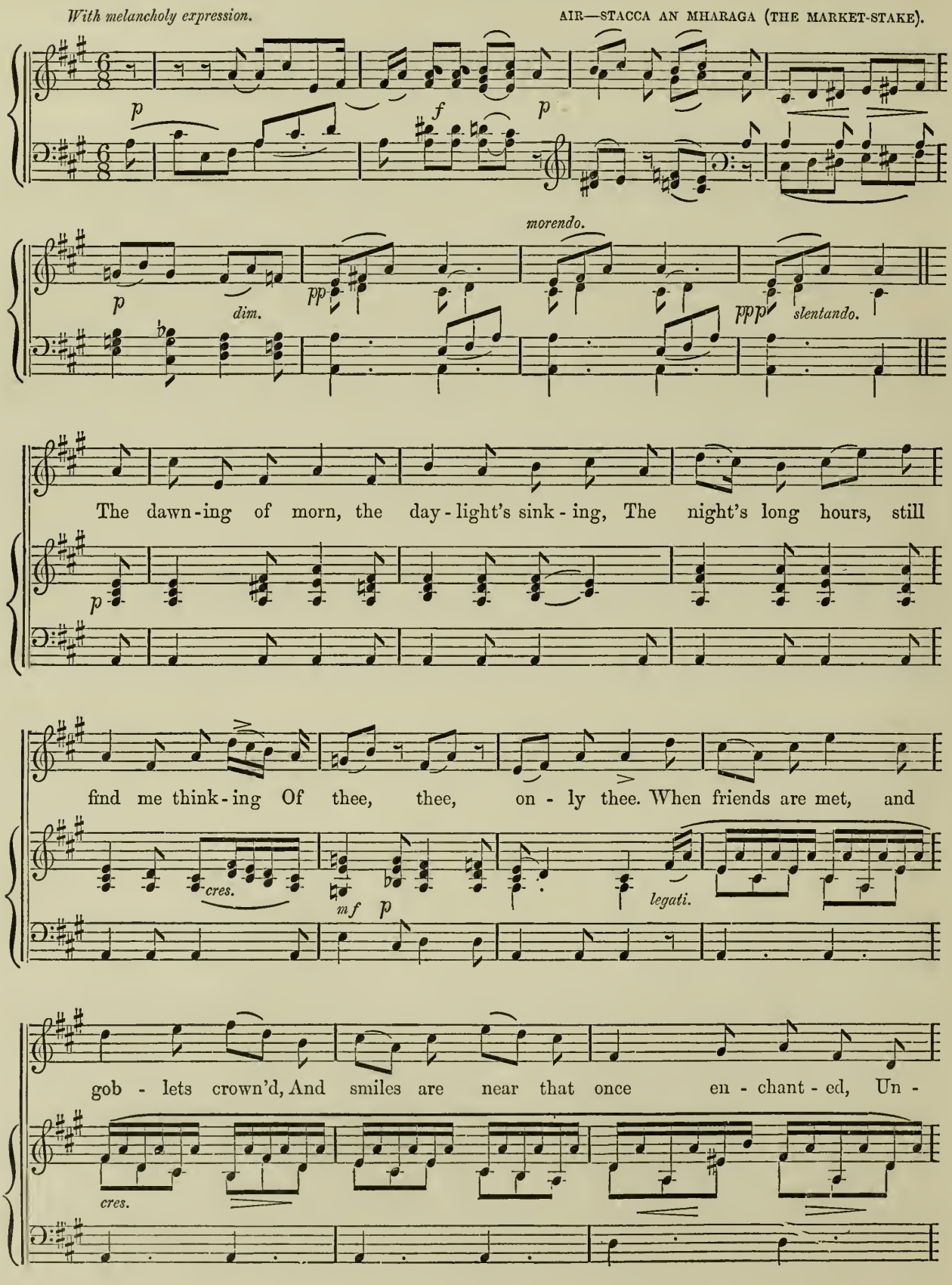
* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain Noble Family in England.

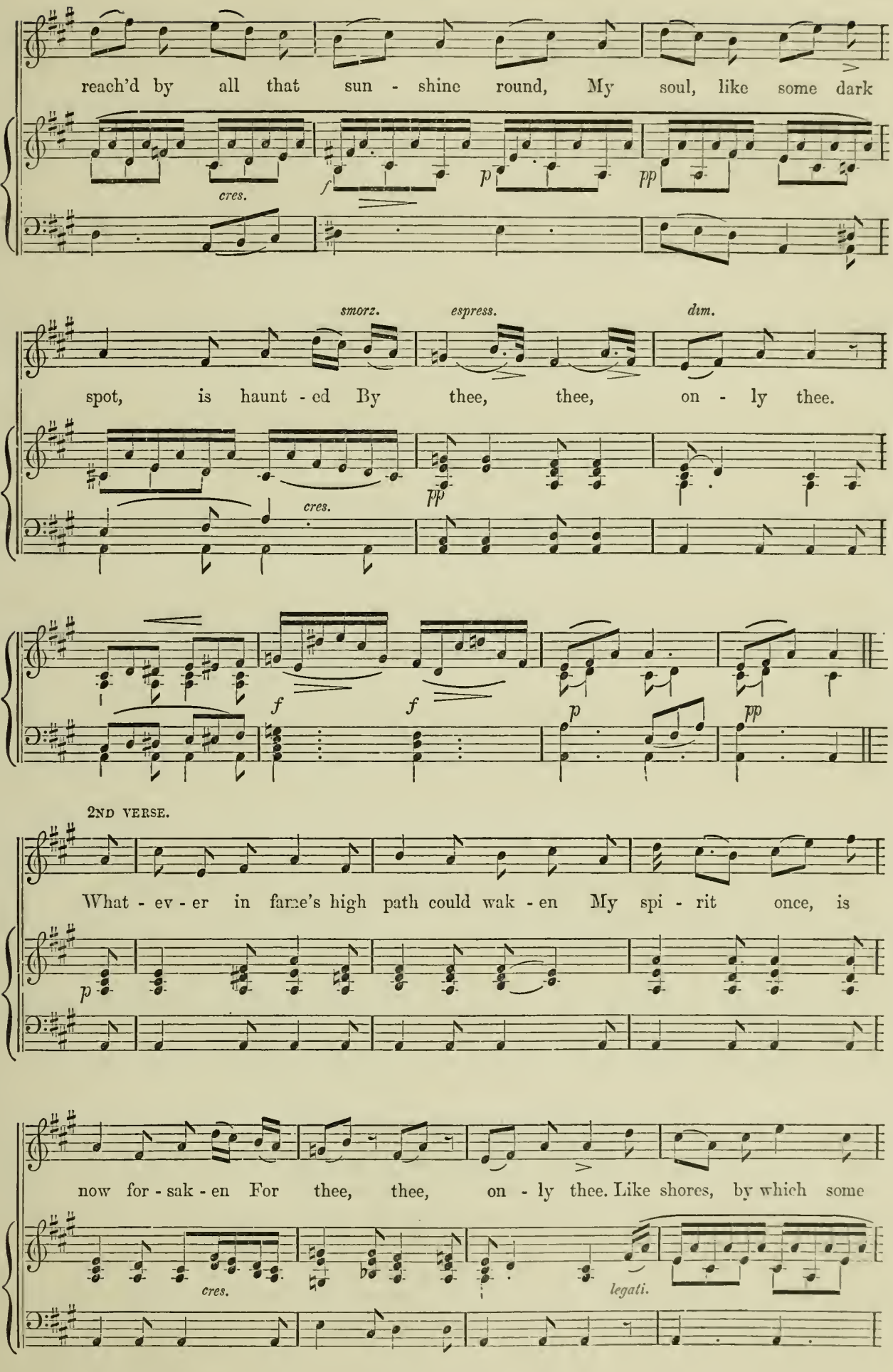

2ND VERSE.
They roam'd a long and a wea - ry way, Nor much was the maid - en's heart at ease, When
now, at close of one storm - y day, They see a proud cas - tle a - mong the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shel - ter there; The wind blows cold, the hour is late:" So, he
con spirito.
blew the horn with a chieftain's air, And the Por - ter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

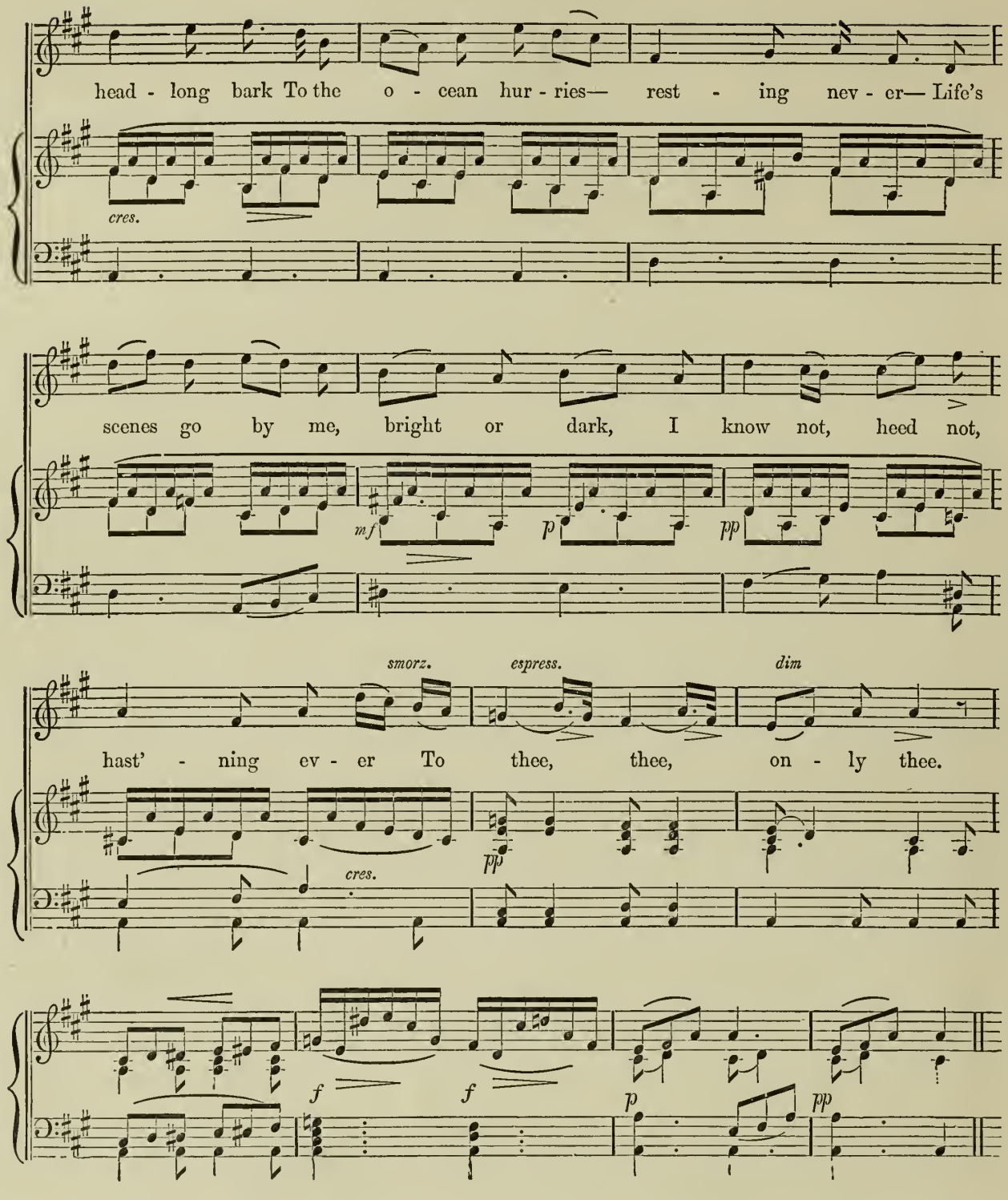
3RD VERSE.


"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth, "This cas-tle is thine, and these dark woods all." She be-
lieved him wild, but his words were truth, For El - len is La - dy of Ros - na Hall!
And dear - ly the Lord of Ros - na loves What William, the strang-er, woo'd and wed; And the
light of bliss, in those lord - ly groves, Is pure as it shone in the low - ly shed.

# THE DAWNING OF MORN.

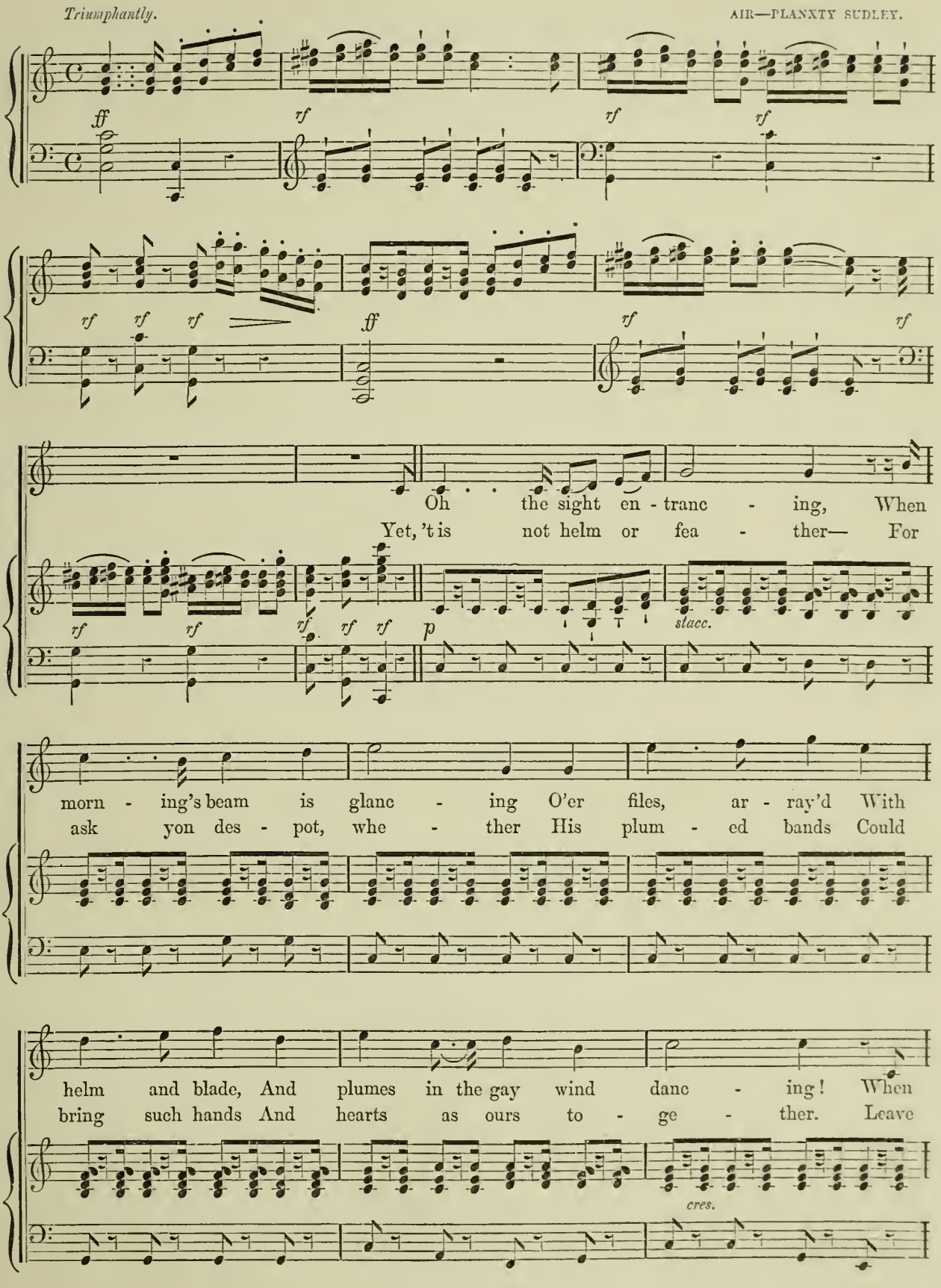


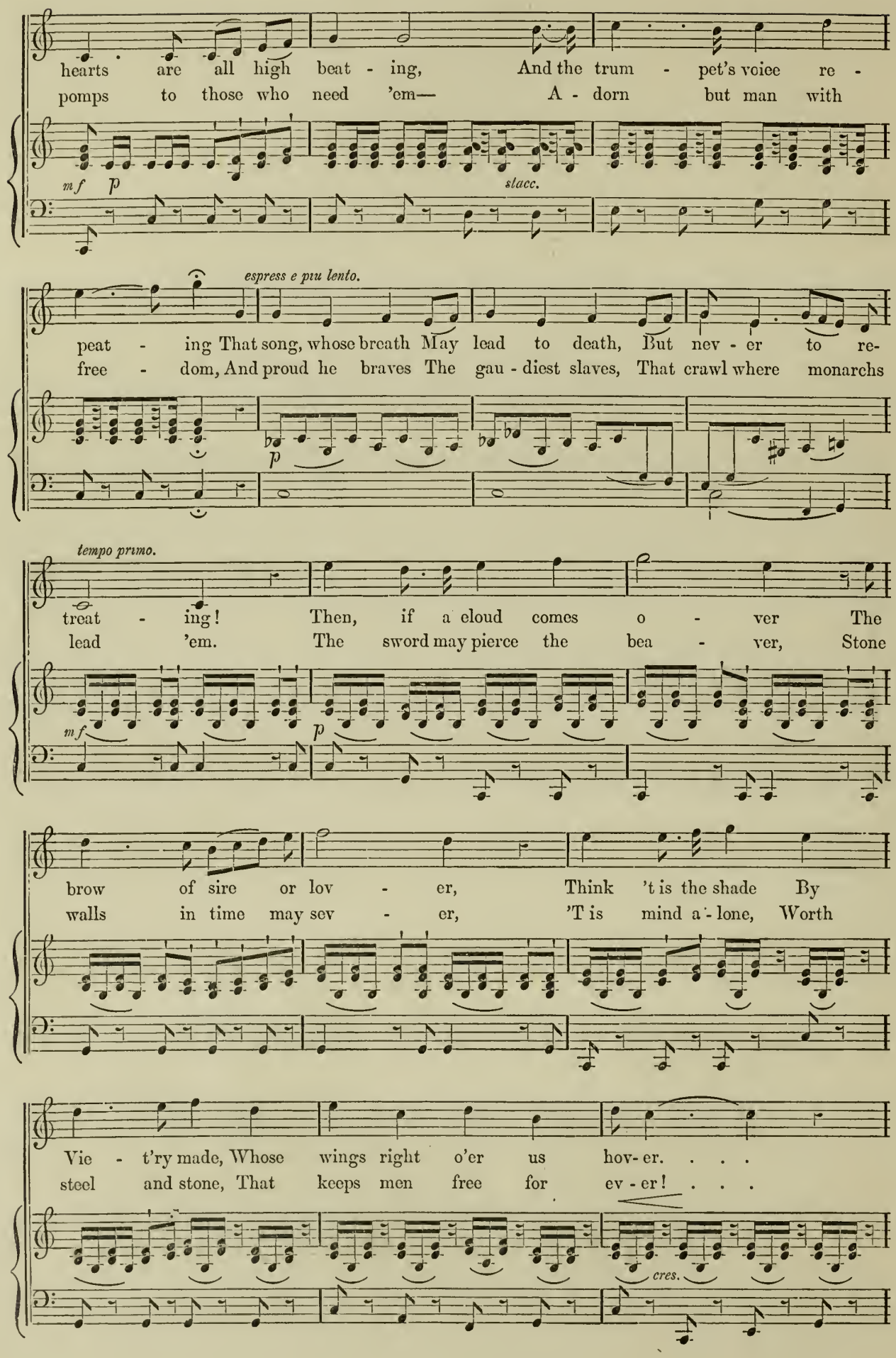

reach'd by all that sun - shine round, My soul, like some dark
cres.
f
p
pp
smorz.
espress.
dim.
spot, is haunt - ed By thee, thee, on - ly thee.
cres.
pp
f
f
p
pp
2ND VERSE.
What - ev - er in fame's high path could wak - en My spi - rit once, is
p
now for - sak - en For thee, thee, on - ly thee. Like shores, by which some
cres.
legati.




I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet, when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

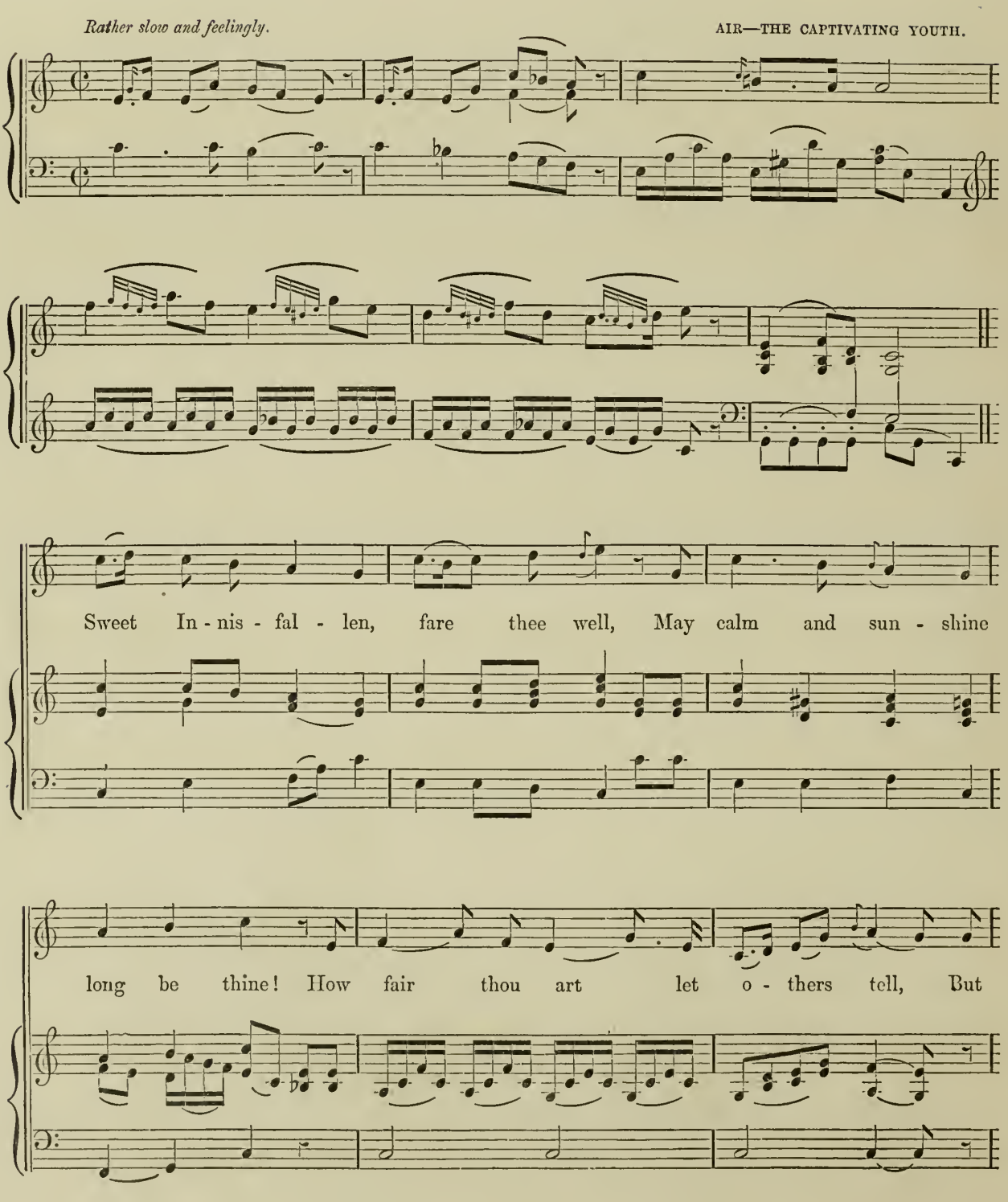
# OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

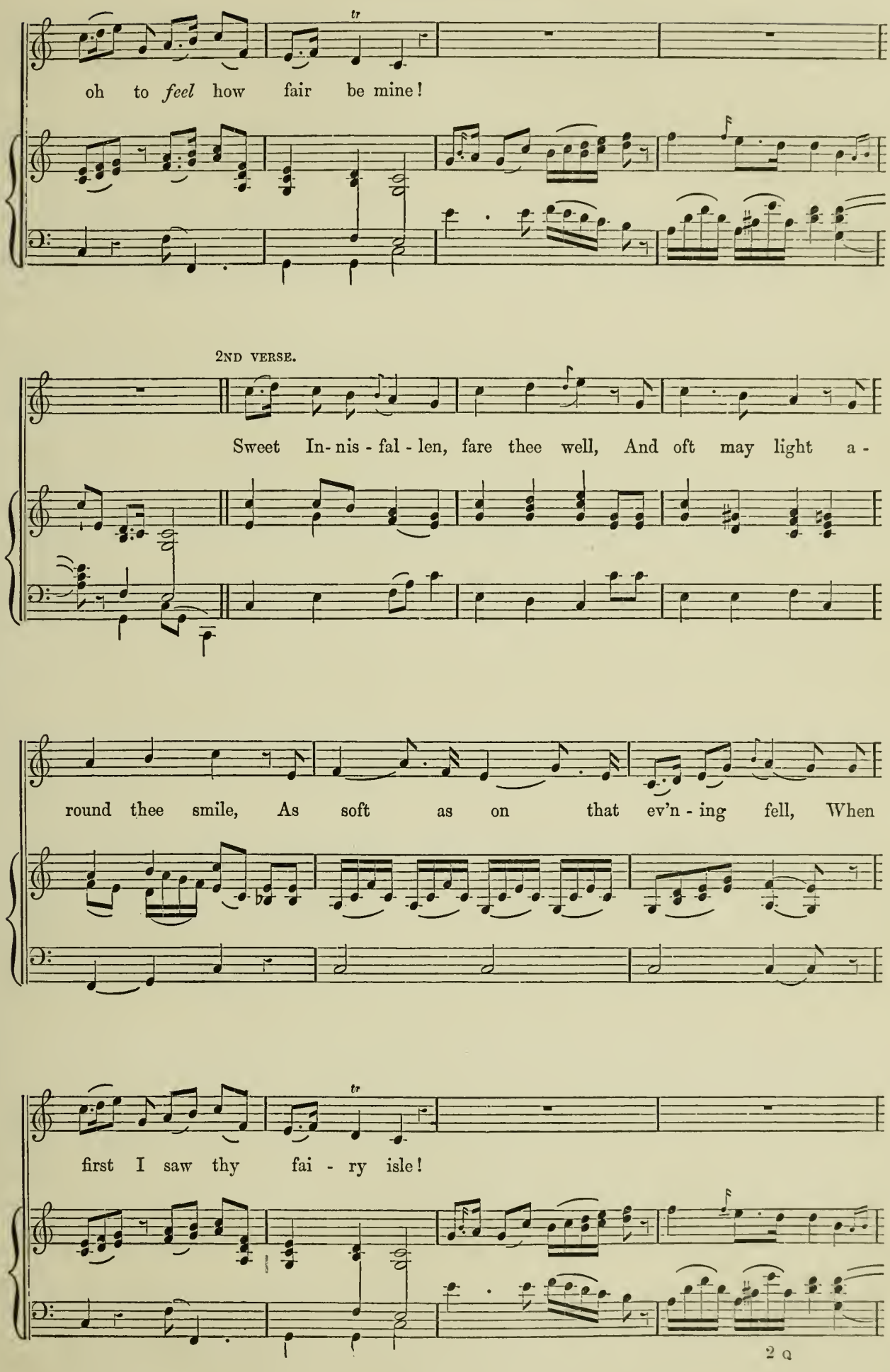

Triumphantly.
AIR—PLANXTY SUDLEY.
ff
rf
rf
rf
rf rf rf
ff
rf
rf
Oh the sight en - tranc - ing, When
Yet, 't is not helm or fea - ther— For
rf rf rf rf rf p
stacc.
morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er files, ar - ray'd With
ask yon des - pot, whe - ther His plum - ed bands Could
helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind danc - ing! When
bring such hands And hearts as ours to - ge - ther. Leave
cres.

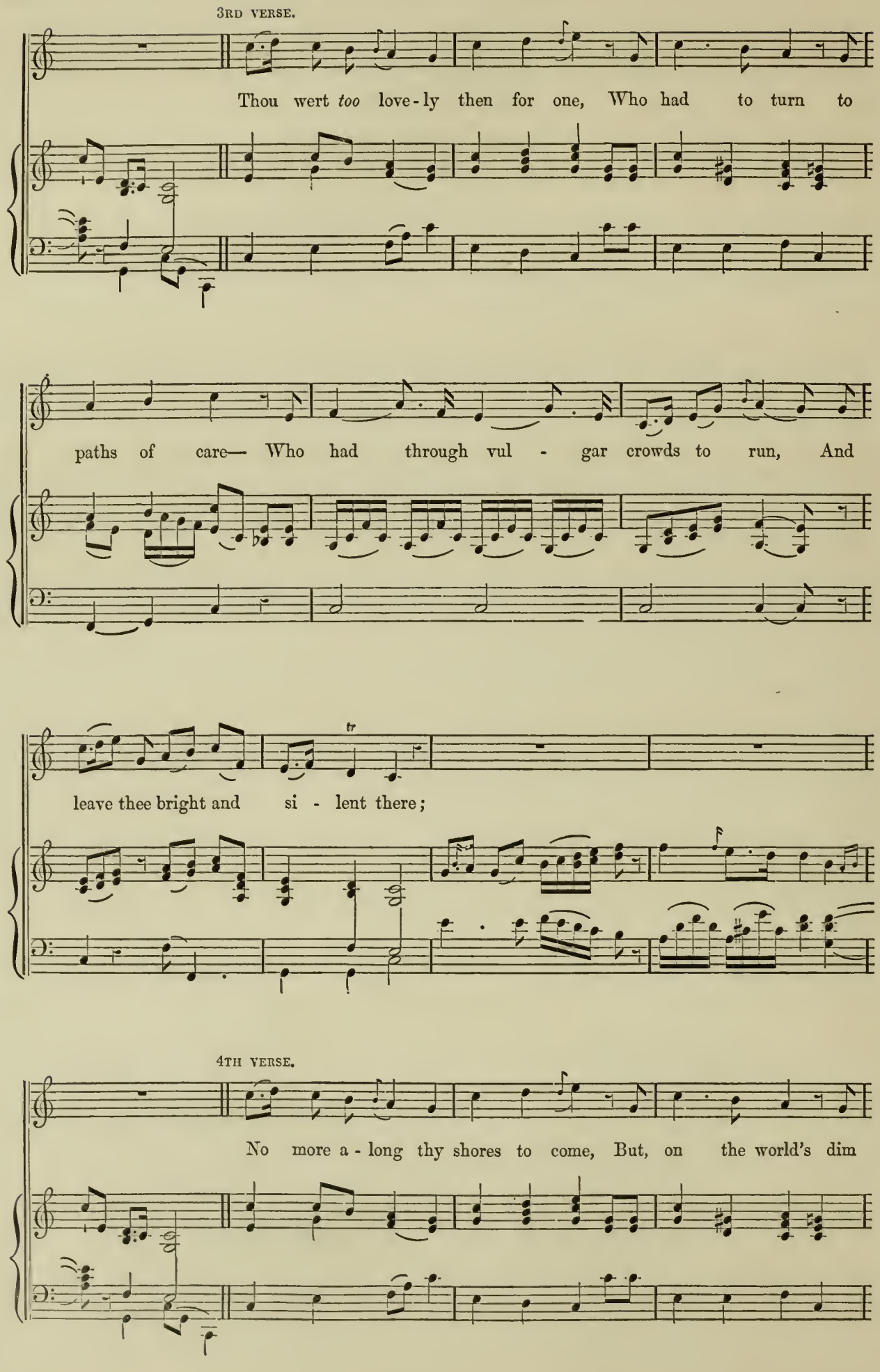

hearts are all high beat - ing, And the trum - pet's voice re -
pomps to those who need 'em— A - dorn but man with
mf p
stacc.
espress e piu lento.
peat - ing That song, whose breath May lead to death, But nev - er to re-
free - dom, And proud he braves The gau - diest slaves, That crawl where monarchs
p
tempo primo.
treat - ing! Then, if a cloud comes o - ver The
lead 'em. The sword may pierce the bea - ver, Stone
mf
p
brow of sire or lov - er, Think 't is the shade By
walls in time may sev - er, 'T is mind a - lone, Worth
Vic - t'ry made, Whose wings right o'er us hov- er. . . .
steel and stone, That keeps men free for ev - er! . . .
cres.

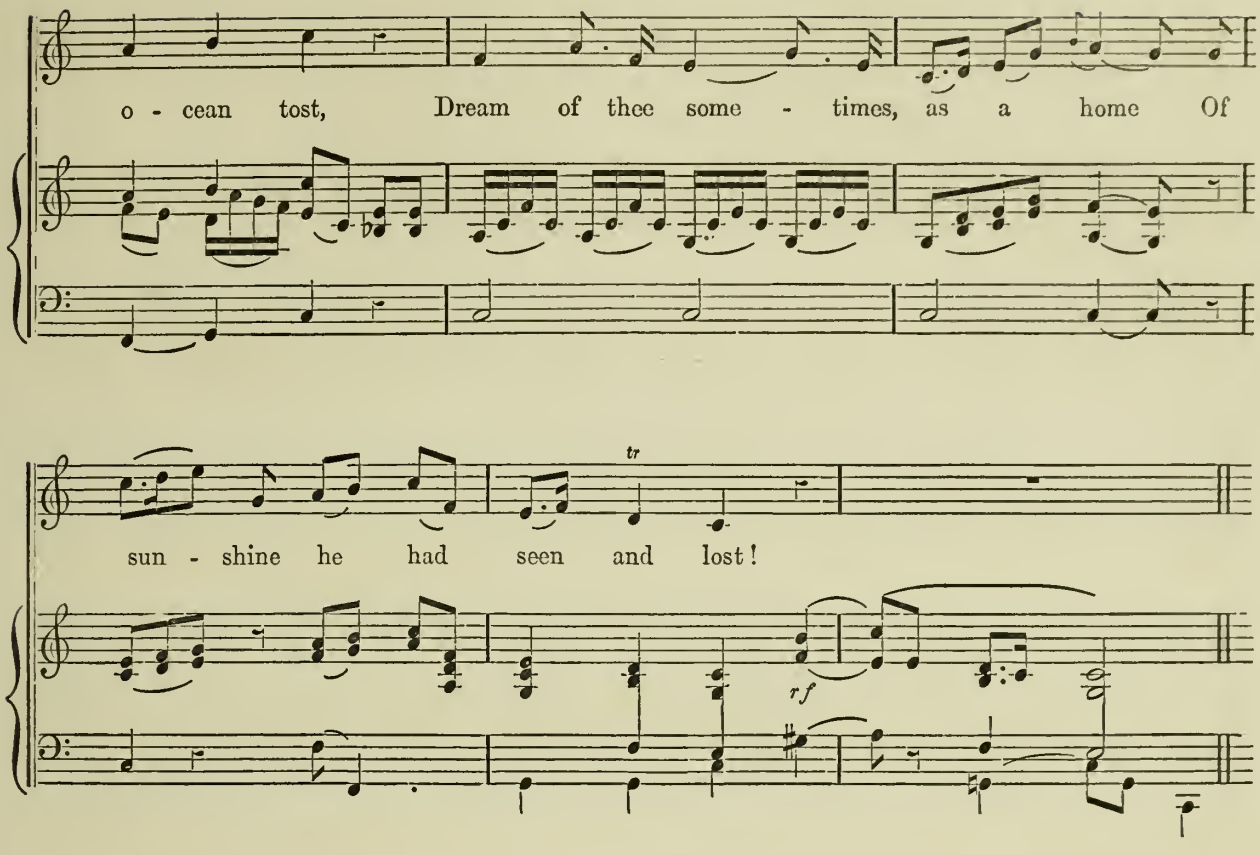
Oh the sight en- tranc - ing, When the morn - ing's beam is
Oh that sight en- tranc - ing, When the morn - ing's beam is
f p pp
glanc - - ing O'er files, ar - ray'd with helm and blade, And
glanc - - ing O'er files, ar - ray'd with helm and blade, And in
cres un poco.
plumes in the gay wind danc - ing!
Free - dom's cause ad - vanc - ing!
cres. mf cres. ff
rf
rf rf rf rf rf rf
ff rf rf rf rf rf

# SWEET INNISFALLEN.


Rather slow and feelingly.
AIR—THE CAPTIVATING YOUTH.
Sweet In - nis - fal - len, fare thee well, May calm and sun - shine
long be thine! How fair thou art let o - thers tell, But


tr
oh to *feel* how fair be mine!
2ND VERSE.
Sweet In- nis - fal - len, fare thee well, And oft may light a -
round thee smile, As soft as on that ev'n - ing fell, When
tr
first I saw thy fai - ry isle!


3RD VERSE.
Thou wert *too* love-ly then for one, Who had to turn to
paths of care— Who had through vul - gar crowds to run, And
tr
leave thee bright and si - lent there;
4TH VERSE.
No more a - long thy shores to come, But, on the world's dim




V.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

VI.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
But, in thy shadows, seem'st a place
Where weary man might hope to rest—

VII.

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way!

VIII.

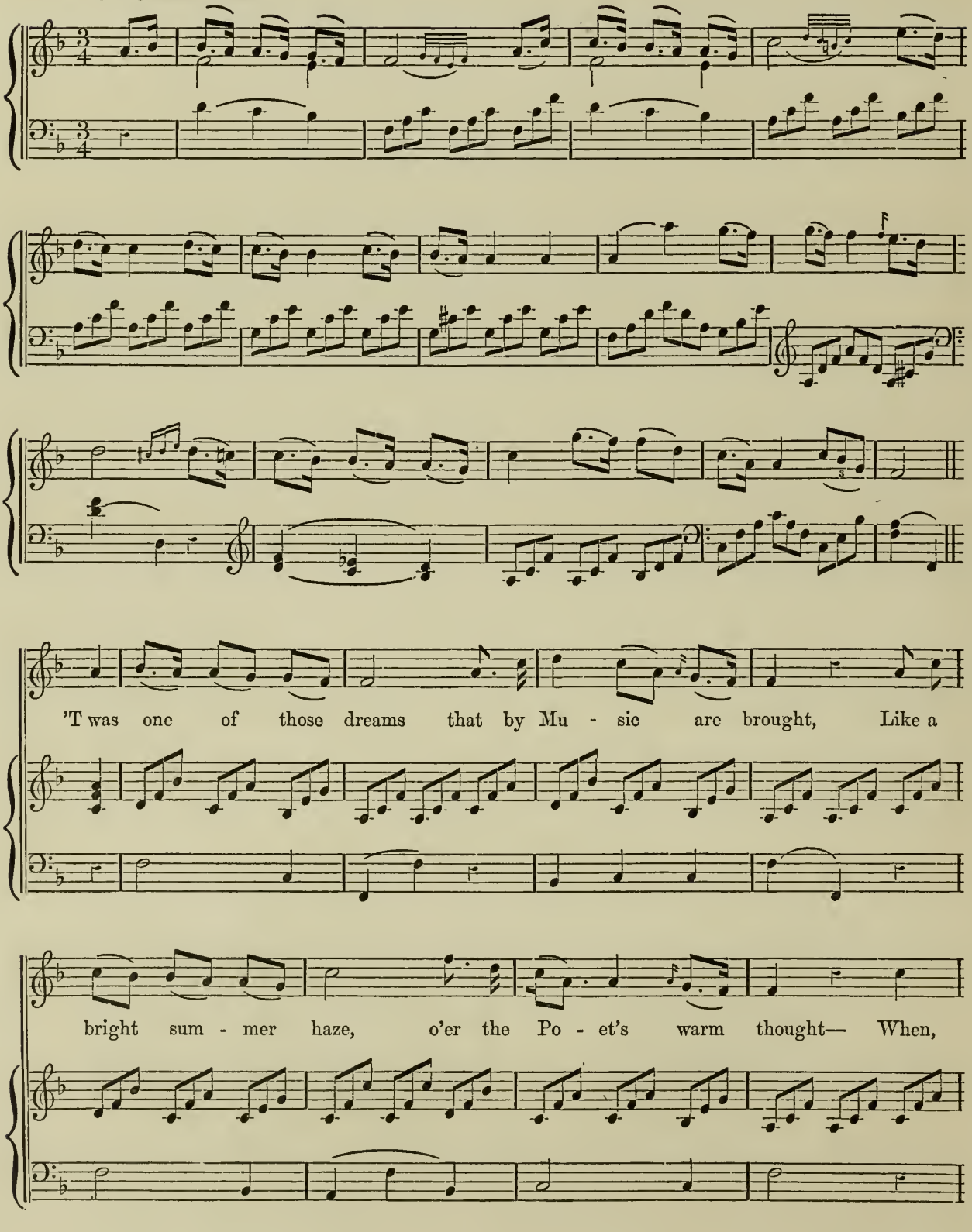
Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And still the lovelier for thy tears—
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'T is Heaven's own glance, when it appears.

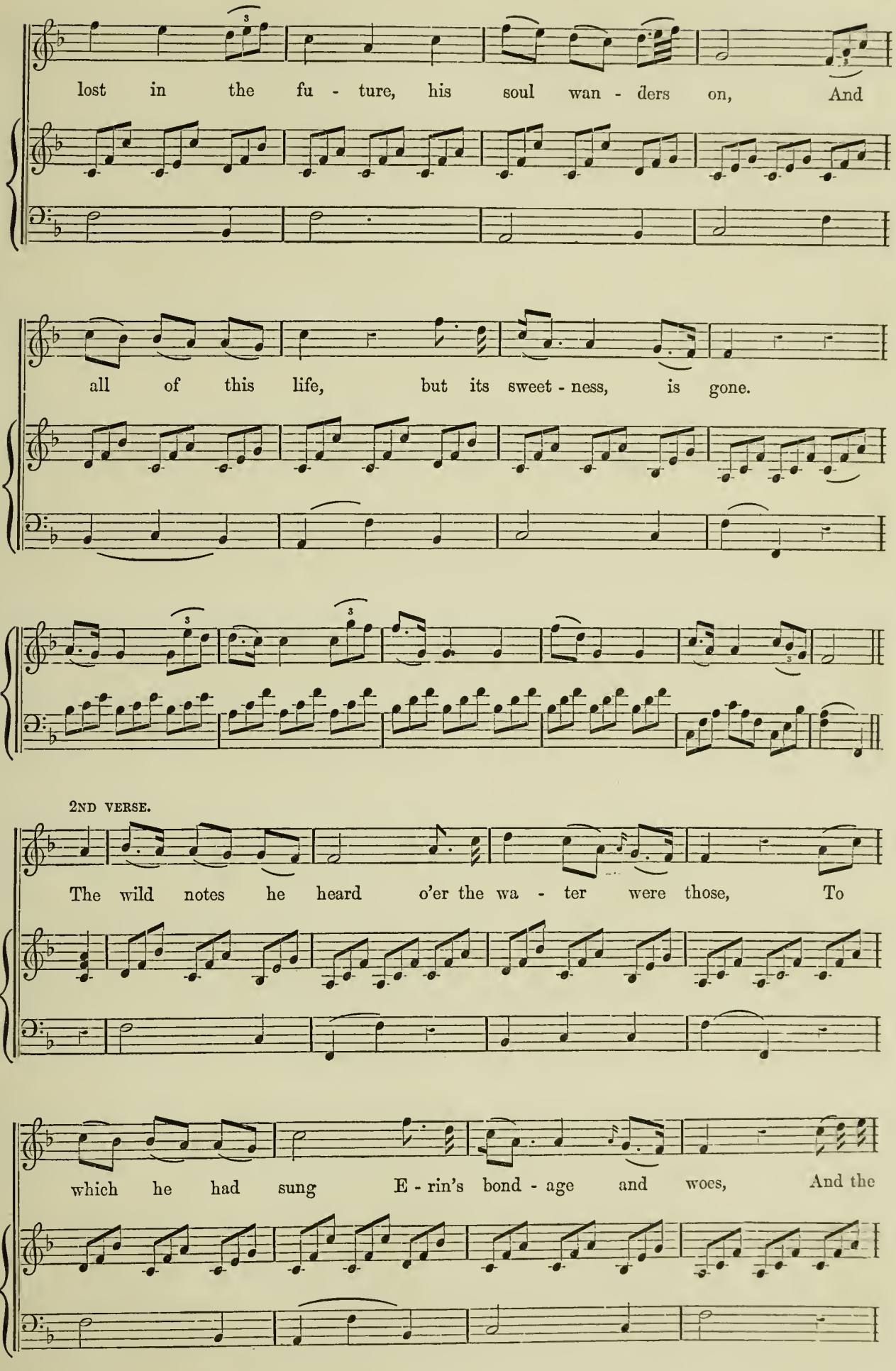
IX.

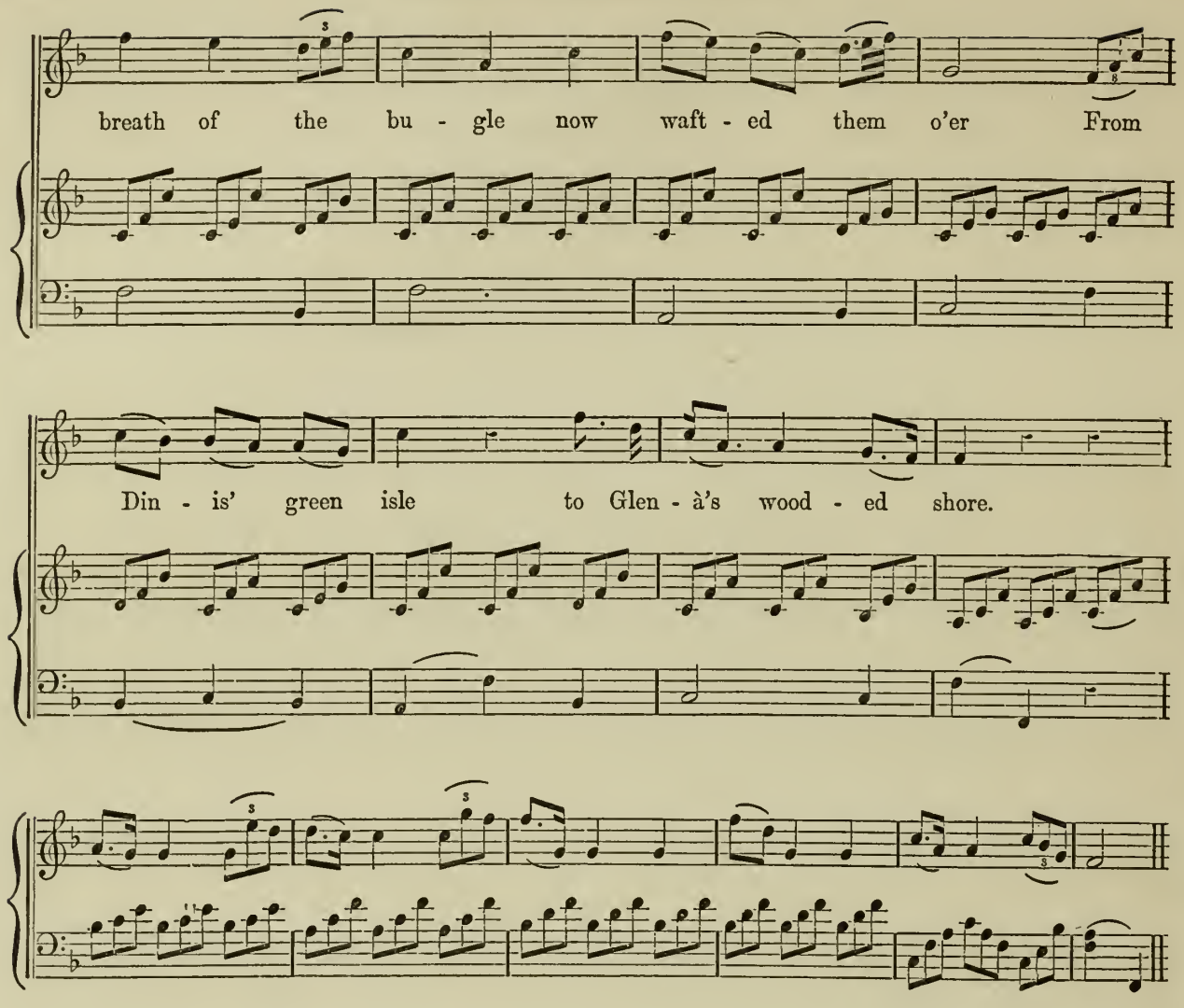
Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when *indeed* they come, divine —
The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

## 'TWAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

*With feeling, but not too slow.* AIR—THE SONG OF THE WOODS.




lost in the fu - ture, his soul wan - ders on, And
all of this life, but its sweet - ness, is gone.
2ND VERSE.
The wild notes he heard o'er the wa - ter were those, To
which he had sung E - rin's bond - age and woes, And the




III.

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

IV.

It seem'd as if every sweet note, that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again!

V.

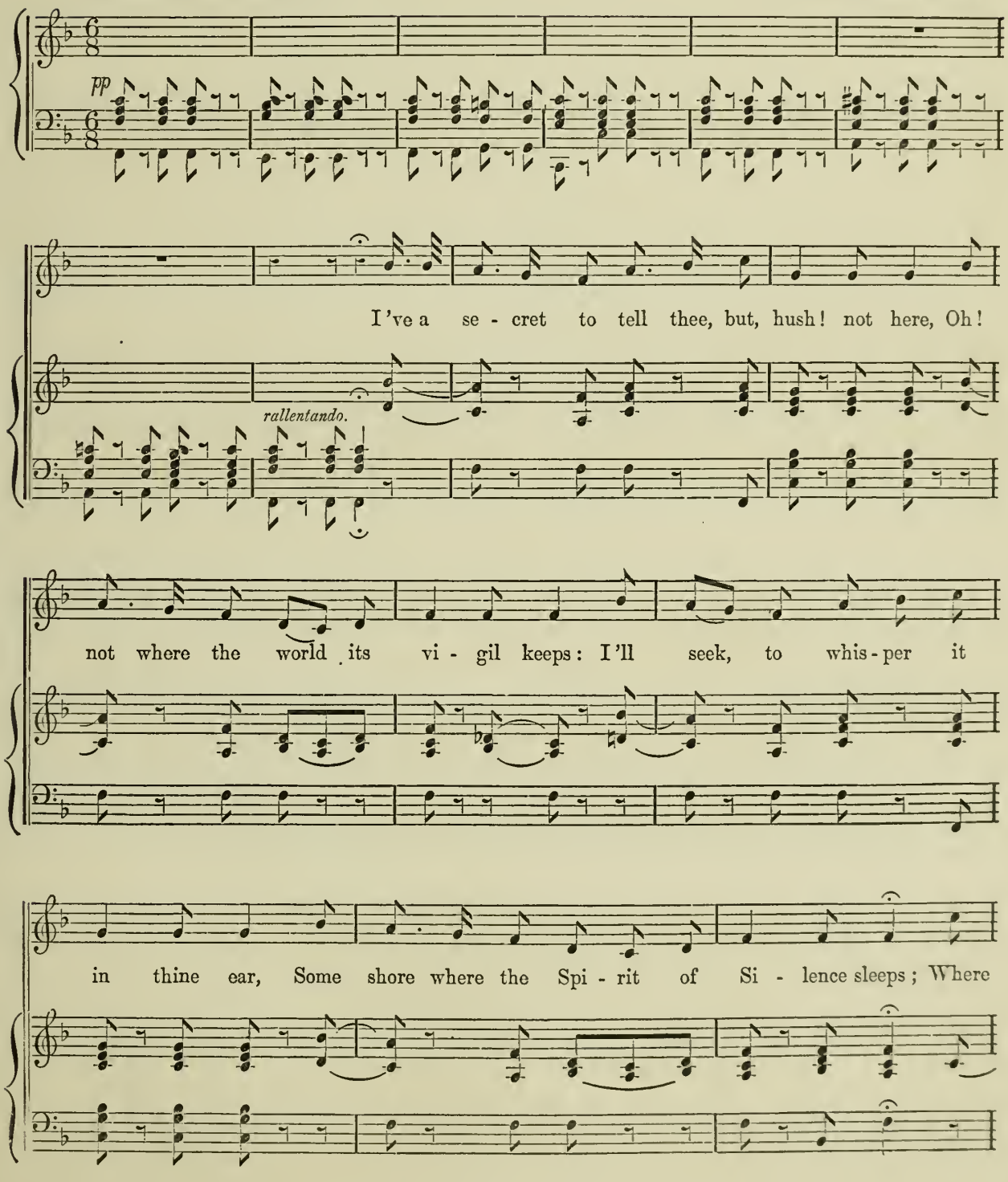
Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

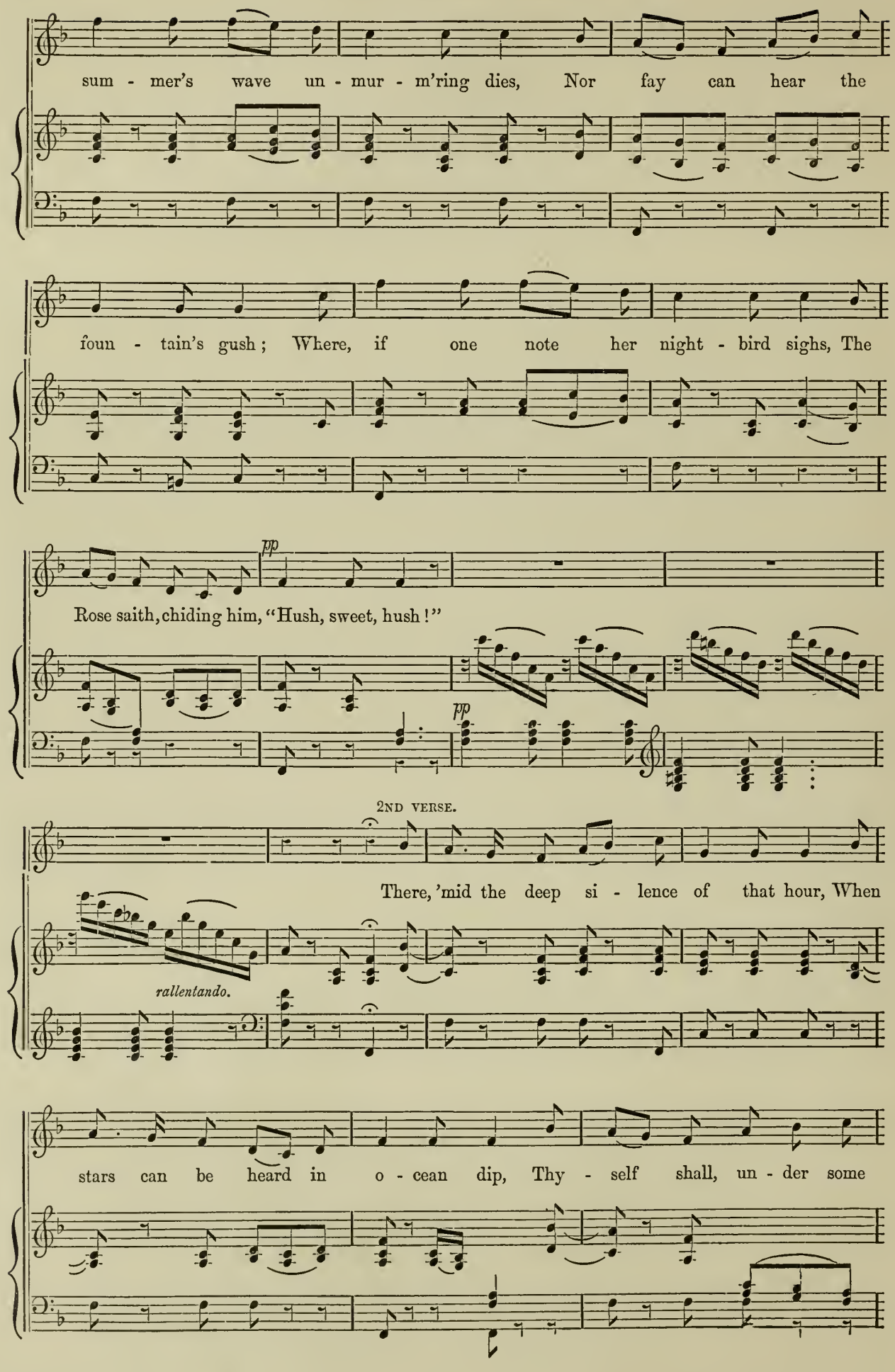
VI.

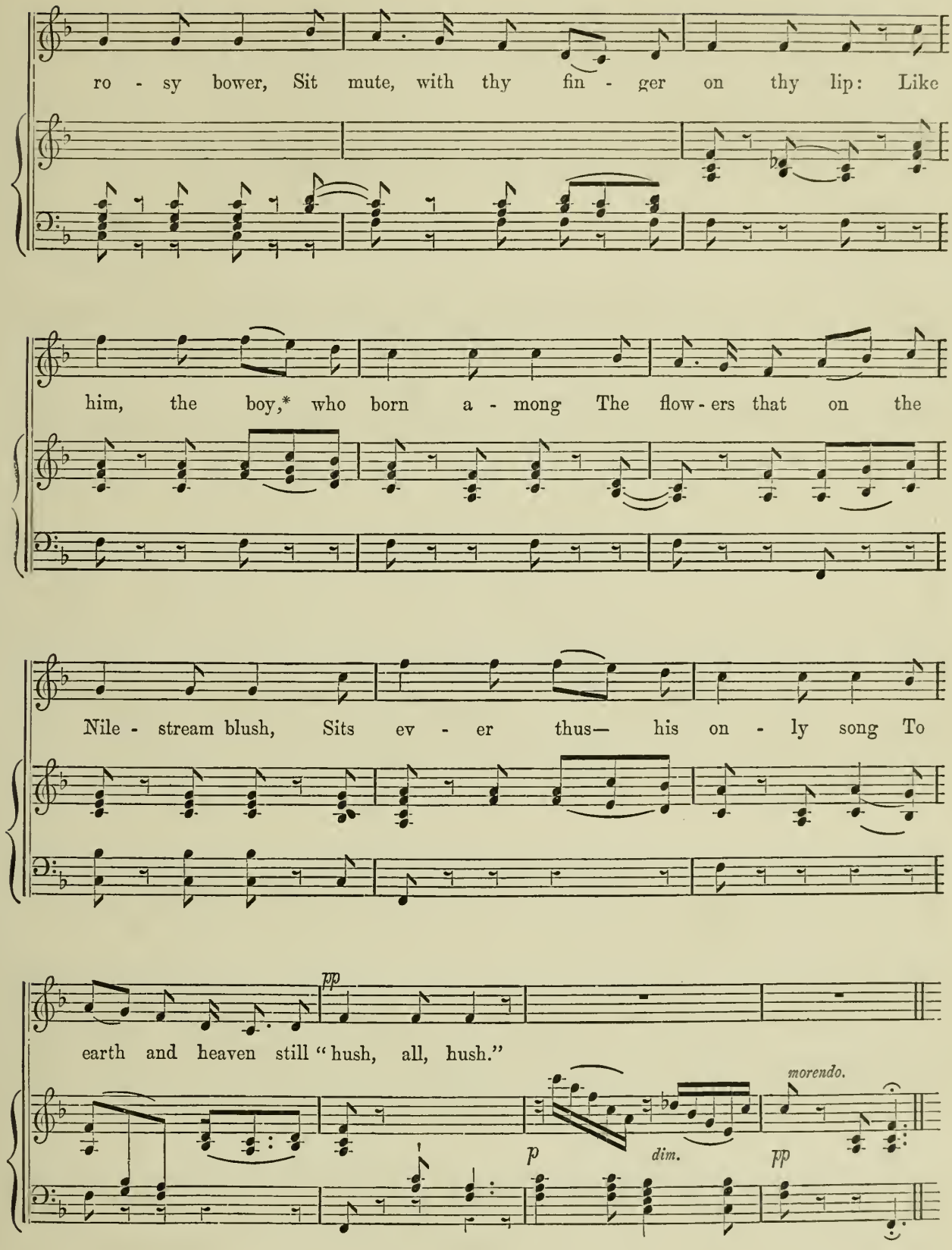
"Even so, though thy memory should now die away,
'T will be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song!"

# I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

*In moderate time, and with smoothness.* AIR—OH SOUTHERN BREEZE.

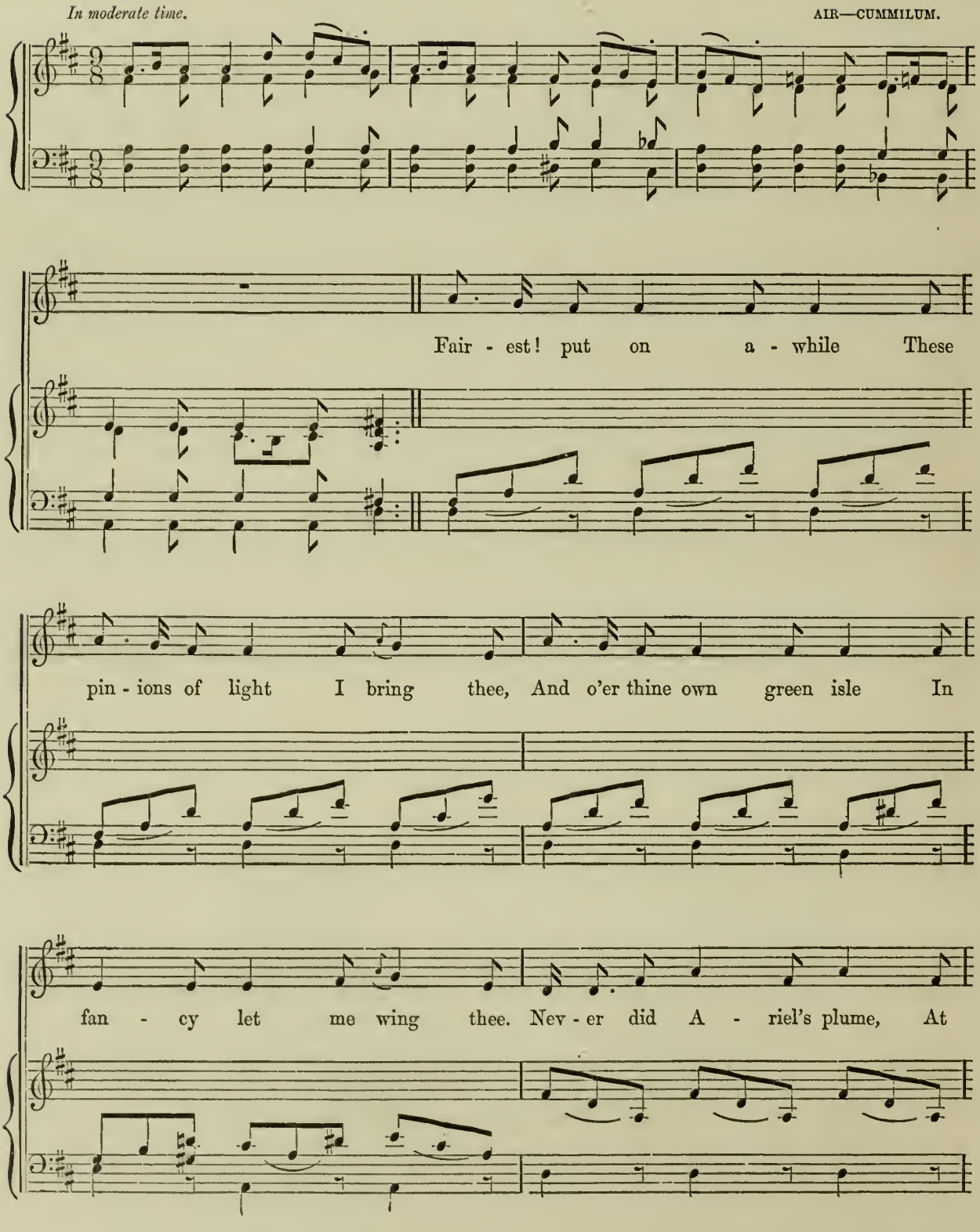

pp
I've a se - cret to tell thee, but, hush! not here, Oh!
rallentando.
not where the world its vi - gil keeps: I'll seek, to whis - per it
in thine ear, Some shore where the Spi - rit of Si - lence sleeps; Where

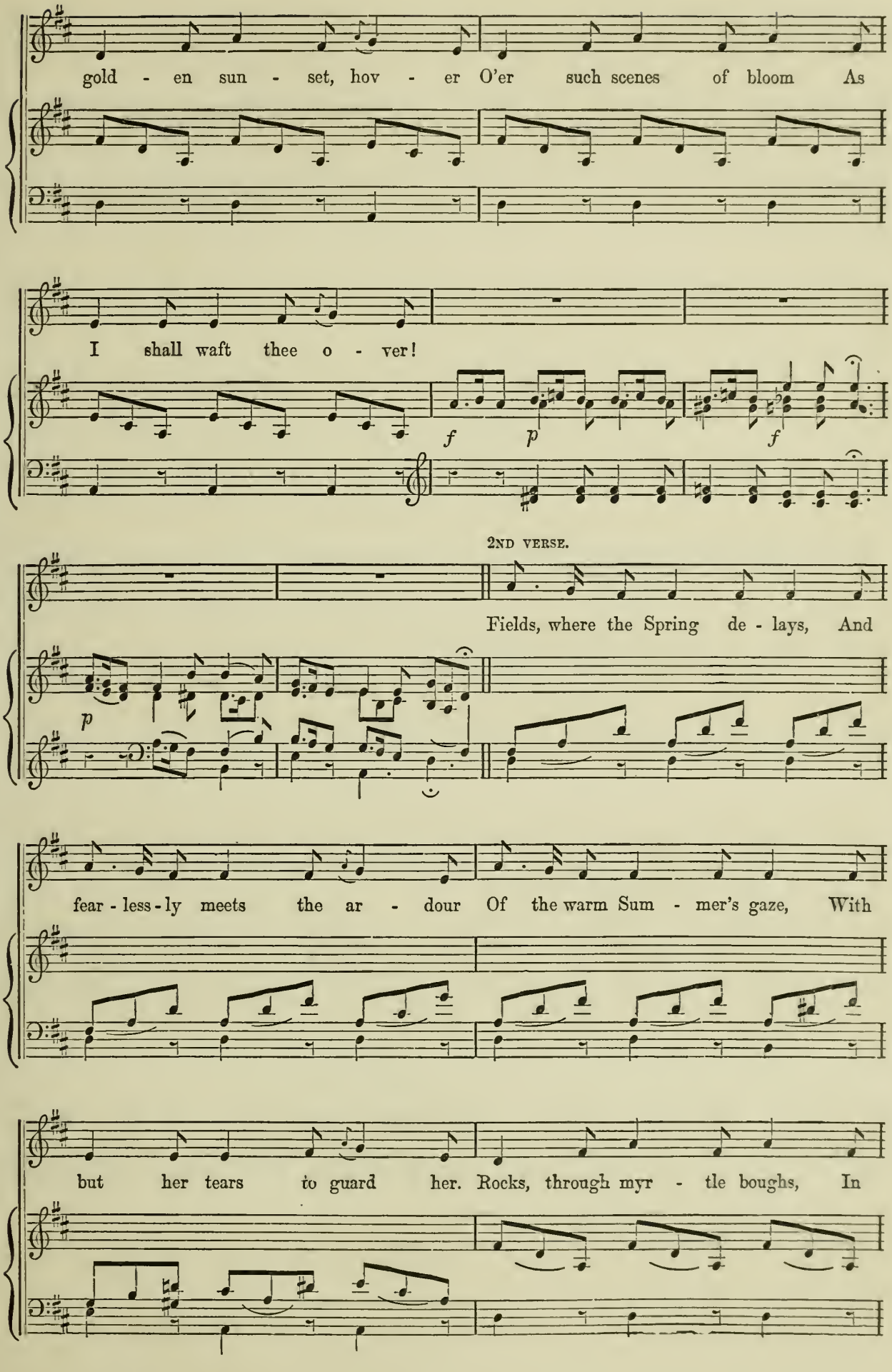

sum - mer's wave un - mur - m'ring dies, Nor fay can hear the
foun - tain's gush; Where, if one note her night - bird sighs, The
pp
Rose saith, chiding him, "Hush, sweet, hush!"
pp
2ND VERSE.
There, 'mid the deep si - lence of that hour, When
rallentando.
stars can be heard in o - cean dip, Thy - self shall, un - der some

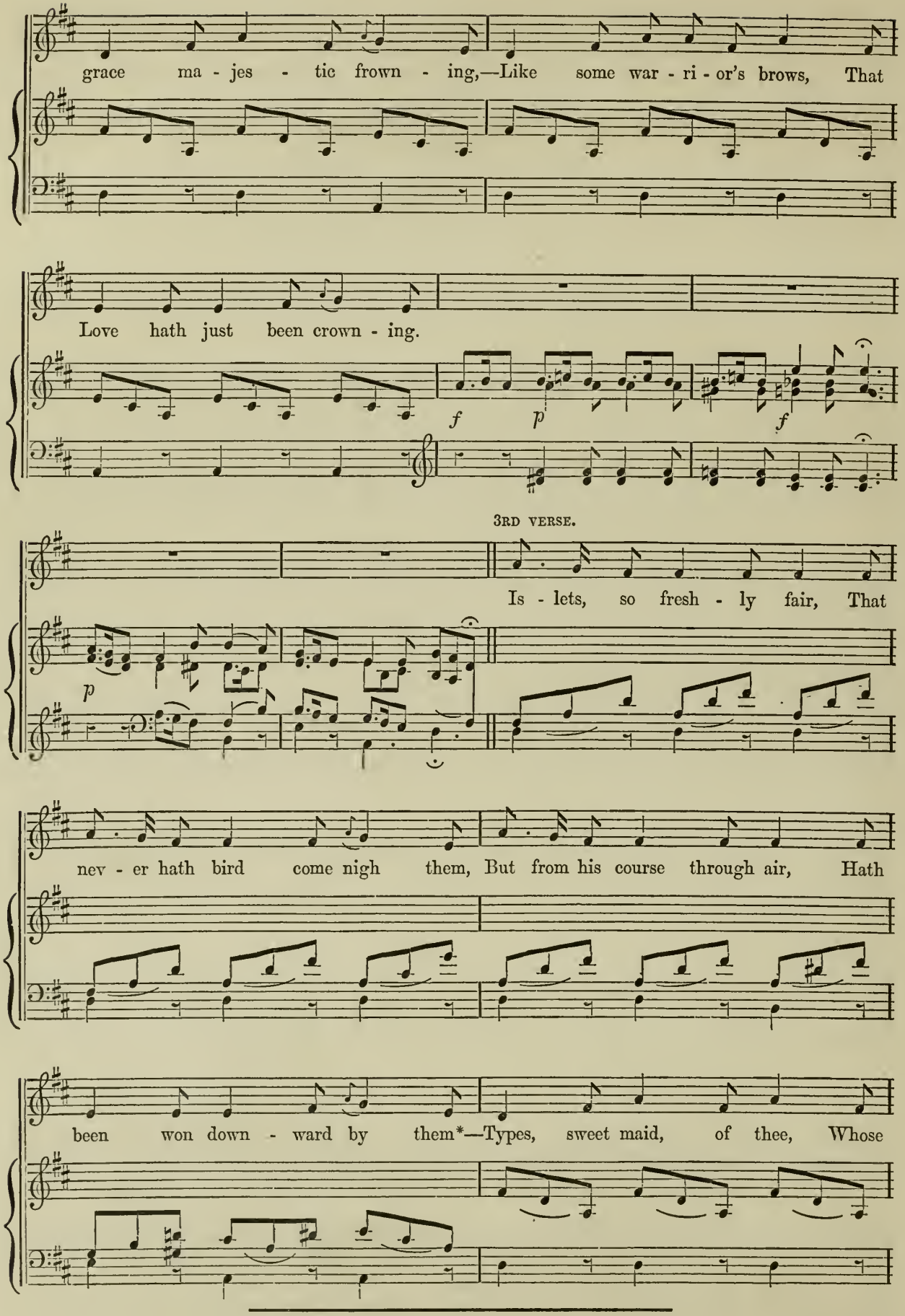

ro - sy bower, Sit mute, with thy fin - ger on thy lip: Like
him, the boy,* who born a - mong The flow - ers that on the
Nile - stream blush, Sits ev - er thus— his on - ly song To
pp
earth and heaven still "hush, all, hush."
p
dim.
morendo.
pp

* The God of Silence, thus pictured by the Egyptians

# FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.


In moderate time.
AIR—CUMMILUM.
Fair - est! put on a - while These
pin - ions of light I bring thee, And o'er thine own green isle In
fan - cy let me wing thee. Nev - er did A - riel's plume, At


gold - en sun - set, hov - er O'er such scenes of bloom As
I shall waft thee o - ver!
f
p
f
2ND VERSE.
Fields, where the Spring de - lays, And
p
fear - less - ly meets the ar - dour Of the warm Sum - mer's gaze, With
but her tears to guard her. Rocks, through myr - tle boughs, In


grace ma - jes - tic frown - ing,—Like some war - ri - or's brows, That
Love hath just been crown - ing.
f
p
f
3RD VERSE.
Is - lets, so fresh - ly fair, That
p
nev - er hath bird come nigh them, But from his course through air, Hath
been won down - ward by them*—Types, sweet maid, of thee, Whose

* In describing the Skeligs (islands of the Barony of Forth), Dr. Keating says, "there is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

IV.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,*
And caves, where the diamond's sleeping,
Bright as the gems that lid
Of thine lets fall in weeping.
Glens,† where Ocean comes,
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
And Harbours, worthiest homes
Where Freedom's sails could anchor.

V.

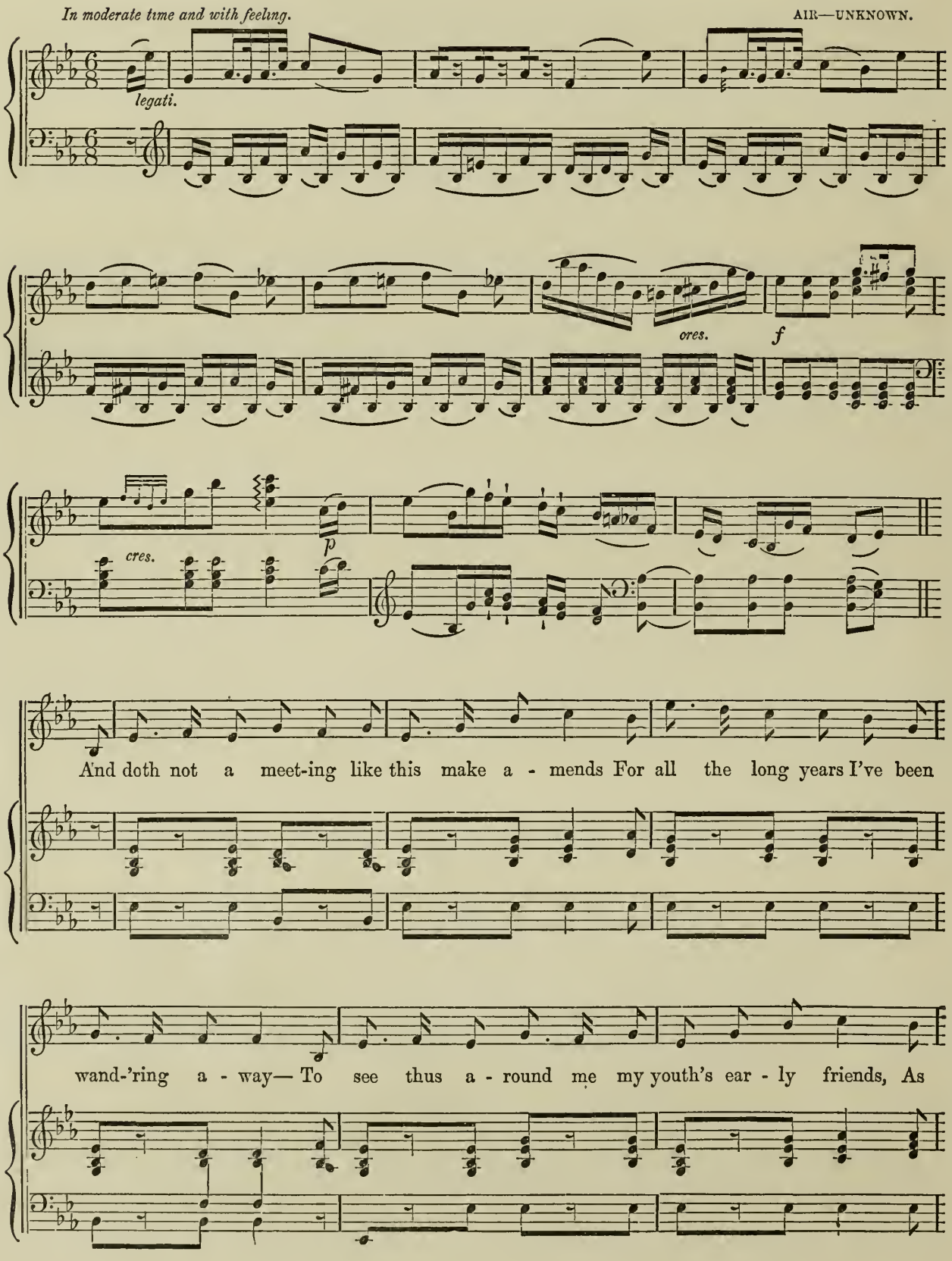
Then if, while scenes so grand,
So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
Oh, let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious—
To think how Man hath curst
What Heav'n had made so glorious!

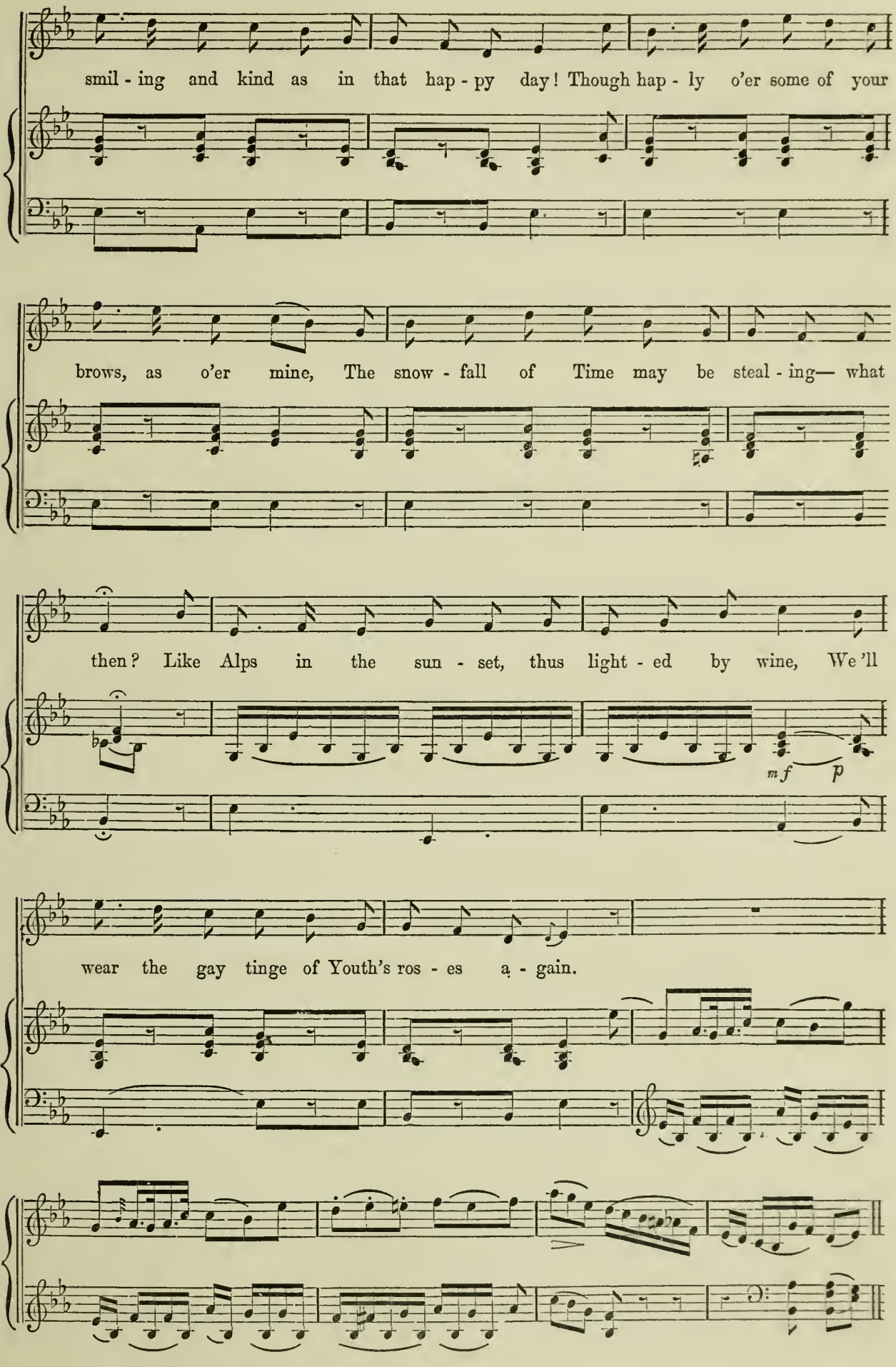
---

* "Nennius, a British writer of the 9th century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears; and this we find confirmed by a present made A. C. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."—O'Halloran.

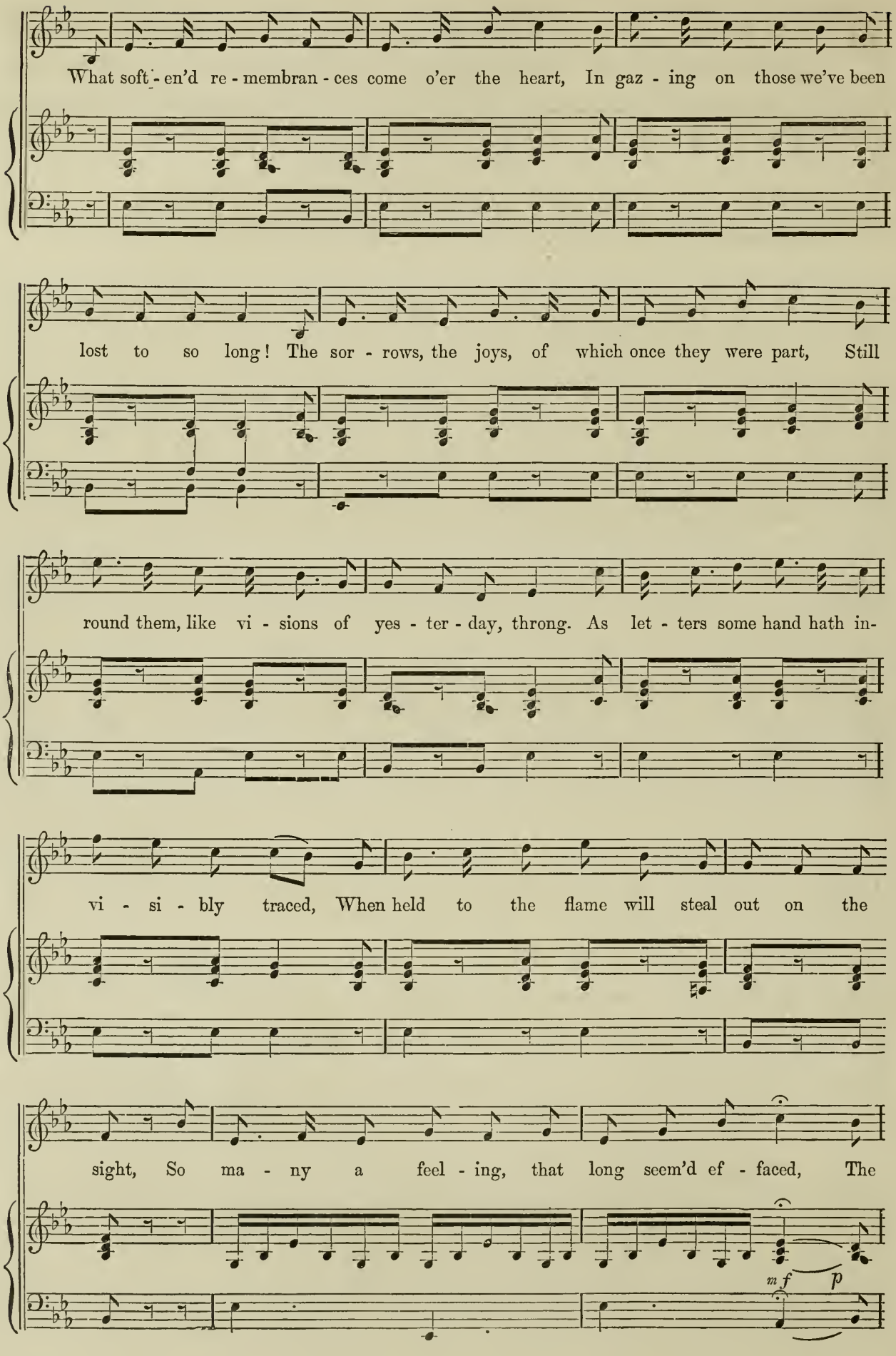
† Glengariff.

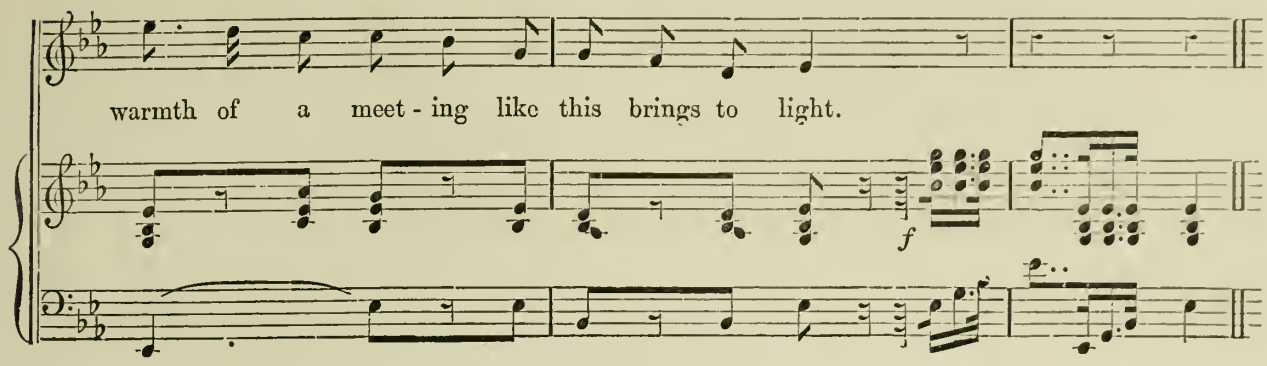
# AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.


In moderate time and with feeling.
AIR—UNKNOWN.
legati.
cres.
f
cres.
p
And doth not a meet-ing like this make a - mends For all the long years I've been
wand-'ring a - way— To see thus a - round me my youth's ear - ly friends, As


smil - ing and kind as in that hap - py day! Though hap - ly o'er some of your
brows, as o'er mine, The snow - fall of Time may be steal - ing— what
then? Like Alps in the sun - set, thus light - ed by wine, We 'll
mf
p
wear the gay tinge of Youth's ros - es a - gain.

2ND VERSE.


What soft - en'd re - membran - ces come o'er the heart, In gaz - ing on those we've been
lost to so long! The sor - rows, the joys, of which once they were part, Still
round them, like vi - sions of yes - ter - day, throng. As let - ters some hand hath in-
vi - si - bly traced, When held to the flame will steal out on the
sight, So ma - ny a feel - ing, that long seem'd ef - faced, The
mf
p




III.

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we 'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.*

IV.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For, a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.†

V.

But, come,—the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome and bless them the more—
They 're ours, when we meet,—they are lost, when we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 't is o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

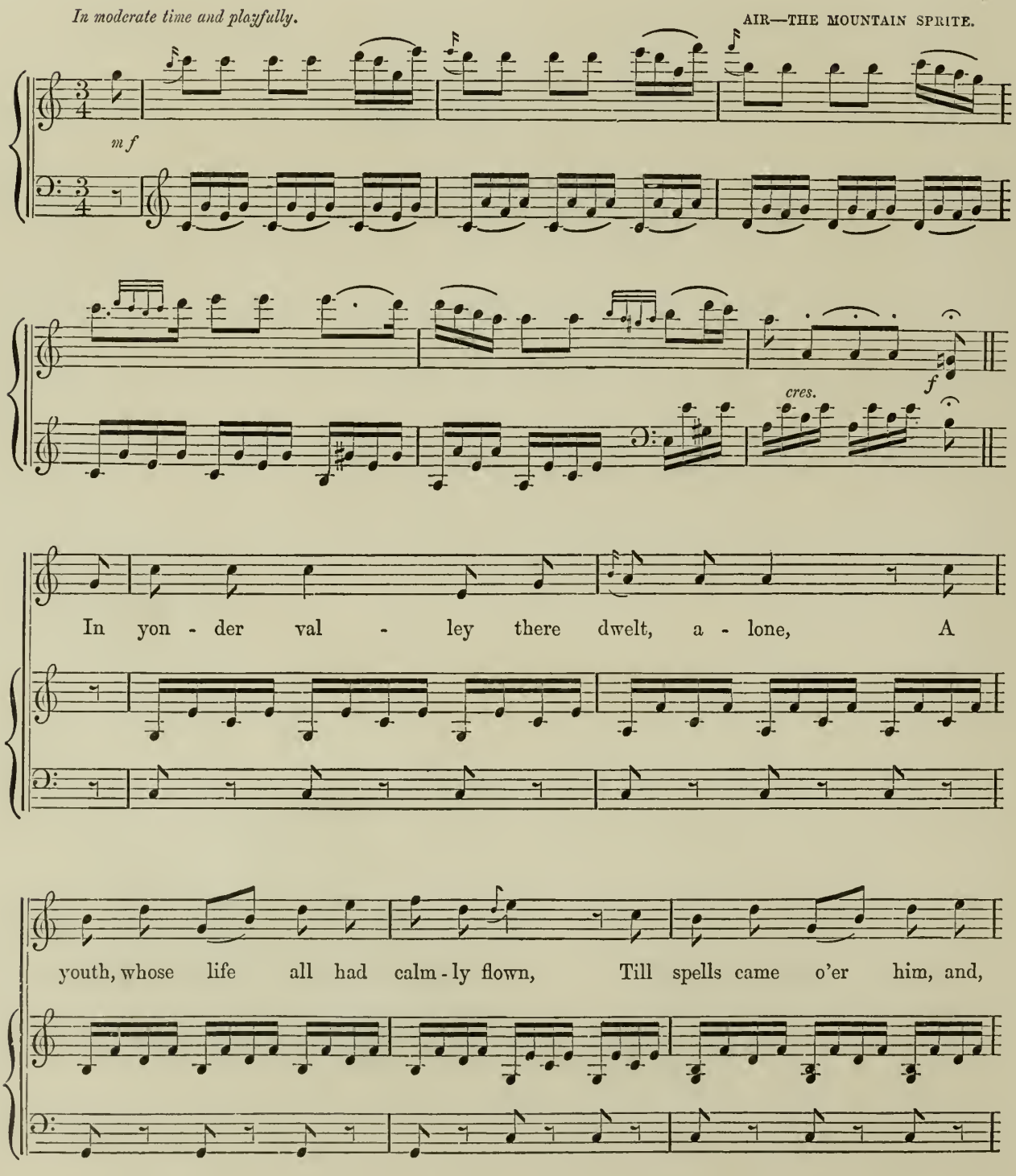
---

* Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans,
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans;
Et mon cœur enchanté sur sa rive fleurie,
Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.

† The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend Mr. Washington Irving, in his *Bracebridge Hall*, vol. i. p. 213. The pleasure which I feel in calling this gentleman my friend, is enhanced by the reflection that he is too good an American to have admitted me so readily to such a distinction, if he had not known that my feelings towards the great and free country that gave him birth have long been such as every real lover of the liberty and happiness of the human race must entertain.

# THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

## IN YONDER VALLEY THERE DWELT, ALONE.


In moderate time and playfully.
AIR—THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.
m f
f
cres.
In yon - der val - ley there dwelt, a - lone, A
youth, whose life all had calm - ly flown, Till spells came o'er him, and,

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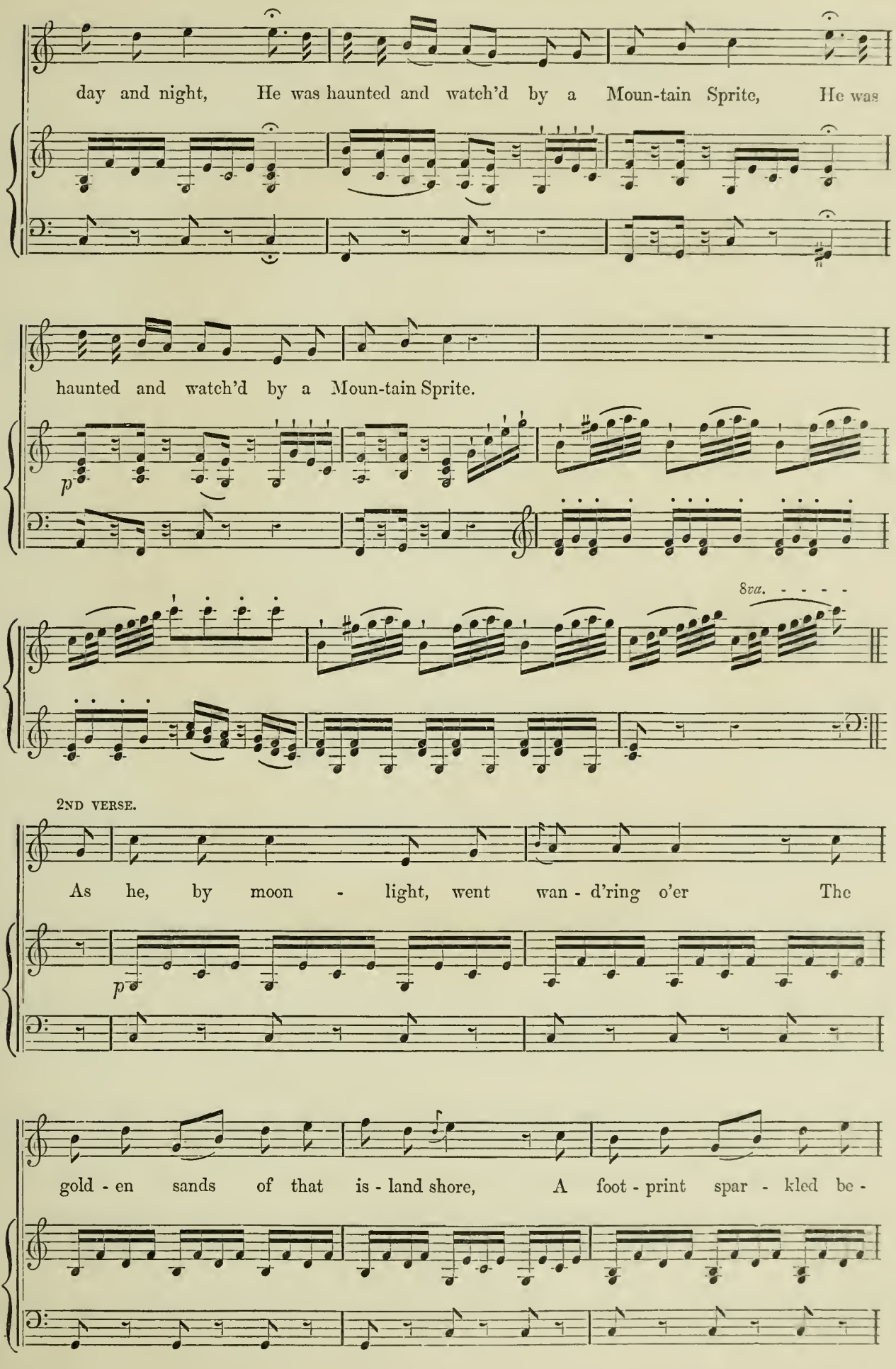
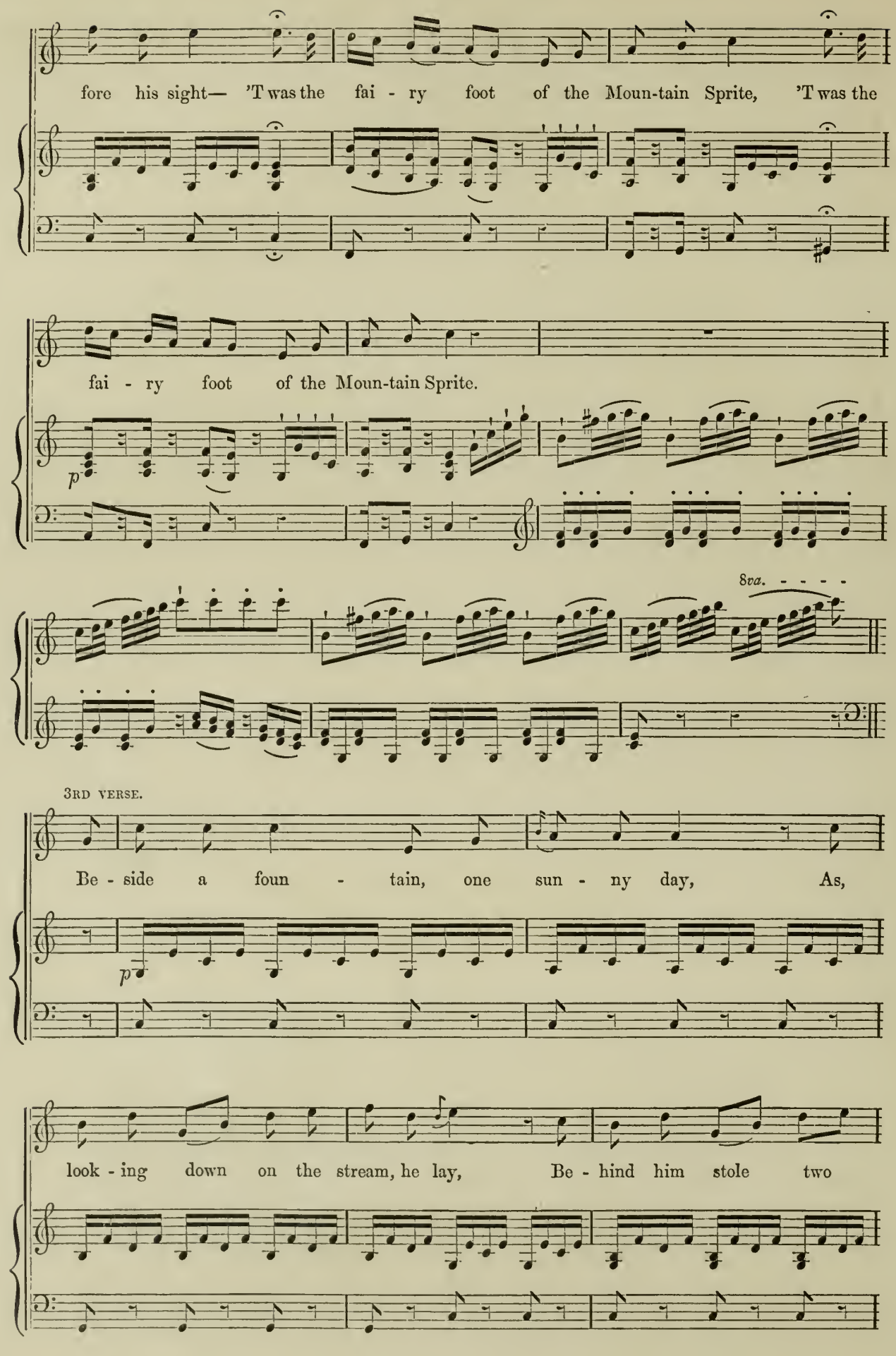
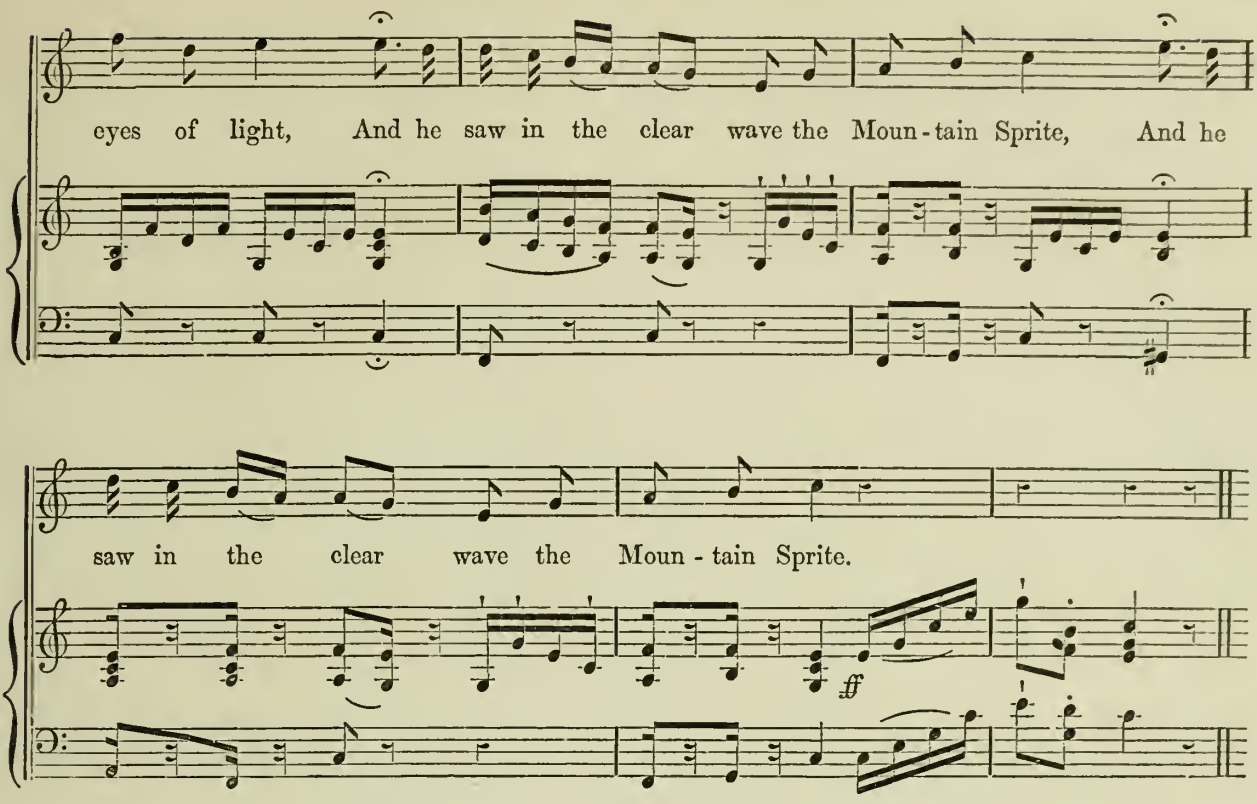

day and night, He was haunted and watch'd by a Moun-tain Sprite, He was
haunted and watch'd by a Moun-tain Sprite.
p
8va.
2ND VERSE.
As he, by moon - light, went wan - d'ring o'er The
p
gold - en sands of that is - land shore, A foot - print spar - kled be -


fore his sight— 'T was the fai - ry foot of the Moun-tain Sprite, 'T was the
fai - ry foot of the Moun-tain Sprite.
p
8va.
3RD VERSE.
Be - side a foun - tain, one sun - ny day, As,
p
look - ing down on the stream, he lay, Be - hind him stole two




IV.

He turn'd—but, lo, like a startled bird,
The spirit fled—and he only heard
Sweet Music, such as marks the flight
Of a journeying star, from the Mountain Sprite.

V.

One night, pursued by that dazzling look,
The youth, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by Memory's light,
Drew the fairy form of the Mountain Sprite

VI.

"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
A gentle voice, whisp'ring by his side,
"Now turn and see,"—here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

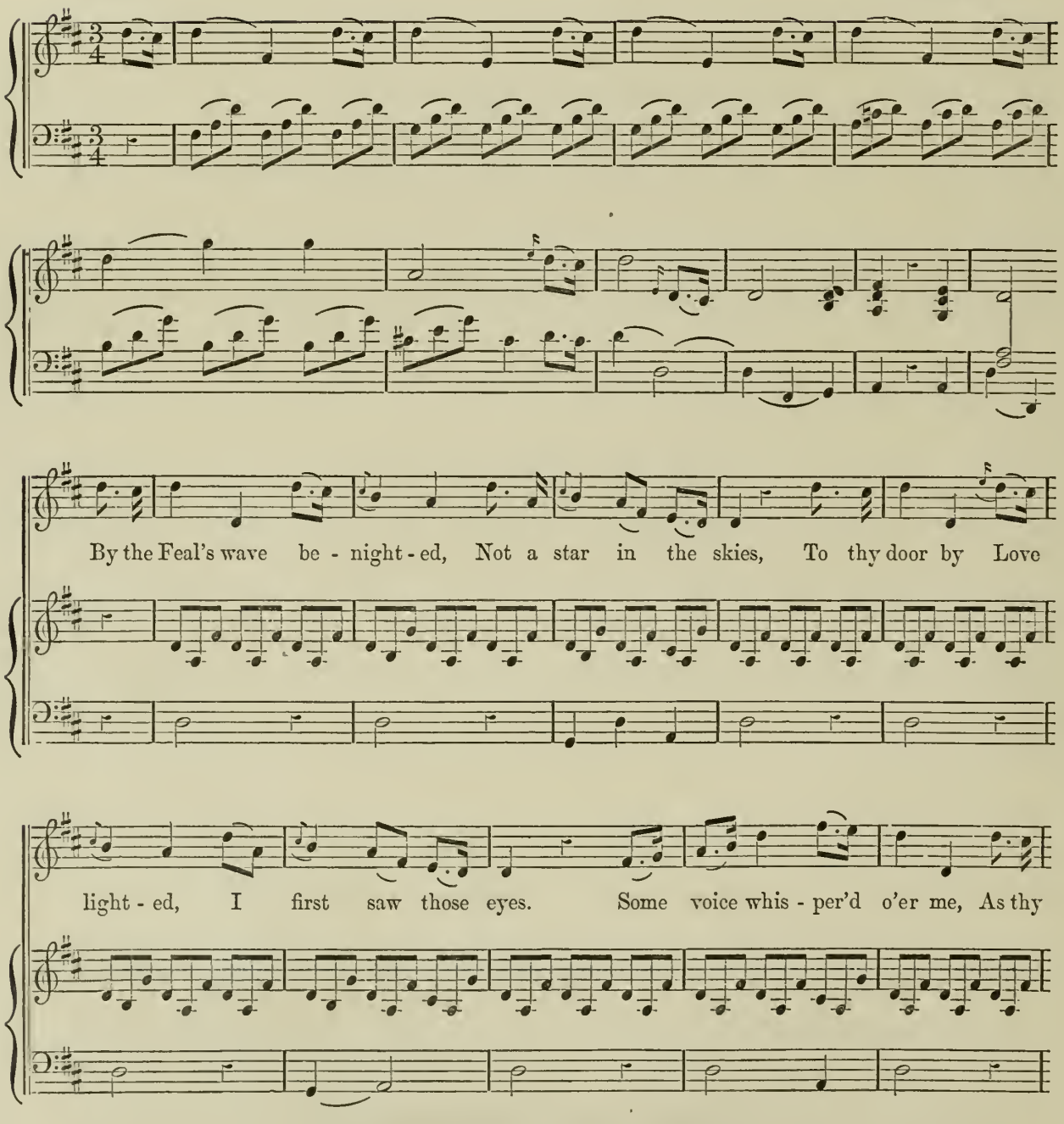
VII.

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Exclaim'd he then, "there is none like thee,
And oft, oh oft, may thy shape alight
In this lonely arbour, sweet Mountain Sprite!"

# DESMOND'S SONG.*

## BY THE FEAL'S WAVE BENIGHTED.

*Tenderly.* AIR—UNKNOWN.†


By the Feal's wave be - night - ed, Not a star in the skies, To thy door by Love
light - ed, I first saw those eyes. Some voice whis - per'd o'er me, As thy

* "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family." —LELAND, vol. ii.

† The Air has been already so successfully supplied with words by Mr. Bayly, that I should have left it untouched, if we could have spared so interesting a melody out of our collection.

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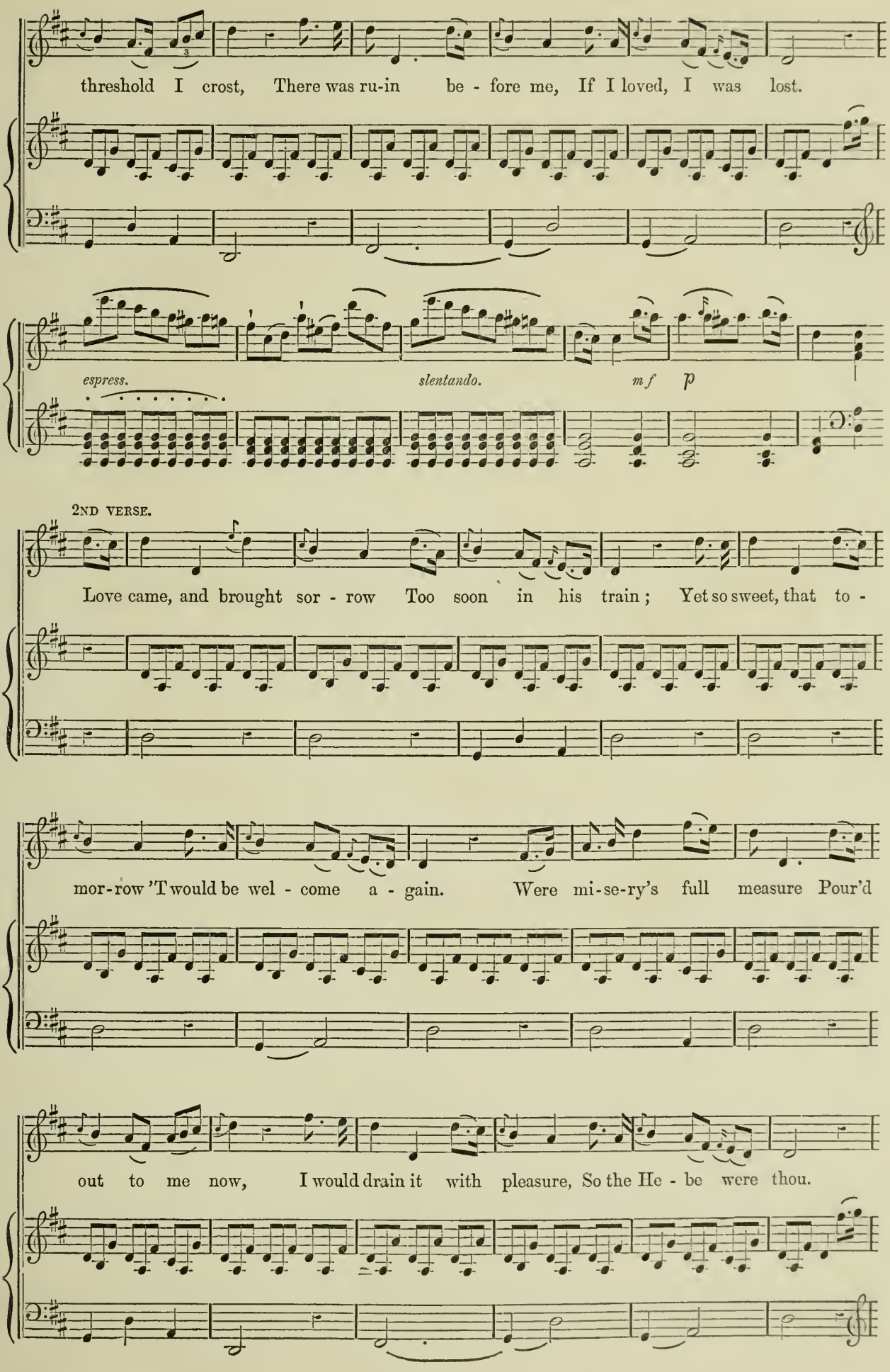
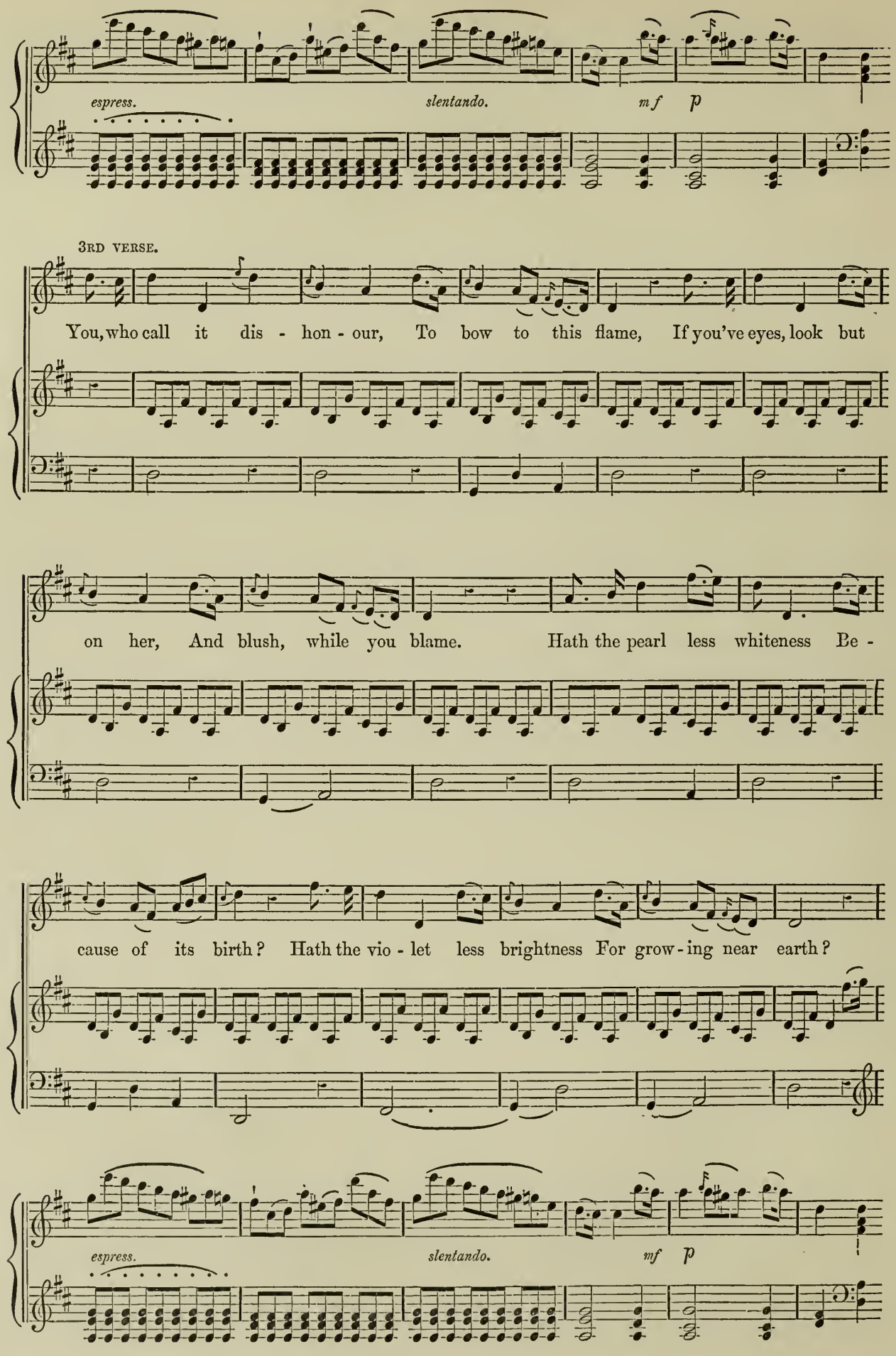
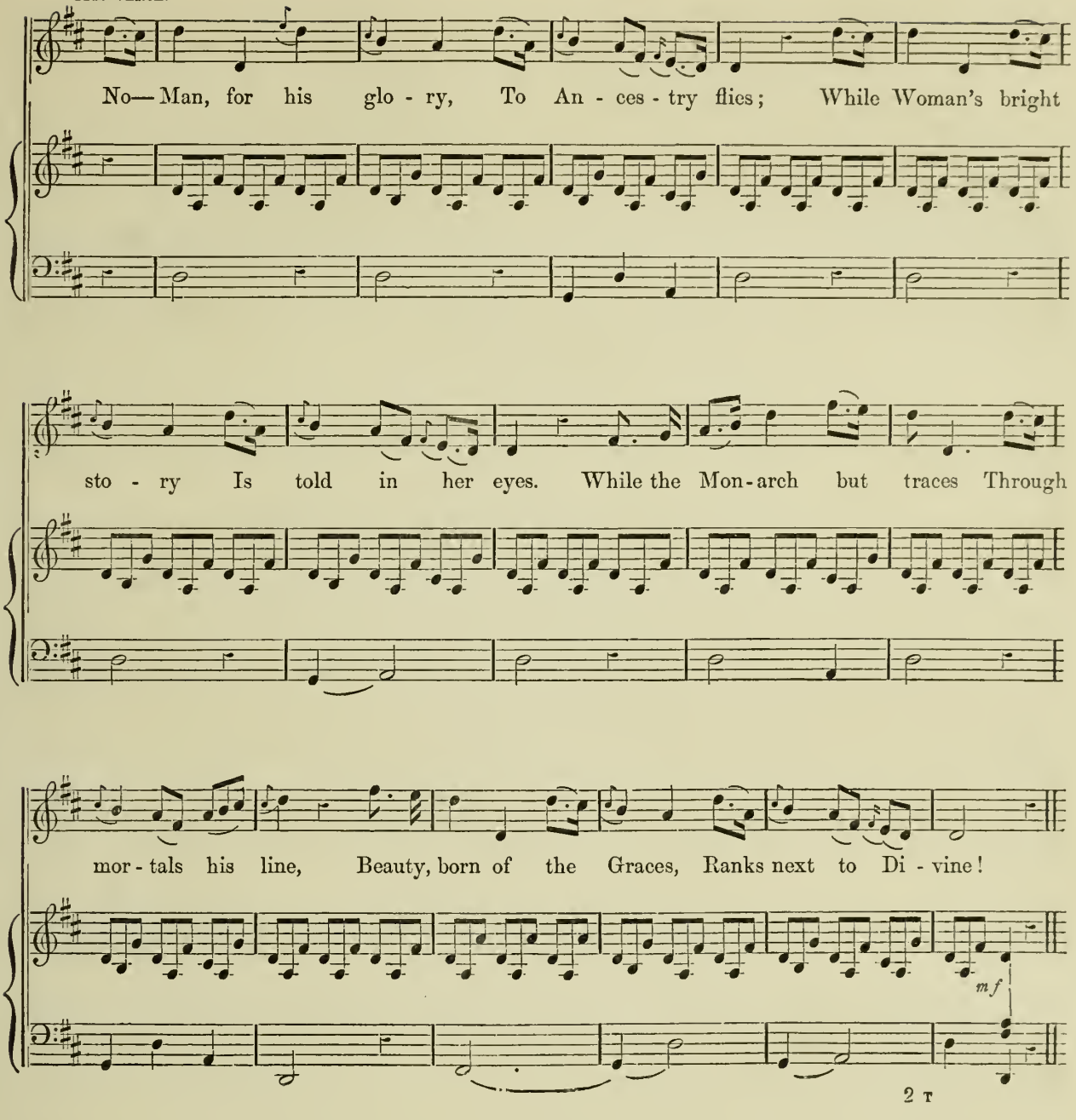
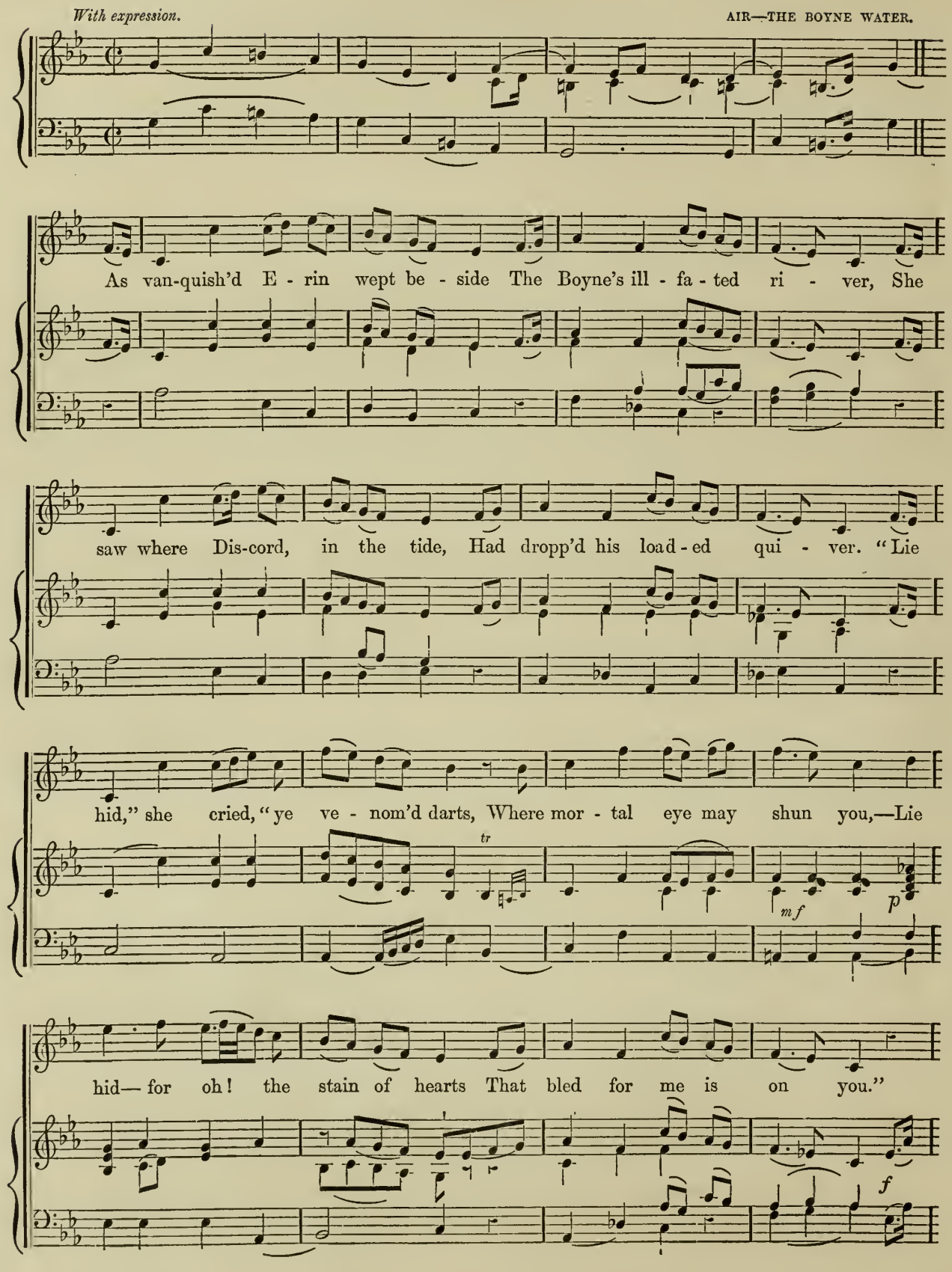

threshold I crost, There was ru-in be - fore me, If I loved, I was lost.
espress.
slentando.
mf
p
2ND VERSE.
Love came, and brought sor - row Too soon in his train; Yet so sweet, that to -
mor-row 'T would be wel - come a - gain. Were mi-se-ry's full measure Pour'd
out to me now, I would drain it with pleasure, So the He - be were thou.

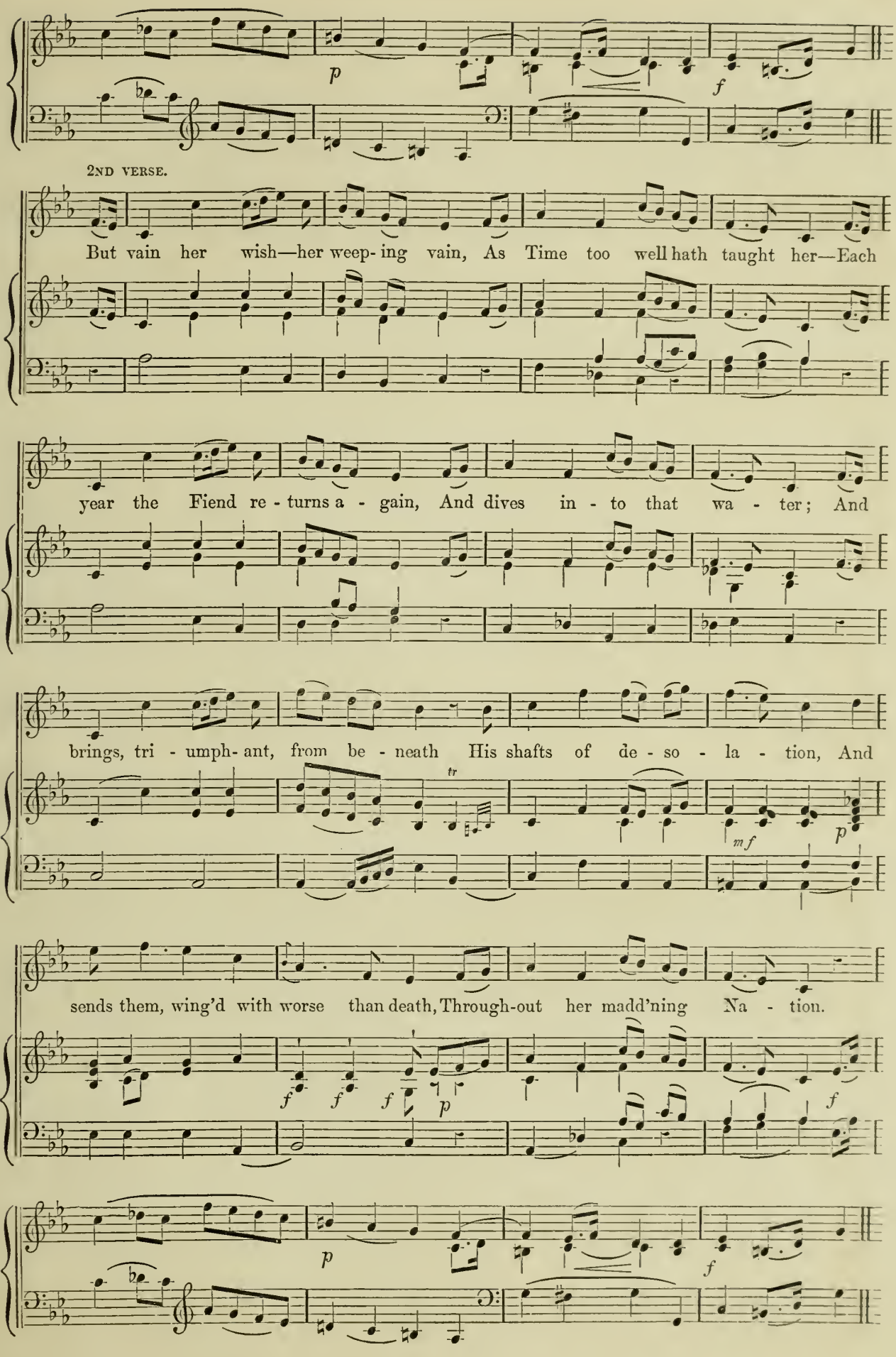

espress.
slentando.
mf
p
3RD VERSE.
You, who call it dis - hon - our, To bow to this flame, If you've eyes, look but
on her, And blush, while you blame. Hath the pearl less whiteness Be -
cause of its birth? Hath the vio - let less brightness For grow - ing near earth?
espress.
slentando.
mf
p

4TH VERSE.

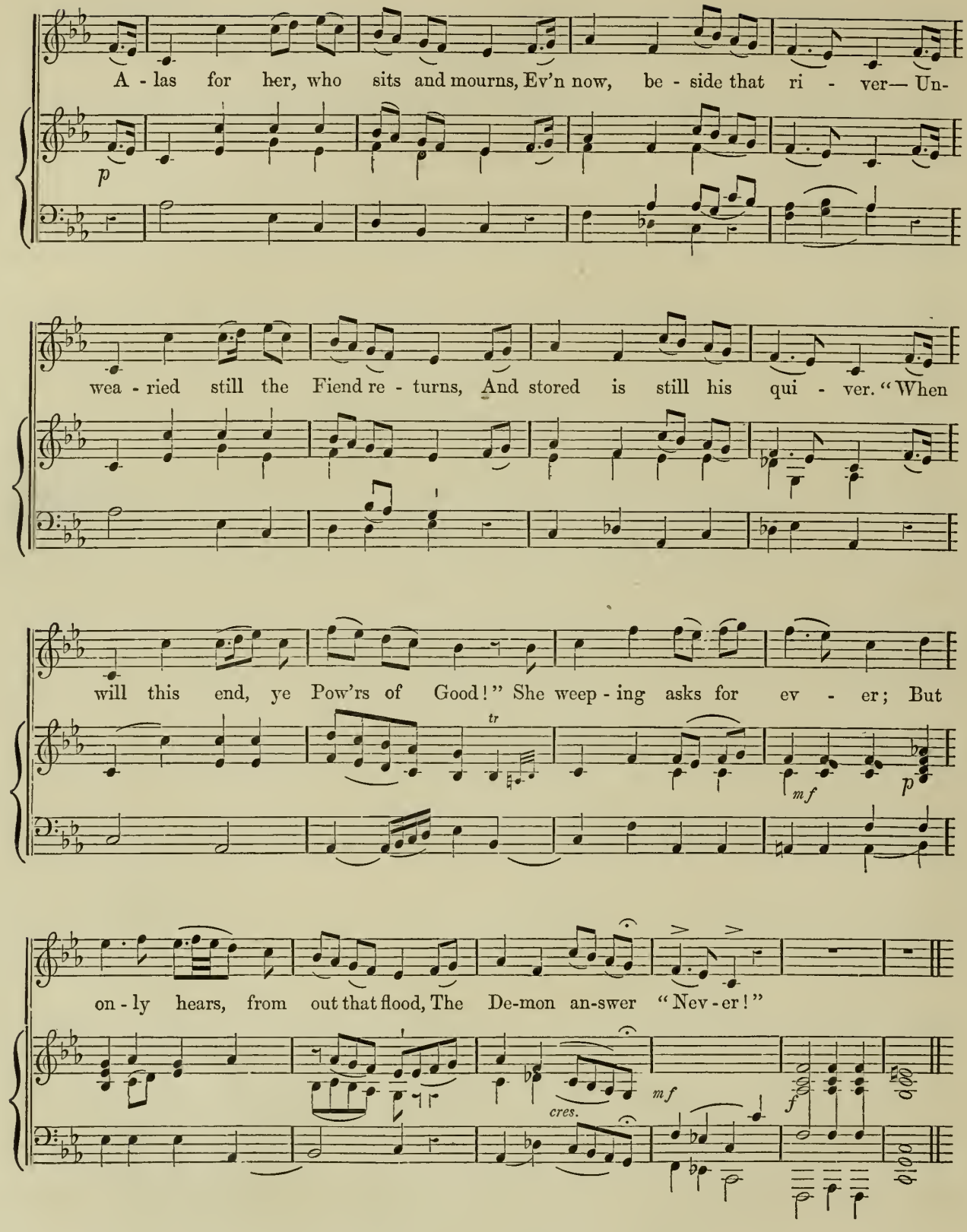

No— Man, for his glo - ry, To An - ces - try flies; While Woman's bright
sto - ry Is told in her eyes. While the Mon - arch but traces Through
mor - tals his line, Beauty, born of the Graces, Ranks next to Di - vine!
mf
2 T

# AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.


With expression.
AIR—THE BOYNE WATER.
As van-quish'd E - rin wept be - side The Boyne's ill - fa - ted ri - ver, She
saw where Dis-cord, in the tide, Had dropp'd his load - ed qui - ver. "Lie
hid," she cried, "ye ve - nom'd darts, Where mor - tal eye may shun you,—Lie
tr
mf
p
hid— for oh! the stain of hearts That bled for me is on you."
f


p
f
2ND VERSE.
But vain her wish—her weep- ing vain, As Time too well hath taught her—Each
year the Fiend re - turns a - gain, And dives in - to that wa - ter; And
brings, tri - umph- ant, from be - neath His shafts of de - so - la - tion, And
tr
mf
p
sends them, wing'd with worse than death, Through-out her madd'ning Na - tion.
f
f
f
p
f
p
f

3RD VERSE.


A - las for her, who sits and mourns, Ev'n now, be - side that ri - ver— Un-
p
wea - ried still the Fiend re - turns, And stored is still his qui - ver. "When
will this end, ye Pow'rs of Good!" She weep - ing asks for ev - er; But
tr
mf
p
on - ly hears, from out that flood, The De-mon an-swer "Nev - er!"
mf
cres.
f

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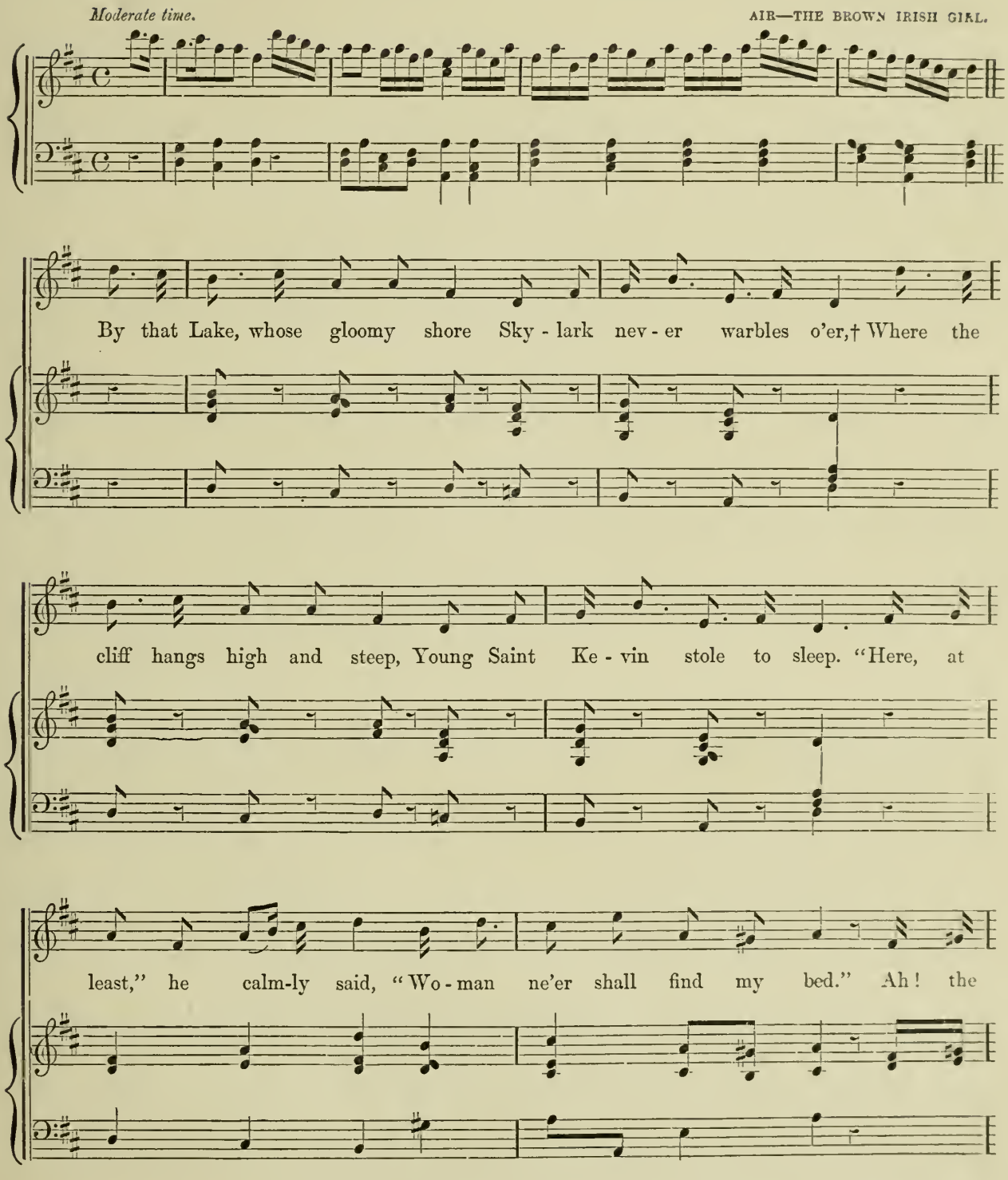
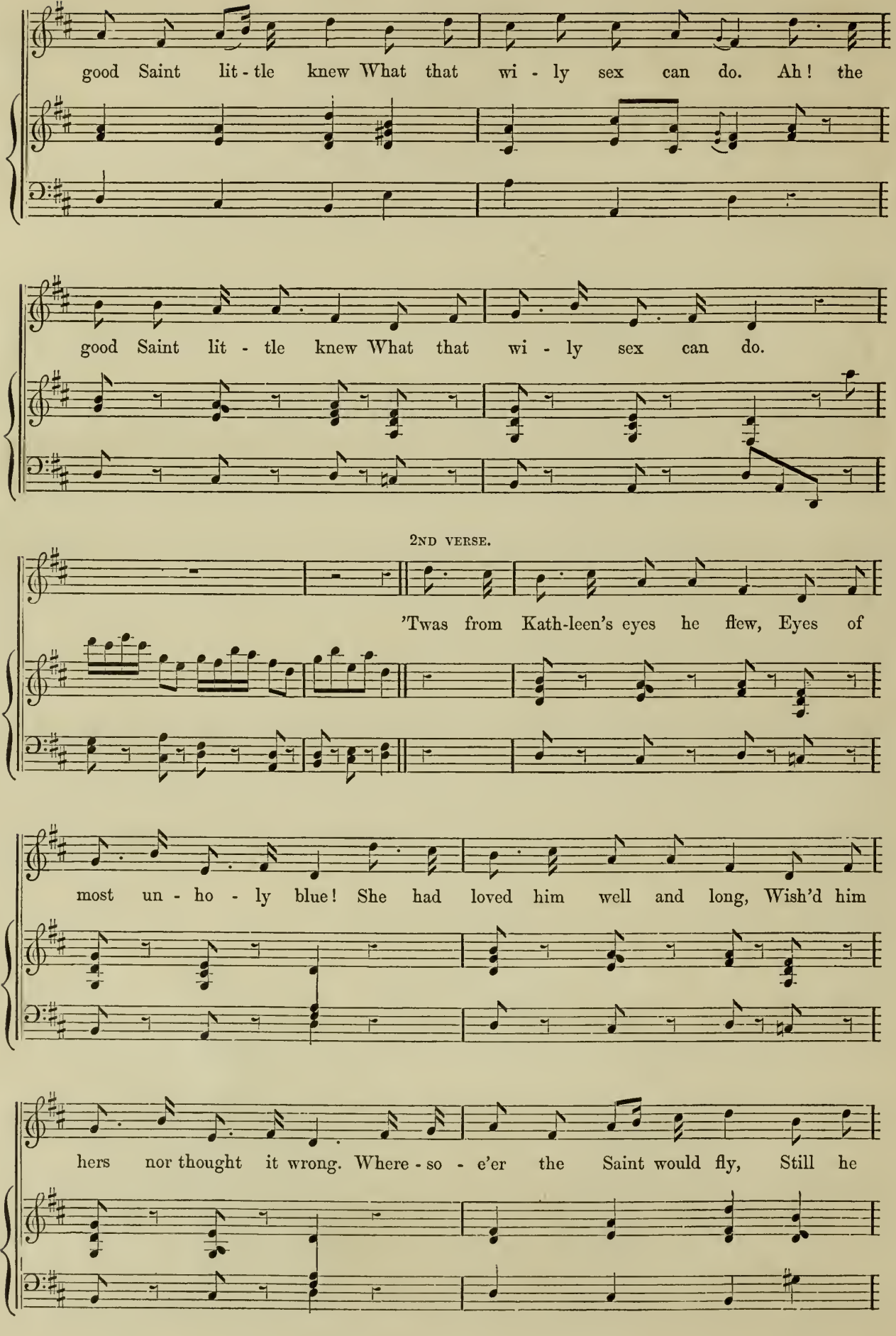
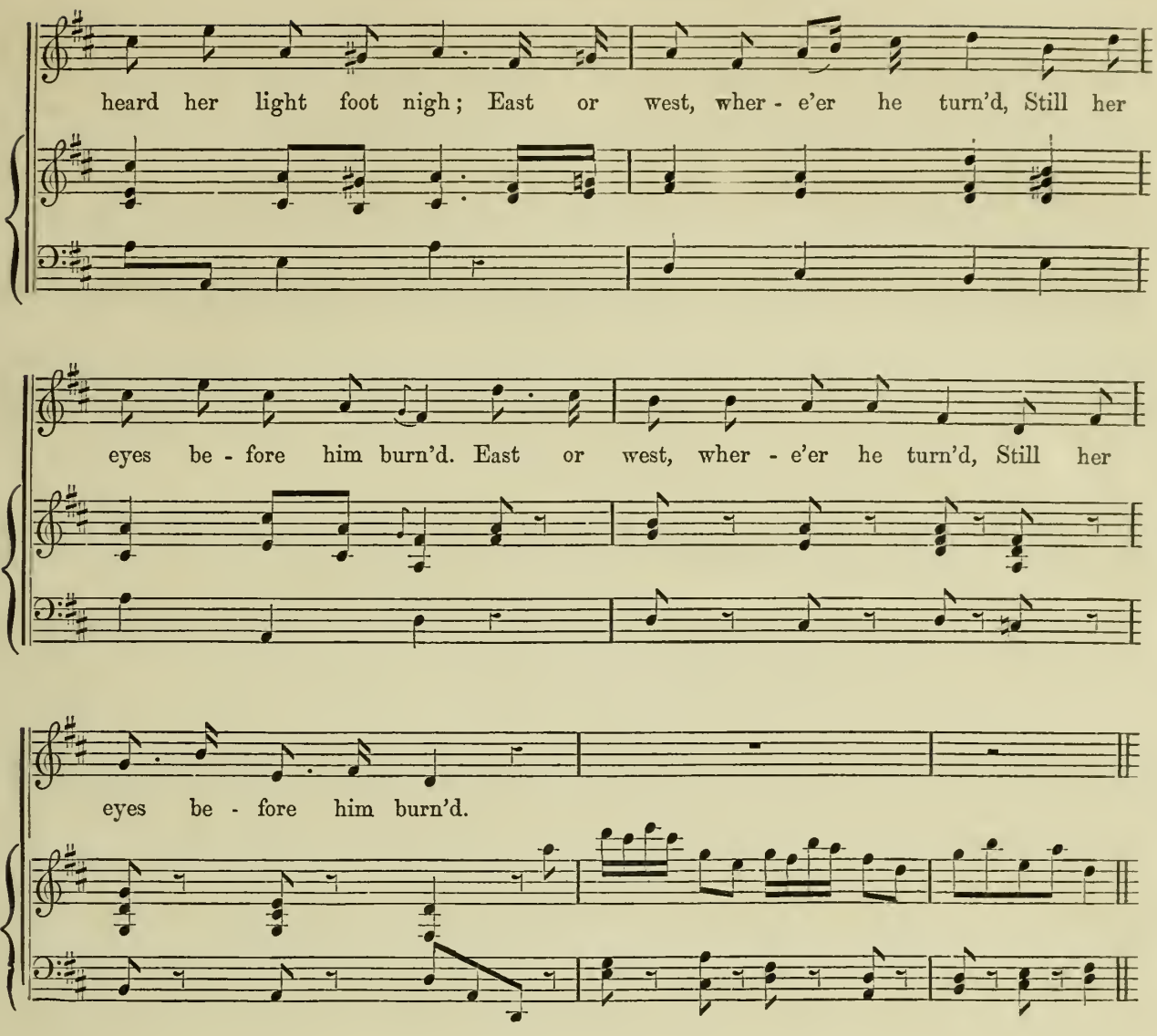
# BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.*


Moderate time.
AIR—THE BROWN IRISH GIRL.
By that Lake, whose gloomy shore Sky - lark nev - er warbles o'er,† Where the
cliff hangs high and steep, Young Saint Ke - vin stole to sleep. "Here, at
least," he calm-ly said, "Wo - man ne'er shall find my bed." Ah! the

* This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

† There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.


good Saint lit - tle knew What that wi - ly sex can do. Ah! the
good Saint lit - tle knew What that wi - ly sex can do.
2ND VERSE.
'Twas from Kath-leen's eyes he flew, Eyes of
most un - ho - ly blue! She had loved him well and long, Wish'd him
hers nor thought it wrong. Where - so - e'er the Saint would fly, Still he


heard her light foot nigh; East or west, wher - e'er he turn'd, Still her
eyes be - fore him burn'd. East or west, wher - e'er he turn'd, Still her
eyes be - fore him burn'd.

III.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there;
But nor earth, nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

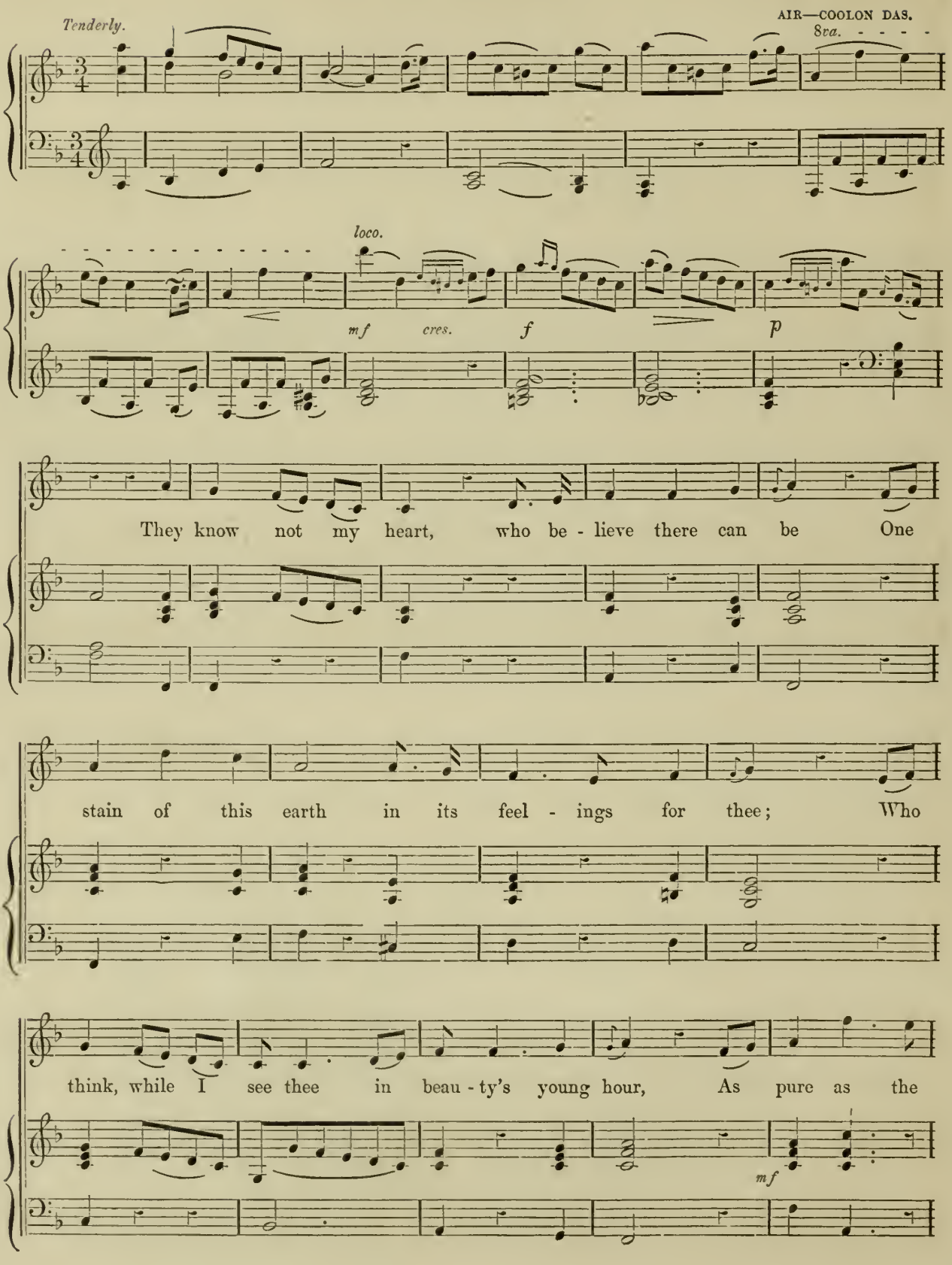
IV.

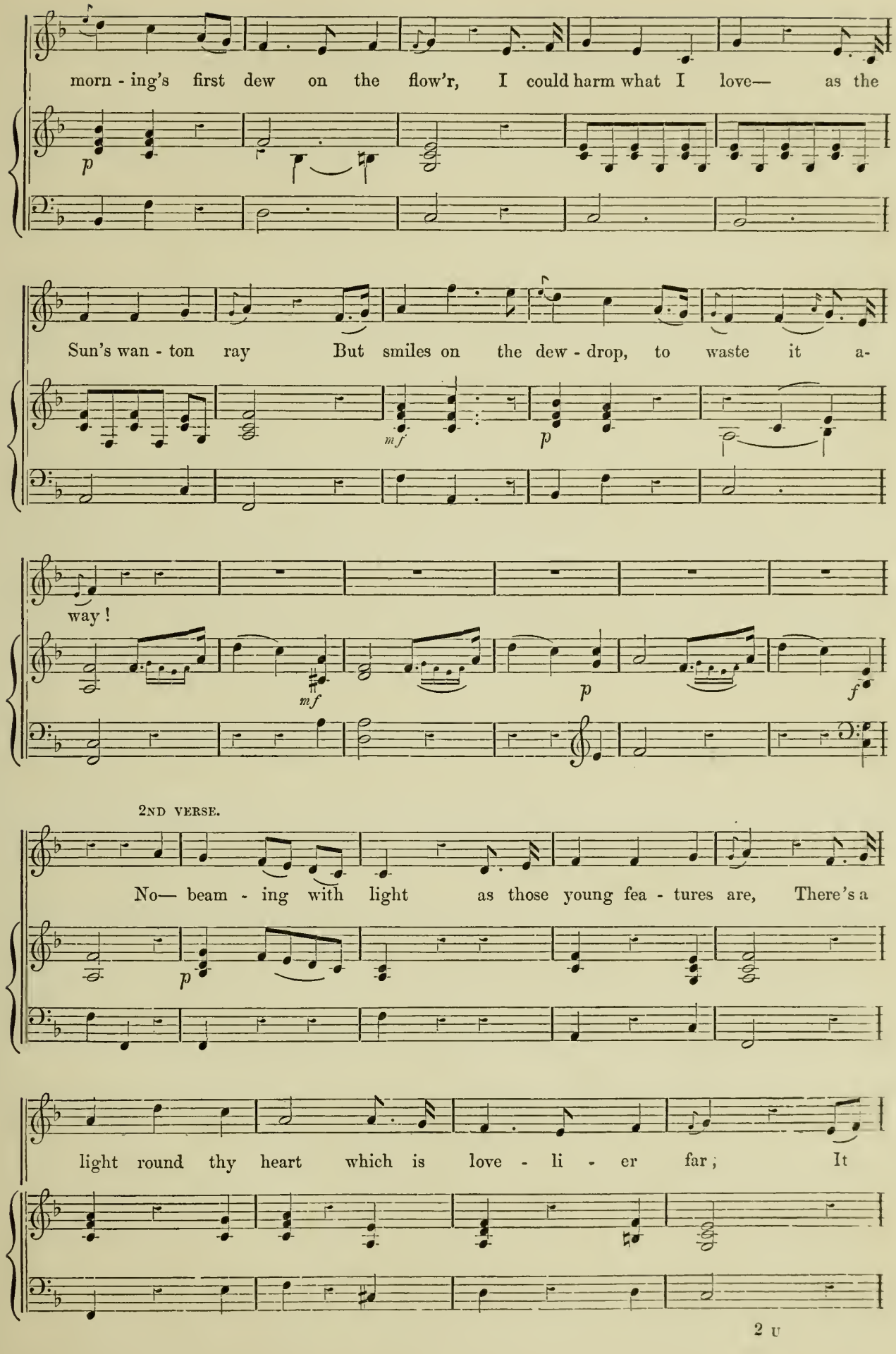
Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

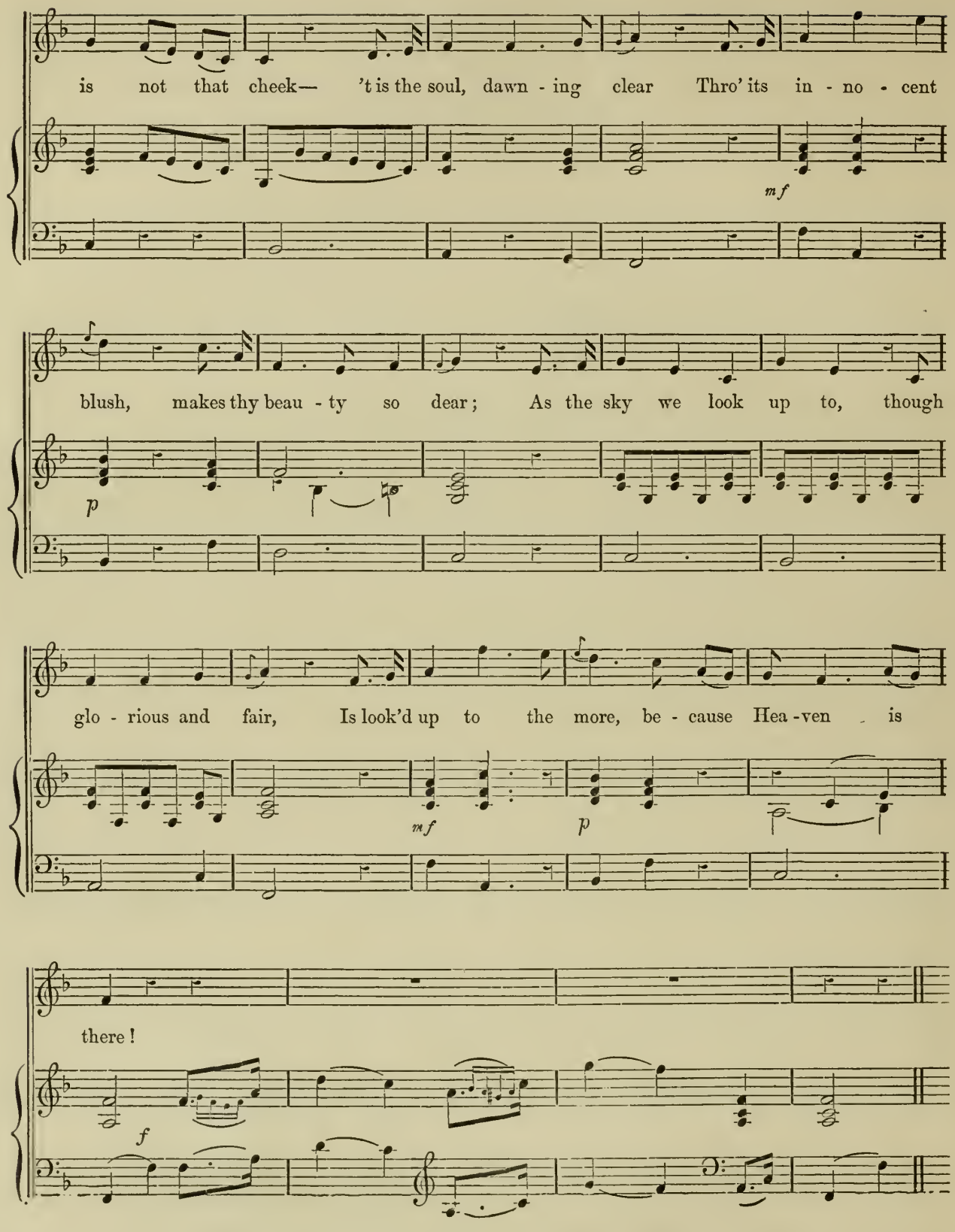
V.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave;
Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said "Heav'n rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

# THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.


Tenderly.
AIR—COOLON DAS.
8va.
loco.
mf
cres.
f
p
They know not my heart, who be - lieve there can be One
stain of this earth in its feel - ings for thee; Who
think, while I see thee in beau - ty's young hour, As pure as the
mf


morn - ing's first dew on the flow'r, I could harm what I love— as the
Sun's wan - ton ray But smiles on the dew - drop, to waste it a-
way !
2ND VERSE.
No— beam - ing with light as those young fea - tures are, There's a
light round thy heart which is love - li - er far; It


is not that cheek— 't is the soul, dawn - ing clear Thro' its in - no - cent
mf
blush, makes thy beau - ty so dear; As the sky we look up to, though
p
glo - rious and fair, Is look'd up to the more, be - cause Hea - ven is
mf
p
there!
f

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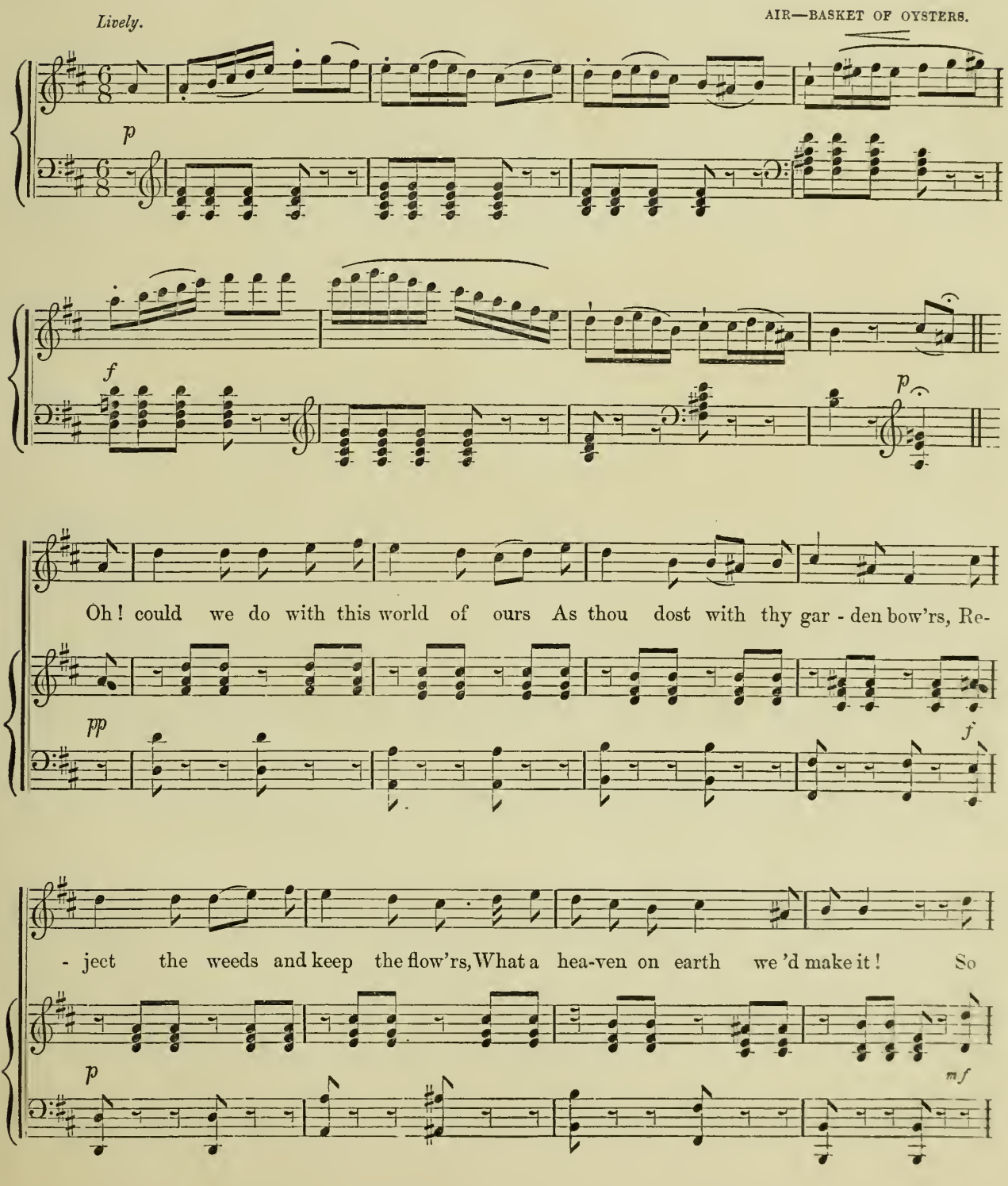
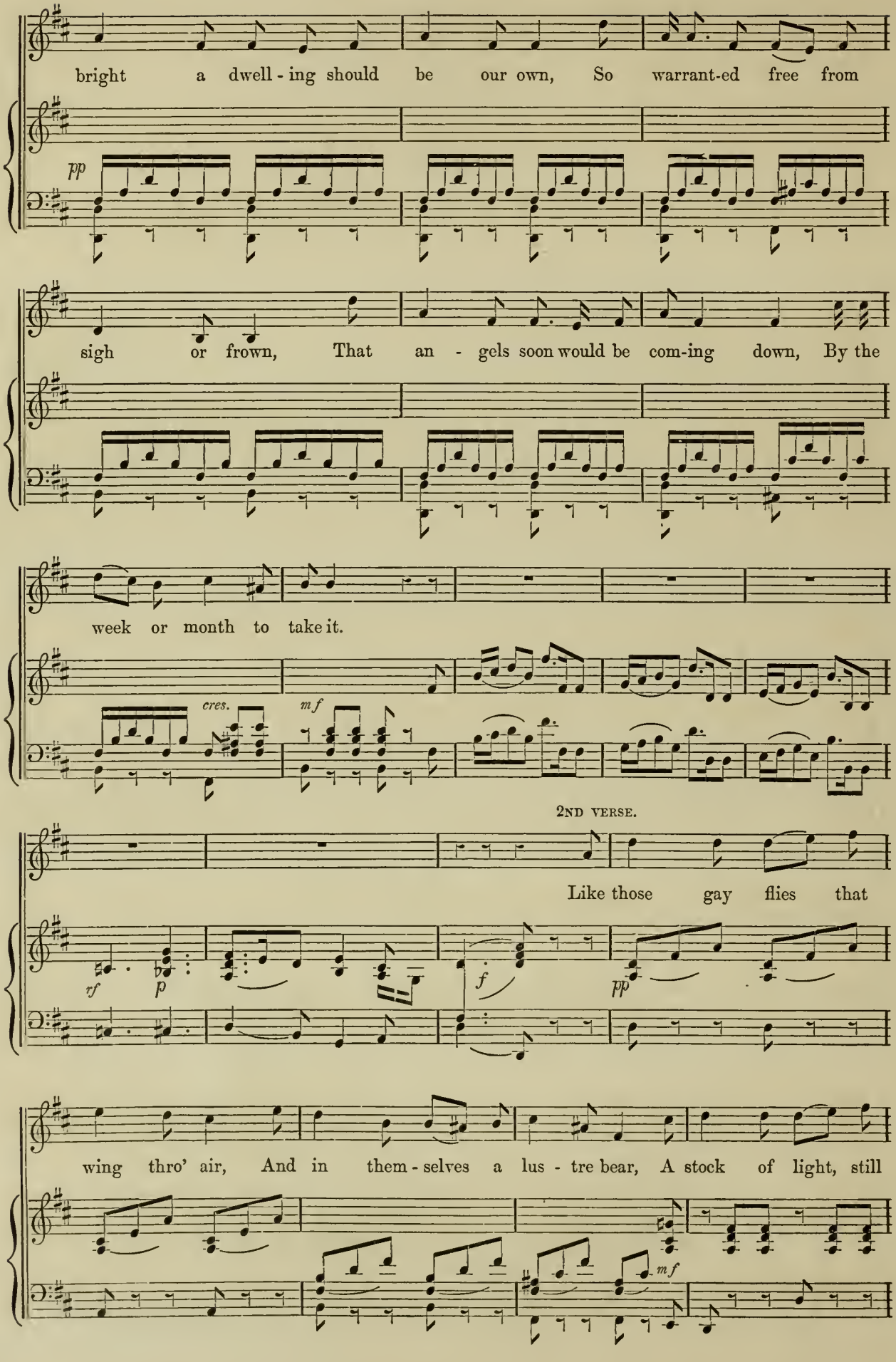
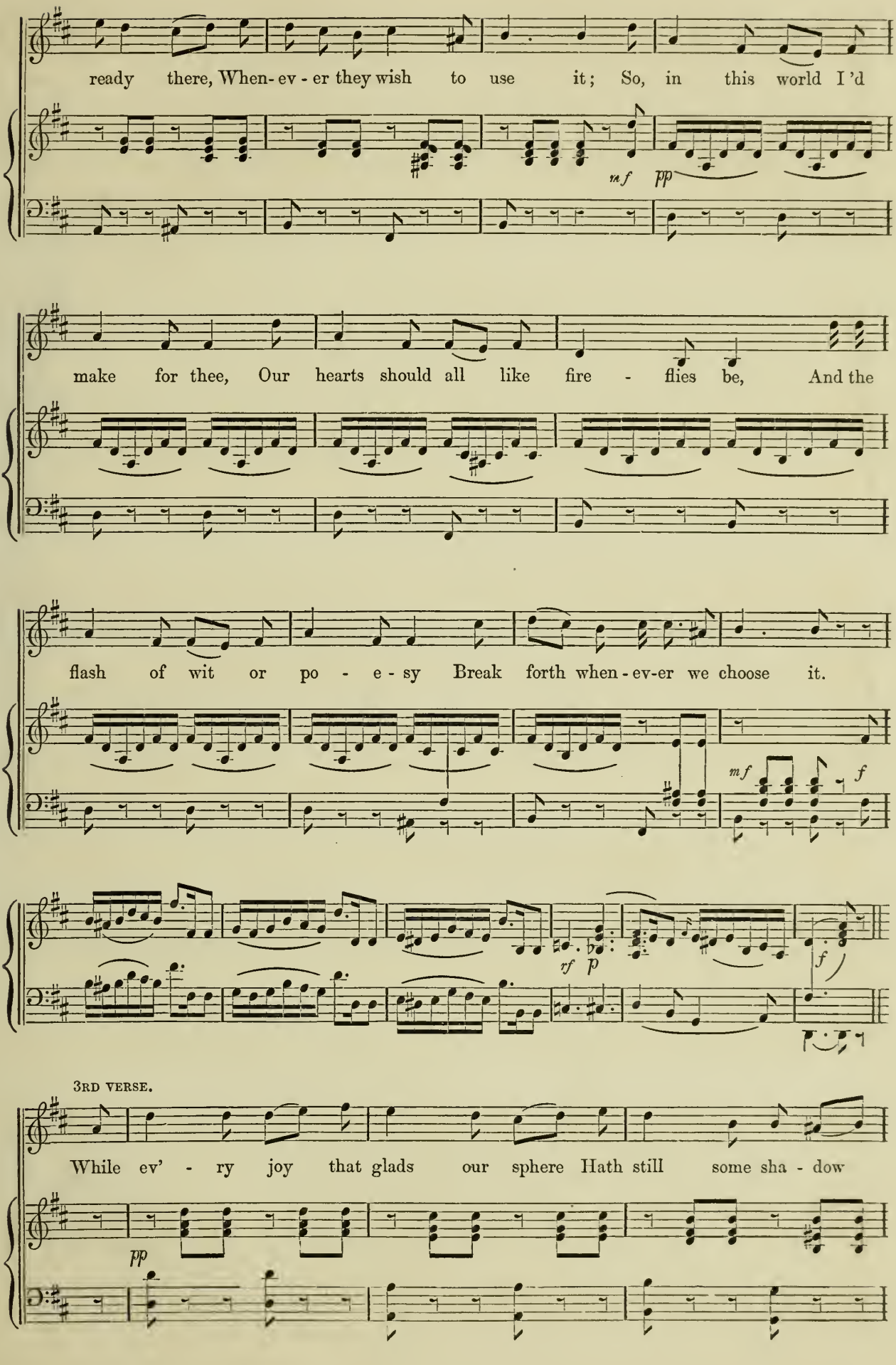
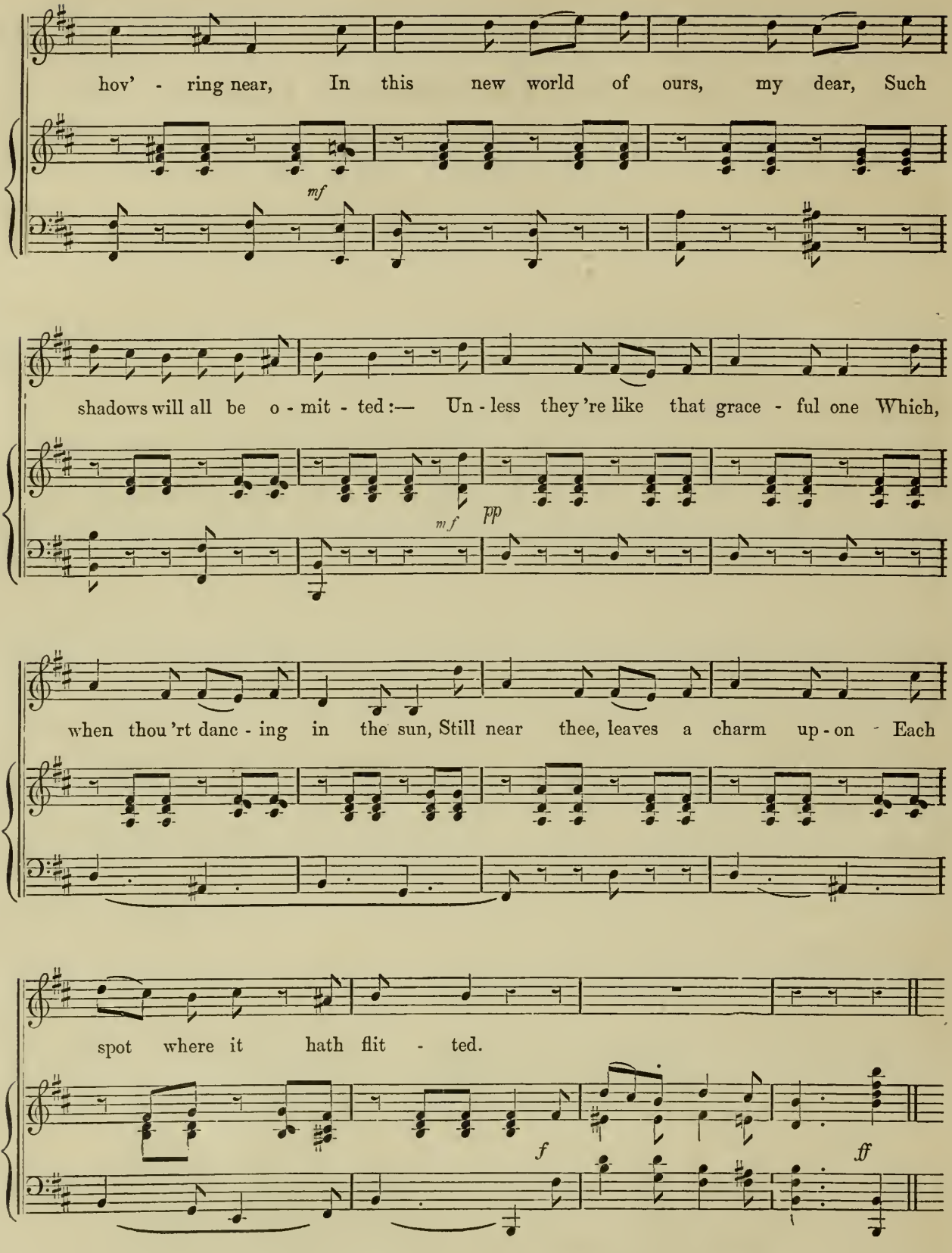
# OH! COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

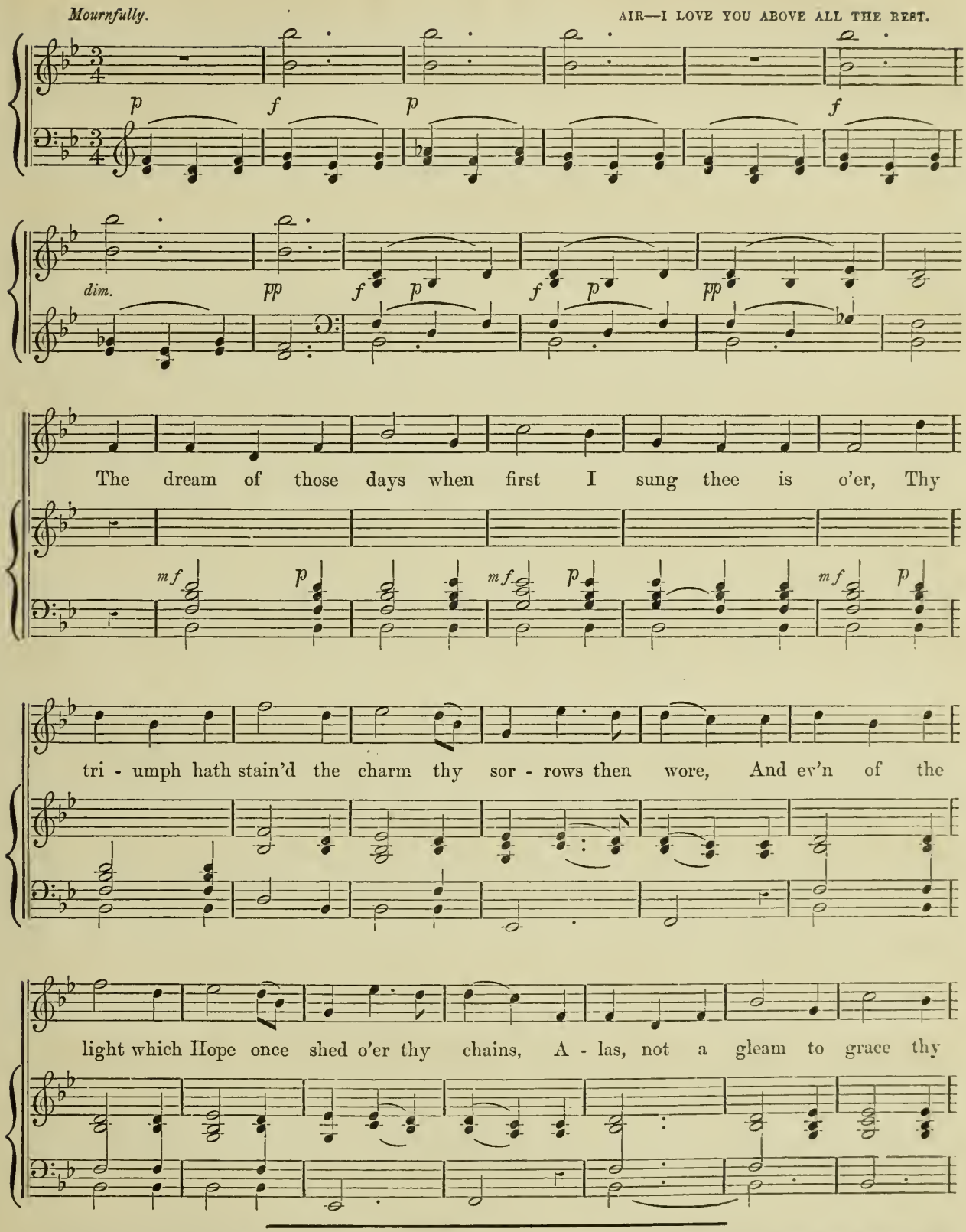

Lively.
AIR—BASKET OF OYSTERS.
p
f
p
Oh! could we do with this world of ours As thou dost with thy gar - den bow'rs, Re-
pp
f
- ject the weeds and keep the flow'rs, What a hea-ven on earth we 'd make it! So
p
mf


bright a dwell - ing should be our own, So warrant-ed free from
pp
sigh or frown, That an - gels soon would be com-ing down, By the
week or month to take it.
cres.
mf
2ND VERSE.
Like those gay flies that
rf
p
f
pp
wing thro' air, And in them - selves a lus - tre bear, A stock of light, still
mf

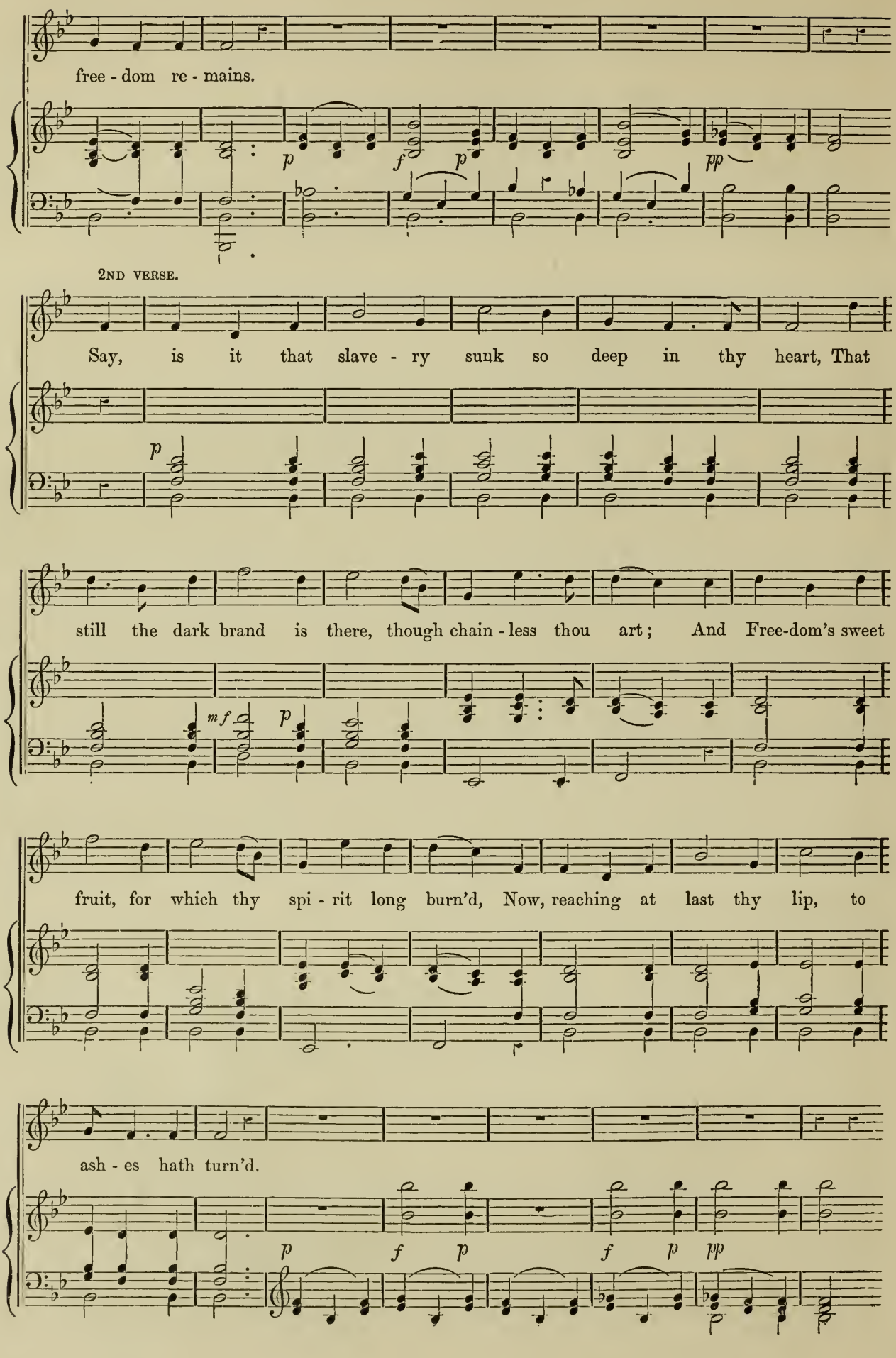

ready there, When- ev - er they wish to use it; So, in this world I'd
mf pp
make for thee, Our hearts should all like fire - flies be, And the
flash of wit or po - e - sy Break forth when - ev-er we choose it.
mf f
rf p f
3RD VERSE.
While ev' - ry joy that glads our sphere Hath still some sha - dow
pp


hov' - ring near, In this new world of ours, my dear, Such
mf
shadows will all be o - mit - ted:— Un - less they're like that grace - ful one Which,
mf
pp
when thou 'rt danc - ing in the sun, Still near thee, leaves a charm up - on Each
spot where it hath flit - ted.
f
ff

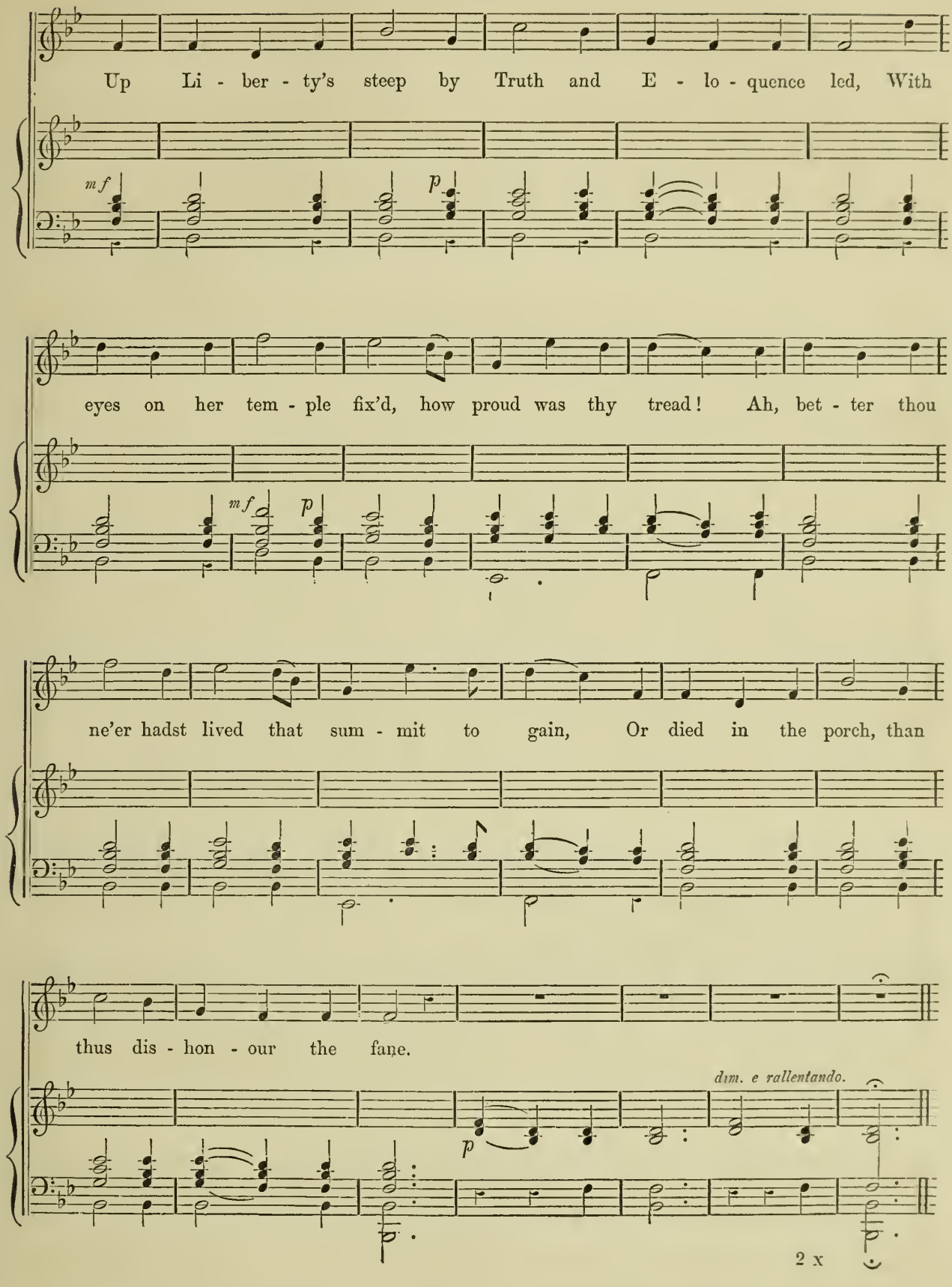
# THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.*


Mournfully.
AIR—I LOVE YOU ABOVE ALL THE REST.
dim.
The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er, Thy
tri - umph hath stain'd the charm thy sor - rows then wore, And ev'n of the
light which Hope once shed o'er thy chains, A - las, not a gleam to grace thy

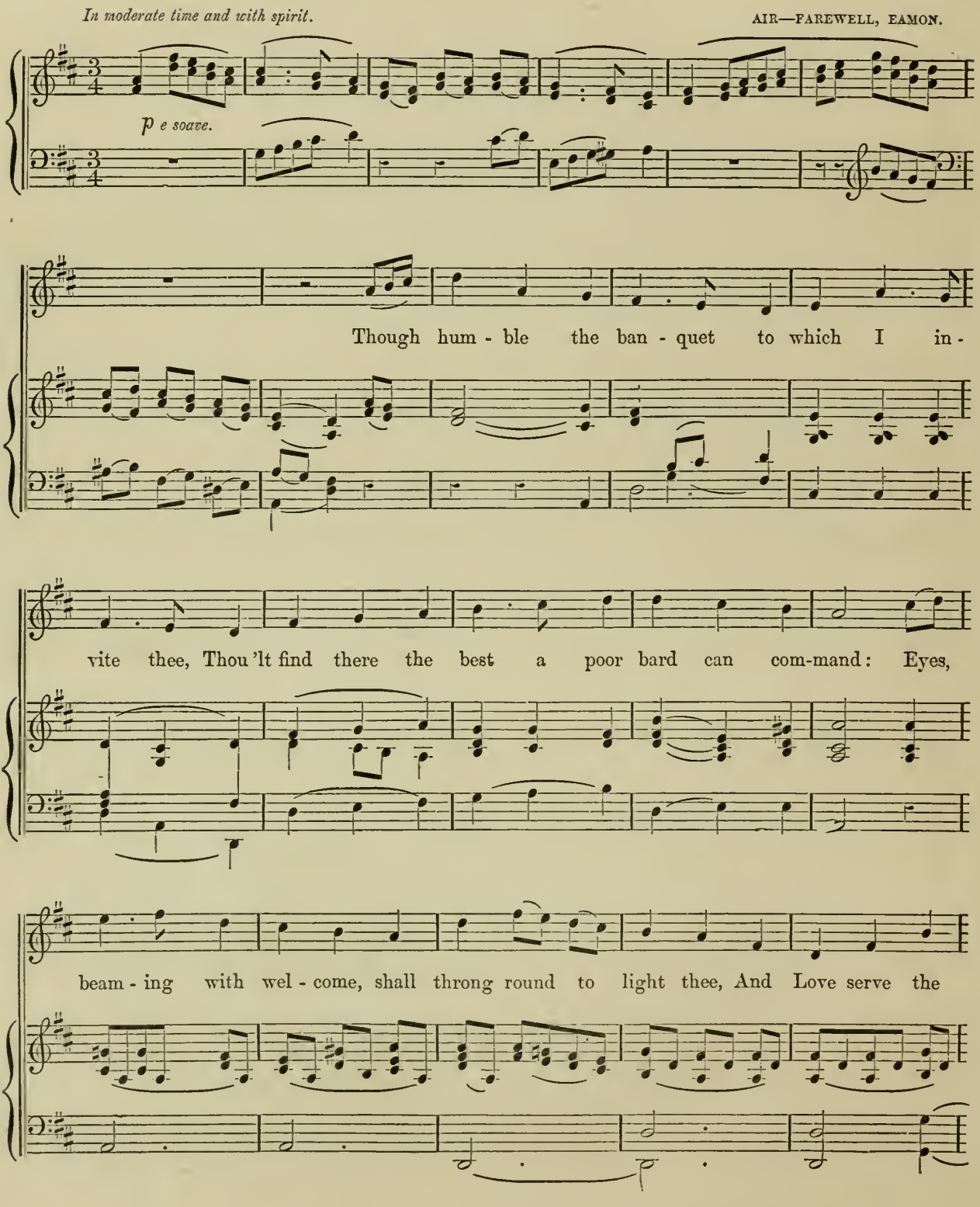
* Written in one of those moods of hopelessness and disgust which come occasionally over the mind, in contemplating the present state of Irish patriotism.

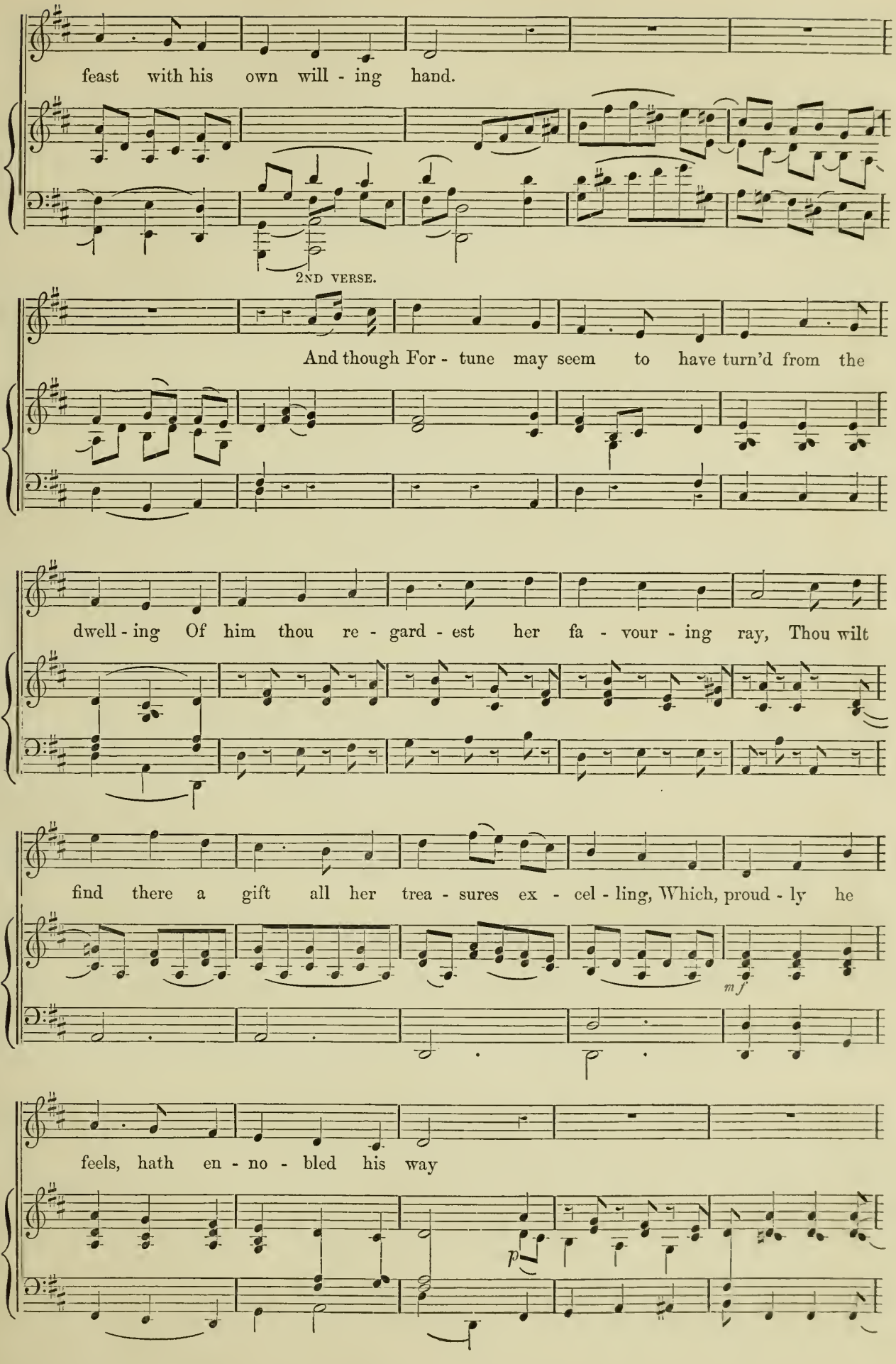

free - dom re - mains.
2ND VERSE.
Say, is it that slave - ry sunk so deep in thy heart, That
still the dark brand is there, though chain - less thou art; And Free-dom's sweet
fruit, for which thy spi - rit long burn'd, Now, reaching at last thy lip, to
ash - es hath turn'd.

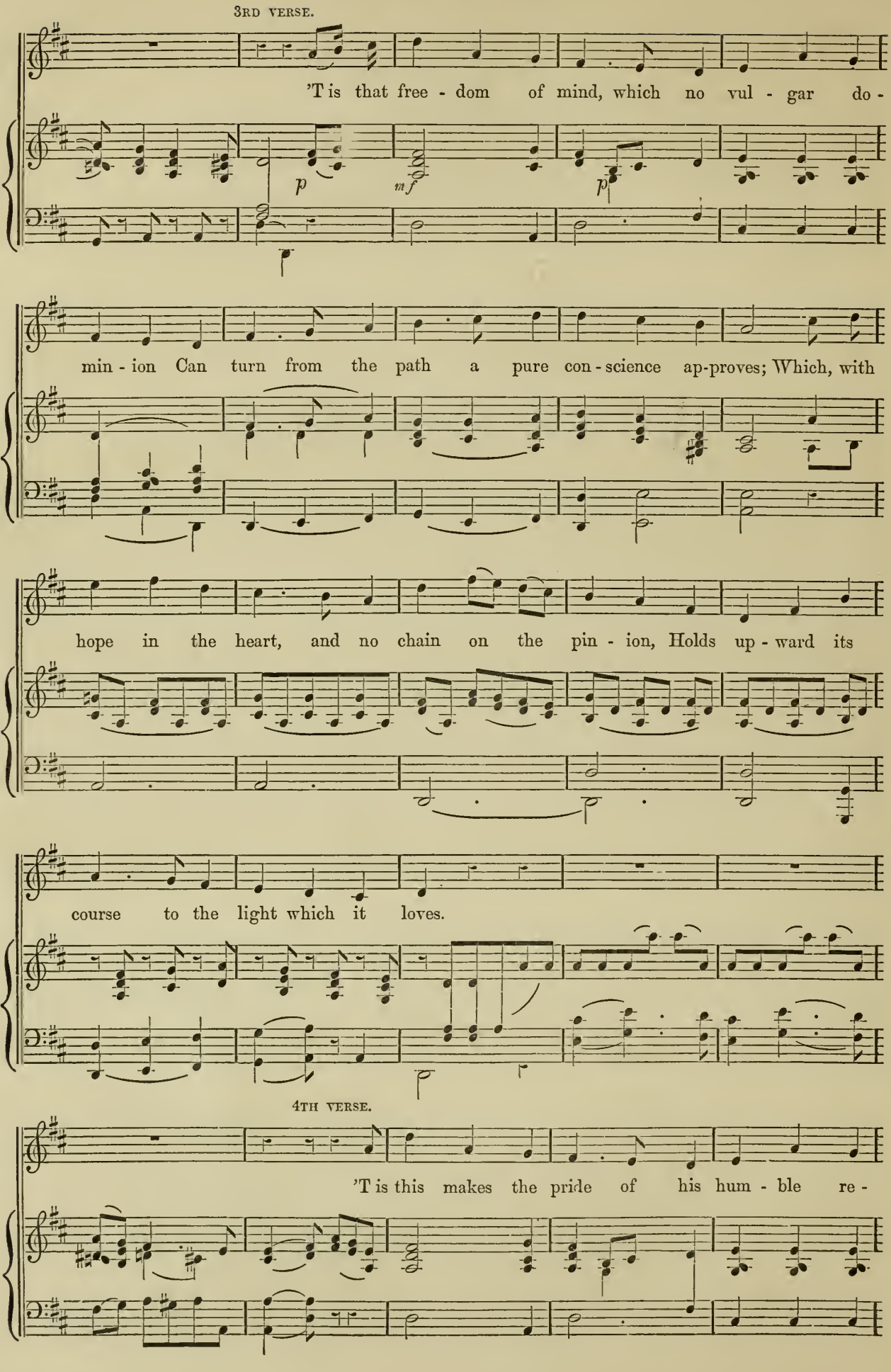
3RD VERSE.

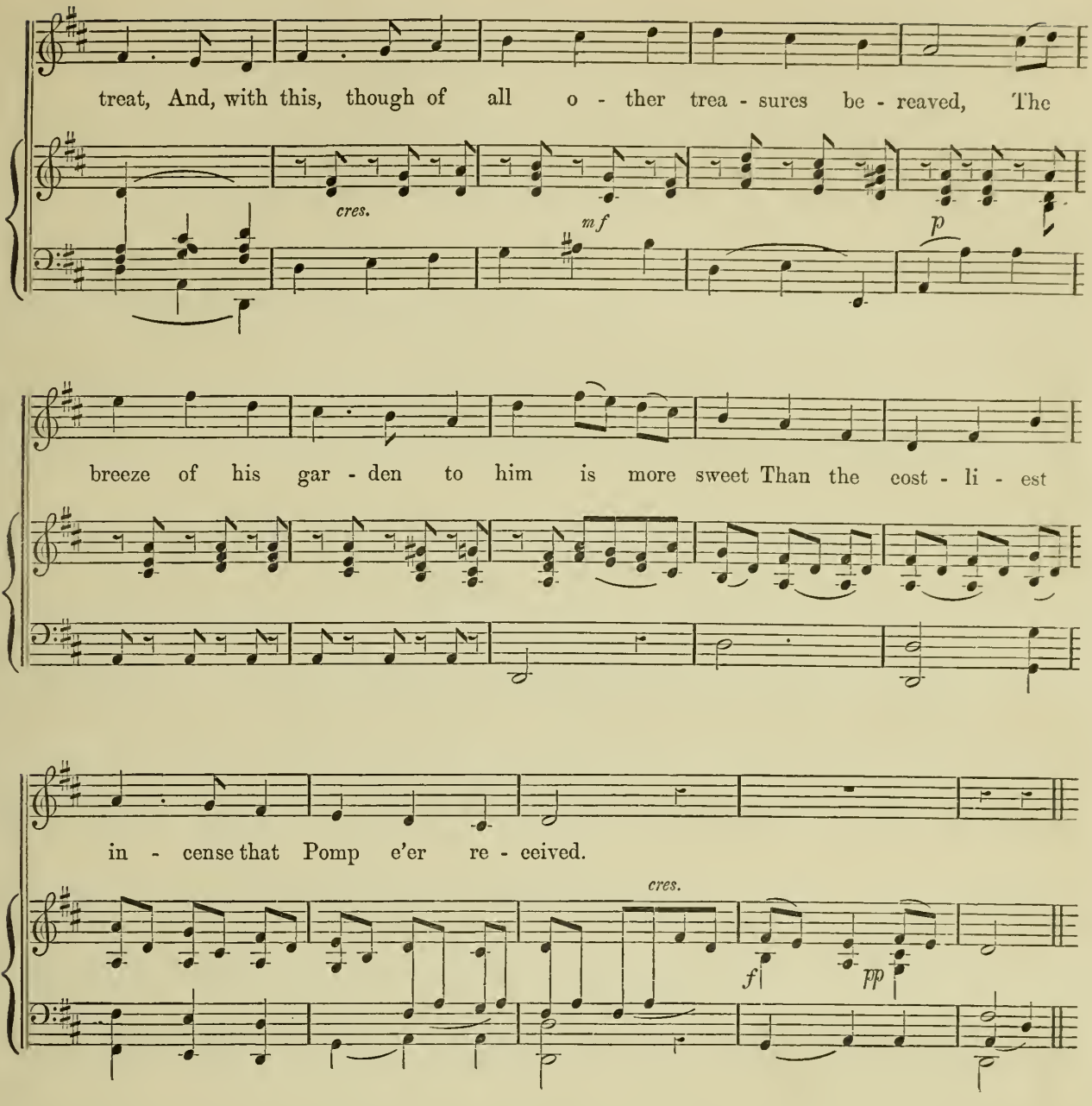

Up Li - ber - ty's steep by Truth and E - lo - quence led, With
mf
p
eyes on her tem - ple fix'd, how proud was thy tread! Ah, bet - ter thou
mf
p
ne'er hadst lived that sum - mit to gain, Or died in the porch, than
thus dis - hon - our the fane.
dim. e rallentando.
p
2 x

# THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.


In moderate time and with spirit.
AIR—FAREWELL, EAMON.
p e soave.
Though hum - ble the ban - quet to which I in -
vite thee, Thou 'lt find there the best a poor bard can com-mand: Eyes,
beam - ing with wel - come, shall throng round to light thee, And Love serve the

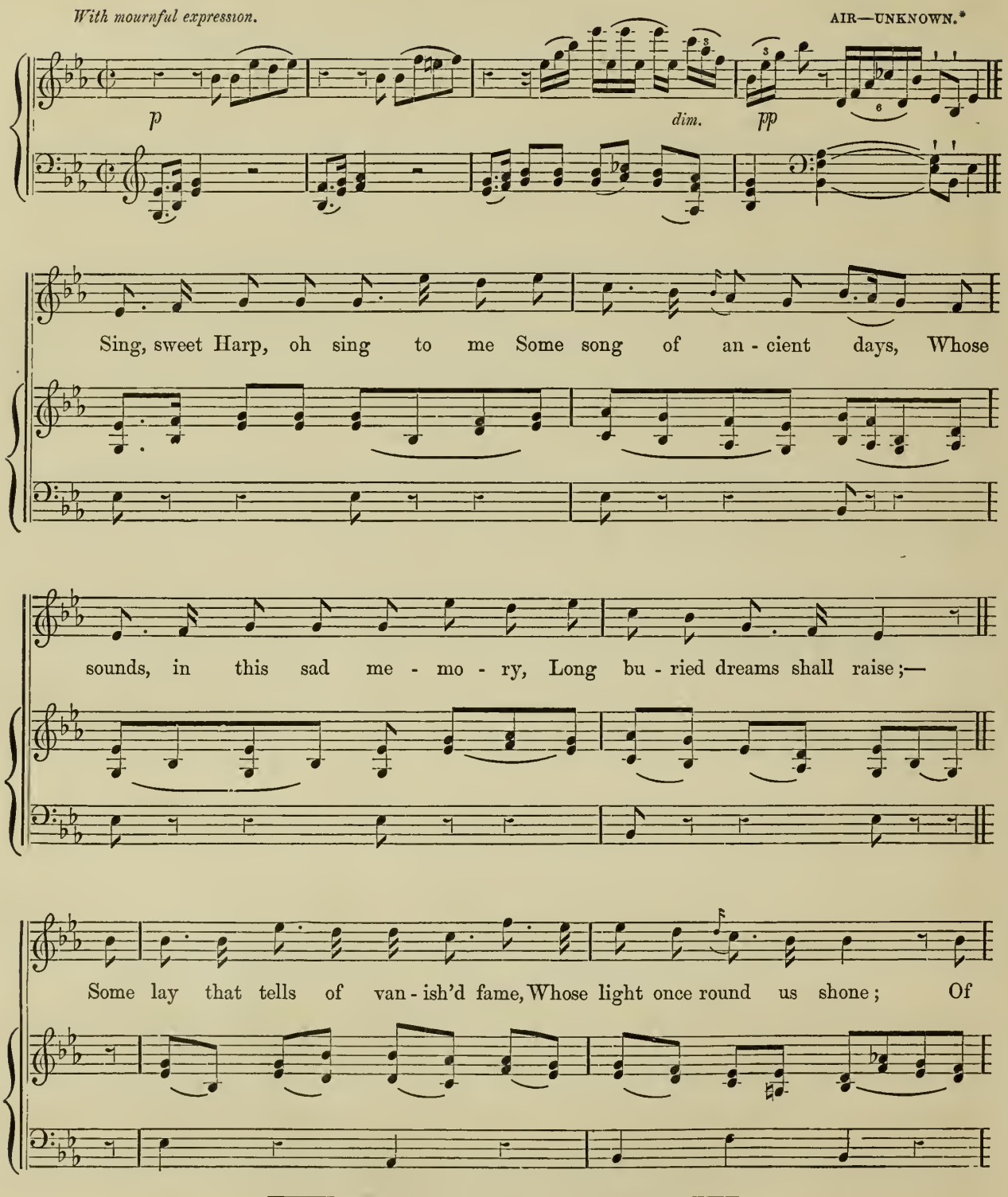

feast with his own will - ing hand.
2ND VERSE.
And though For - tune may seem to have turn'd from the
dwell - ing Of him thou re - gard - est her fa - vour - ing ray, Thou wilt
find there a gift all her trea - sures ex - cel - ling, Which, proud - ly he
mf
feels, hath en - no - bled his way
p


3RD VERSE.
'T is that free - dom of mind, which no vul - gar do -
p
mf
p
min - ion Can turn from the path a pure con - science ap-proves; Which, with
hope in the heart, and no chain on the pin - ion, Holds up - ward its
course to the light which it loves.
4TH VERSE.
'T is this makes the pride of his hum - ble re -

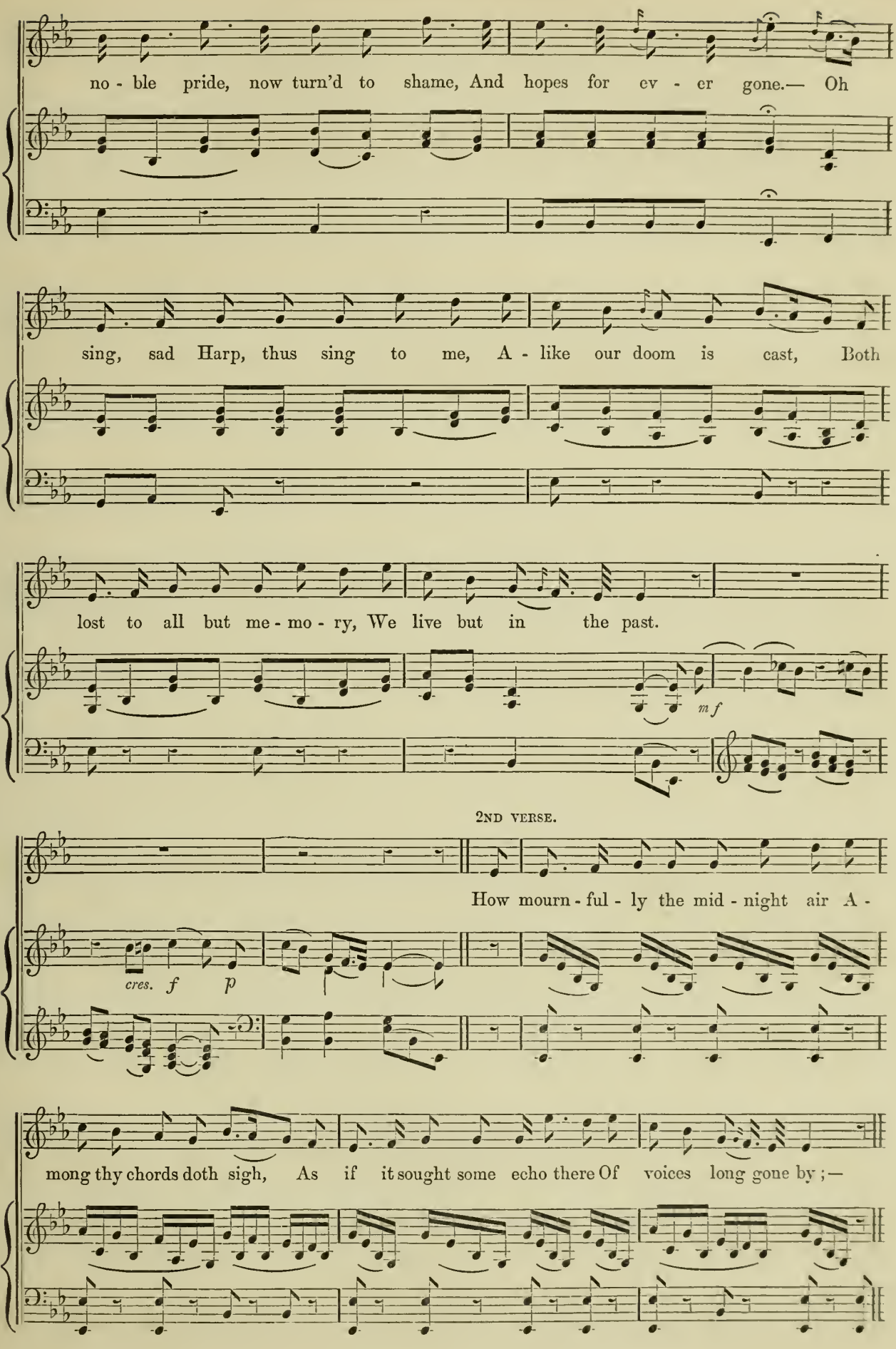

treat, And, with this, though of all o - ther trea - sures be - reaved, The
cres.
mf
p
breeze of his gar - den to him is more sweet Than the cost - li - est
in - cense that Pomp e'er re - ceived.
cres.
f
pp

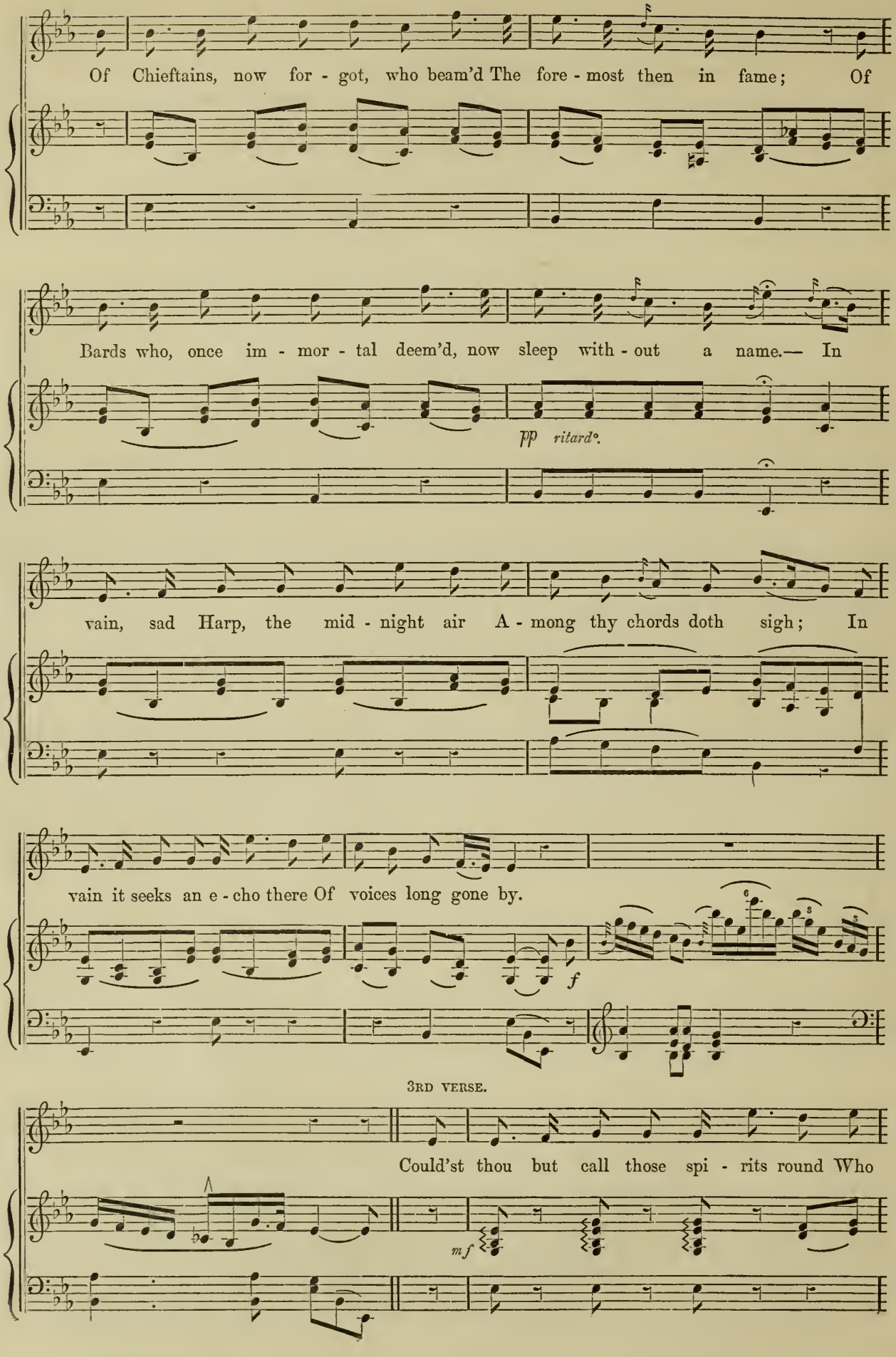
Then, come,—if a board so untempting hath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
And there 's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

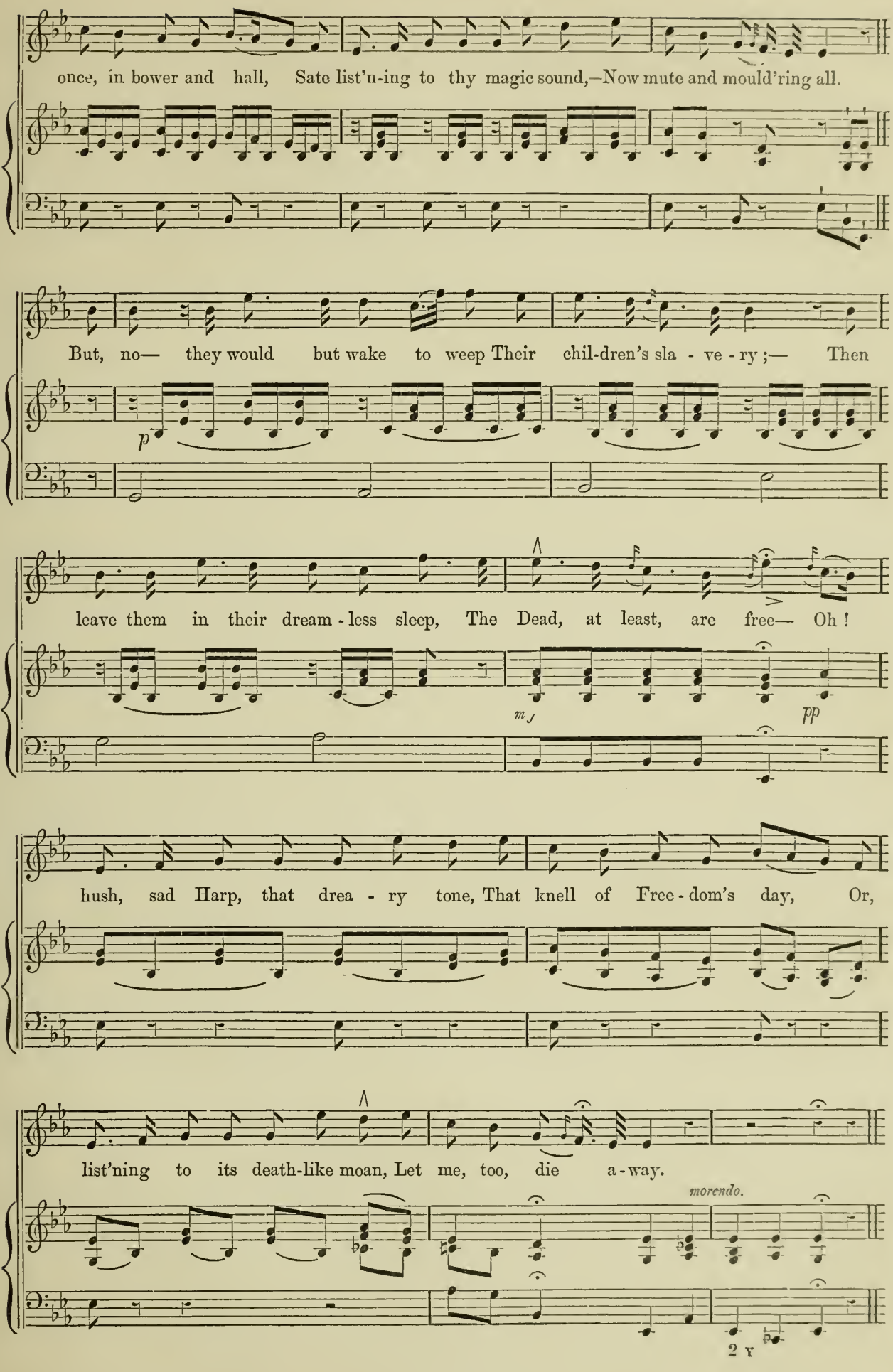
# SING, SWEET HARP, OH SING TO ME.


With mournful expression.
AIR—UNKNOWN.*
p
dim.
pp
Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me Some song of an - cient days, Whose
sounds, in this sad me - mo - ry, Long bu - ried dreams shall raise;—
Some lay that tells of van - ish'd fame, Whose light once round us shone; Of

* This graceful air has already been provided with words not unworthy of its beauty, in a collection of "Select Melodies," published by Mr. Smith, of Edinburgh.


no - ble pride, now turn'd to shame, And hopes for ev - er gone.— Oh
sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me, A - like our doom is cast, Both
lost to all but me - mo - ry, We live but in the past.
mf
2ND VERSE.
How mourn - ful - ly the mid - night air A -
cres. f p
mong thy chords doth sigh, As if it sought some echo there Of voices long gone by ;—

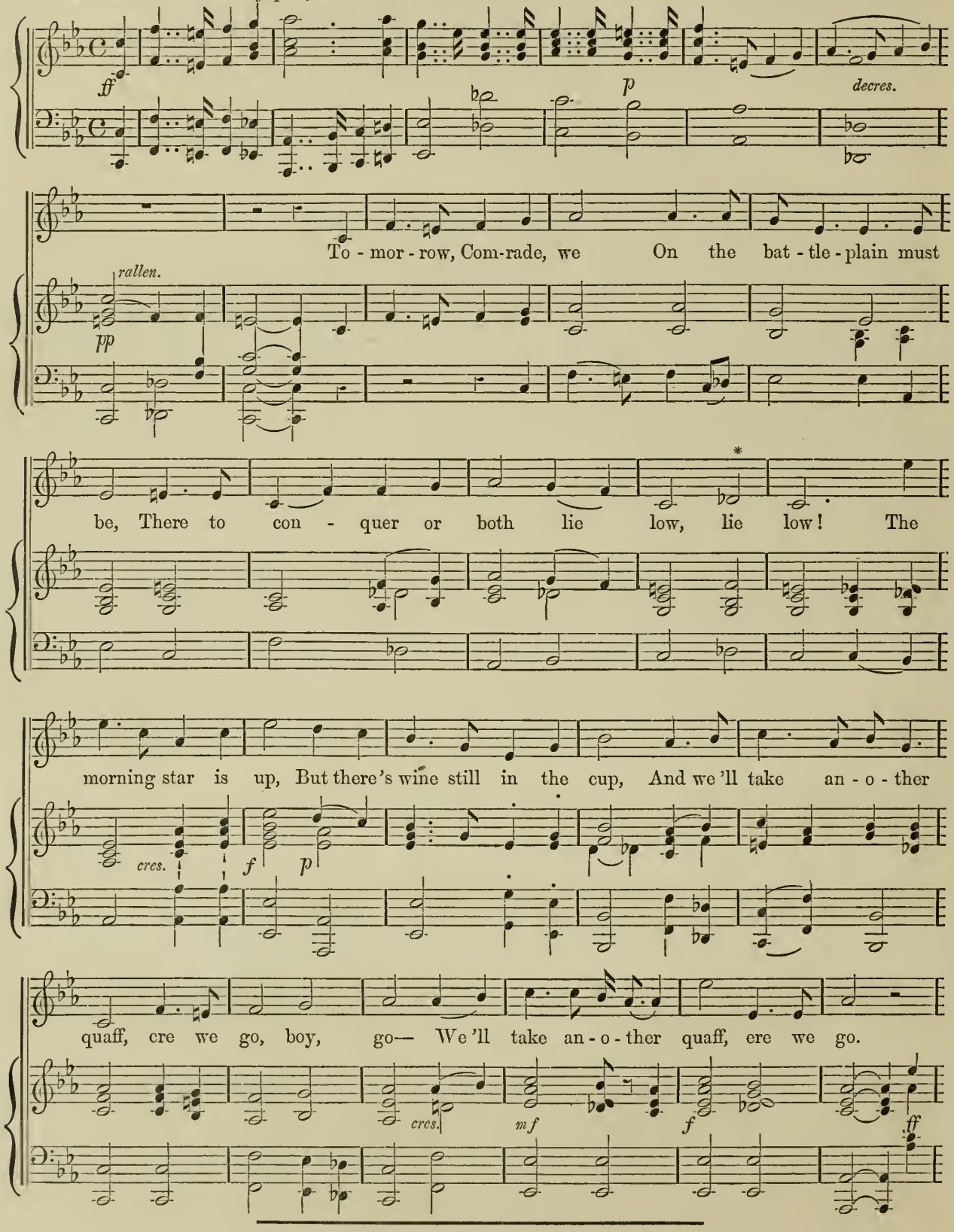

Of Chieftains, now for - got, who beam'd The fore - most then in fame; Of
Bards who, once im - mor - tal deem'd, now sleep with - out a name.— In
pp ritard°.
vain, sad Harp, the mid - night air A - mong thy chords doth sigh; In
vain it seeks an e - cho there Of voices long gone by.
f
3RD VERSE.
Could'st thou but call those spi - rits round Who
mf


once, in bower and hall, Sate list'n-ing to thy magic sound,—Now mute and mould'ring all.
But, no— they would but wake to weep Their chil-dren's sla - ve - ry;— Then
p
leave them in their dream - less sleep, The Dead, at least, are free— Oh!
mf
pp
hush, sad Harp, that drea - ry tone, That knell of Free - dom's day, Or,
list'ning to its death-like moan, Let me, too, die a - way.
morendo.

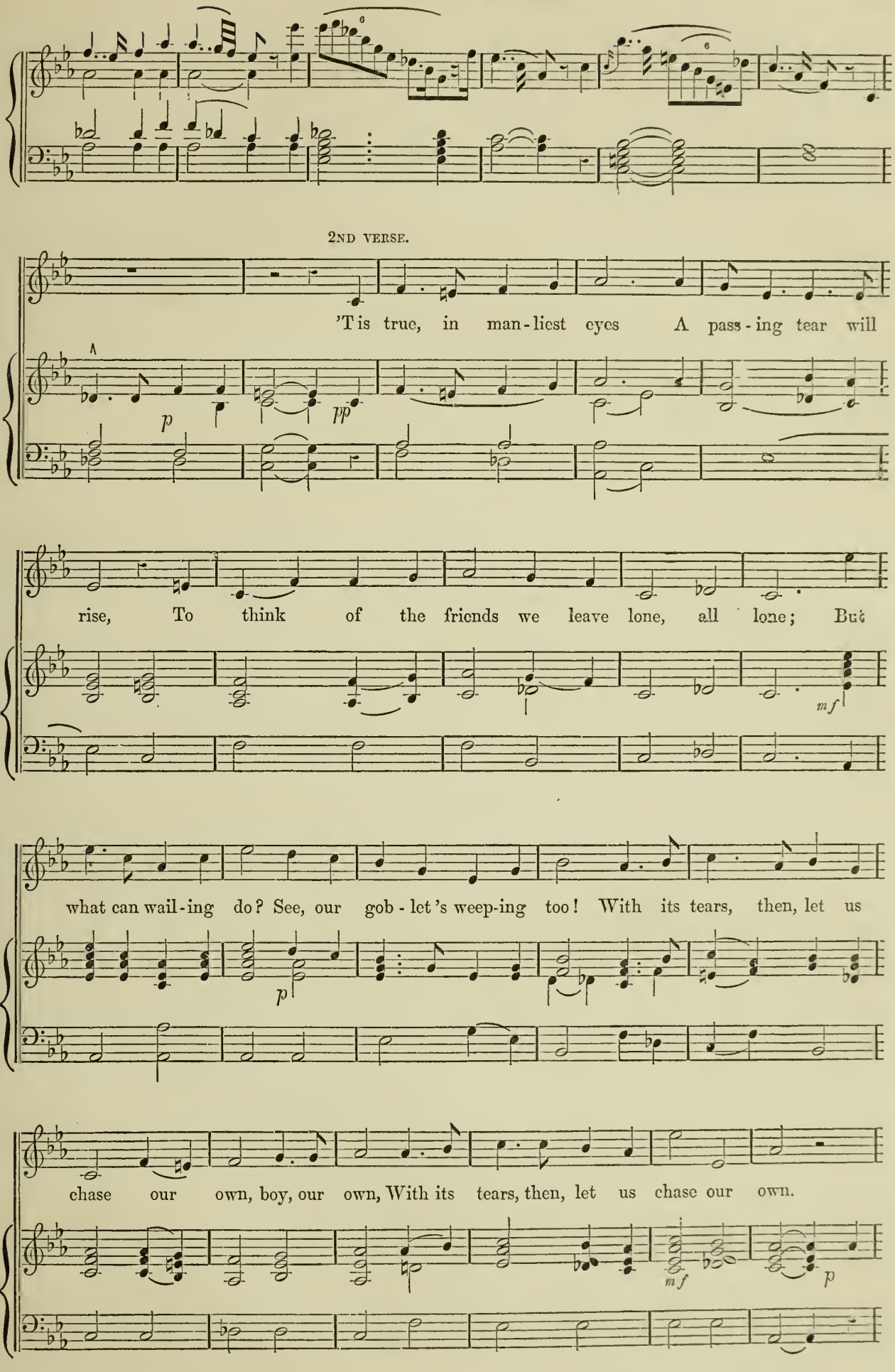
# SONG OF THE BATTLE-EVE.

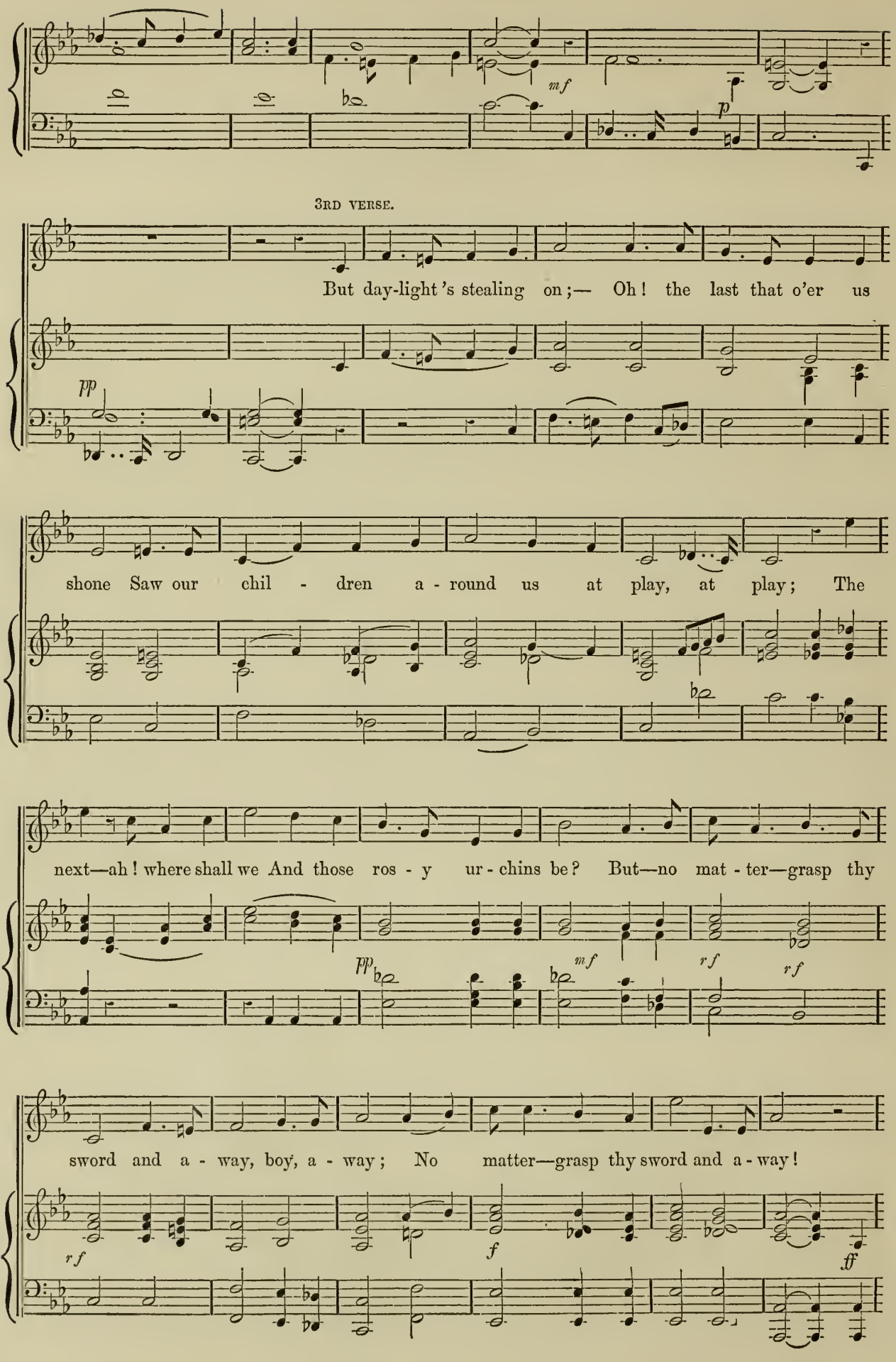
## TO-MORROW, COMRADE. WE.

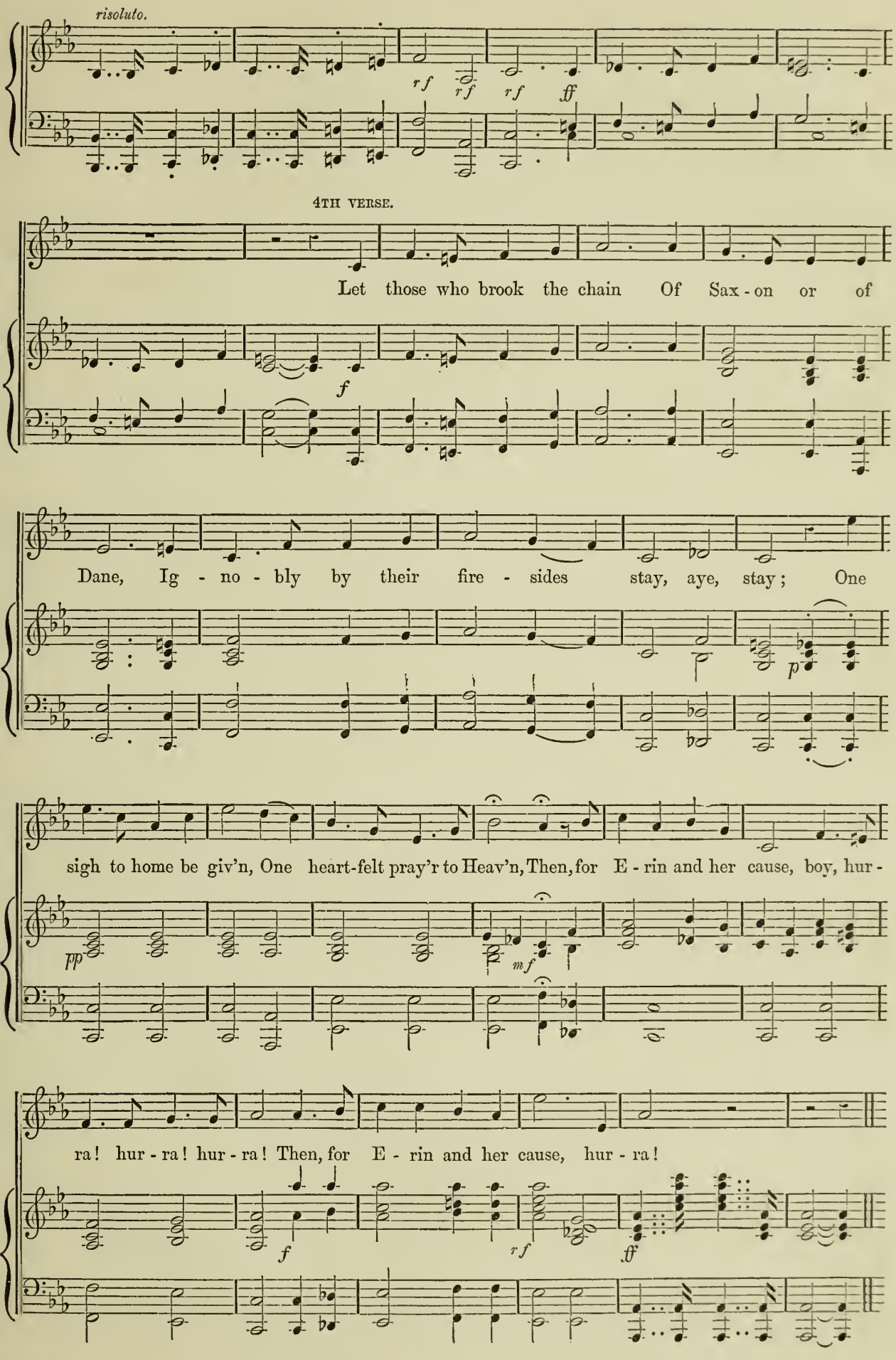
*With martial and melancholy spirit, not too slow.* AIR—CRUISKEEN LAWN.


ff
p
decres.
To - mor - row, Com-rade, we On the bat - tle - plain must
rallen.
pp
be, There to con - quer or both lie low, lie low! The
morning star is up, But there's wine still in the cup, And we'll take an - o - ther
cres.
f
p
quaff, cre we go, boy, go— We'll take an - o - ther quaff, ere we go.
cres.
mf
f
ff

* There is, in this single note, a deviation from the original setting of the Air.

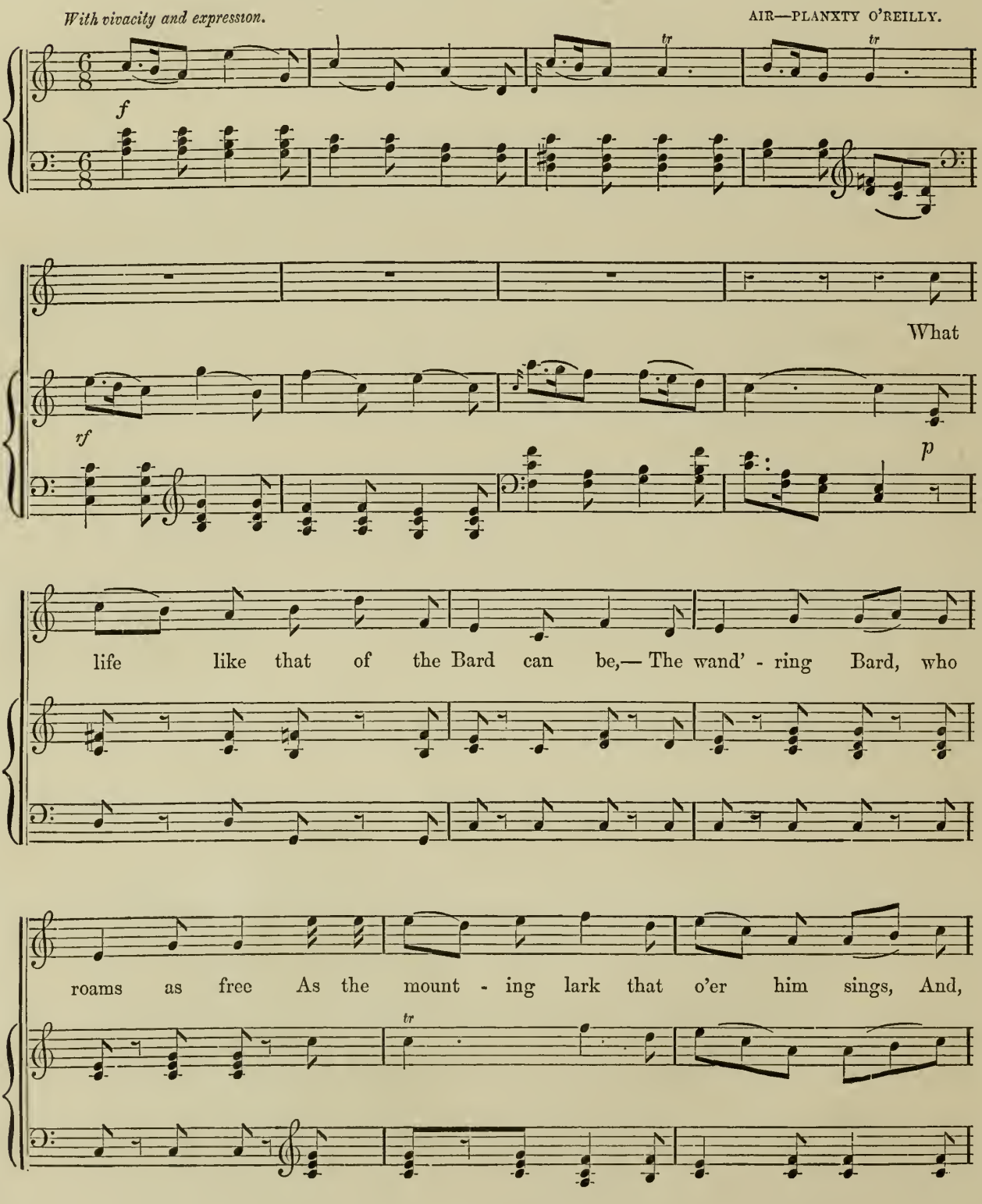

2ND VERSE.
'T is true, in man-liest eyes A pass-ing tear will
rise, To think of the friends we leave lone, all lone; But
what can wail-ing do? See, our gob-let's weep-ing too! With its tears, then, let us
chase our own, boy, our own, With its tears, then, let us chase our own.

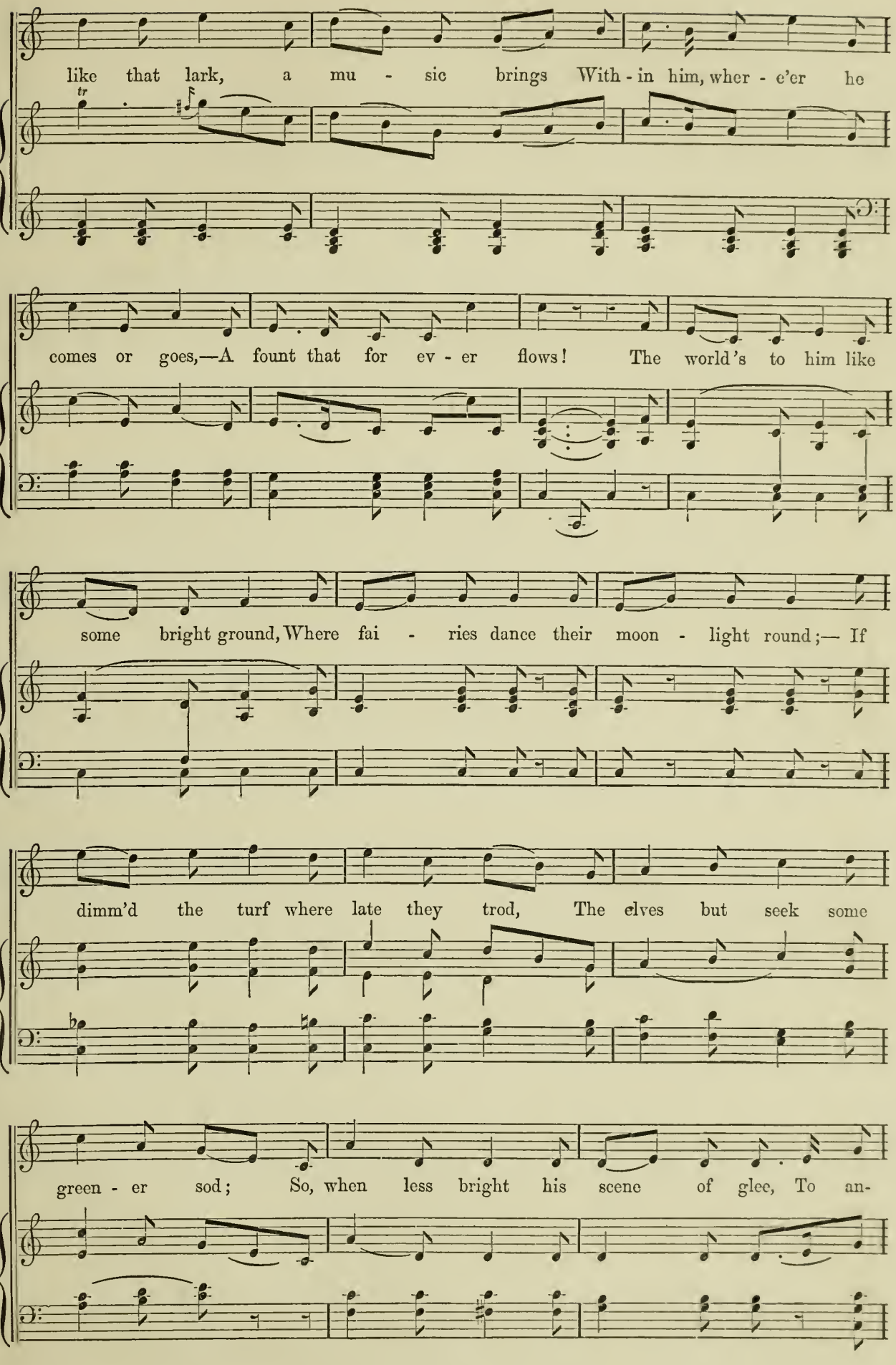

3RD VERSE.
But day-light 's stealing on;— Oh! the last that o'er us
shone Saw our chil - dren a - round us at play, at play; The
next—ah! where shall we And those ros - y ur - chins be? But—no mat - ter—grasp thy
sword and a - way, boy, a - way; No matter—grasp thy sword and a - way!


risoluto.
rf rf rf ff
4TH VERSE.
Let those who brook the chain Of Sax - on or of
f
Dane, Ig - no - bly by their fire - sides stay, aye, stay; One
p
sigh to home be giv'n, One heart-felt pray'r to Heav'n, Then, for E - rin and her cause, boy, hur -
pp
mf
ra! hur - ra! hur - ra! Then, for E - rin and her cause, hur - ra!
f
rf
ff

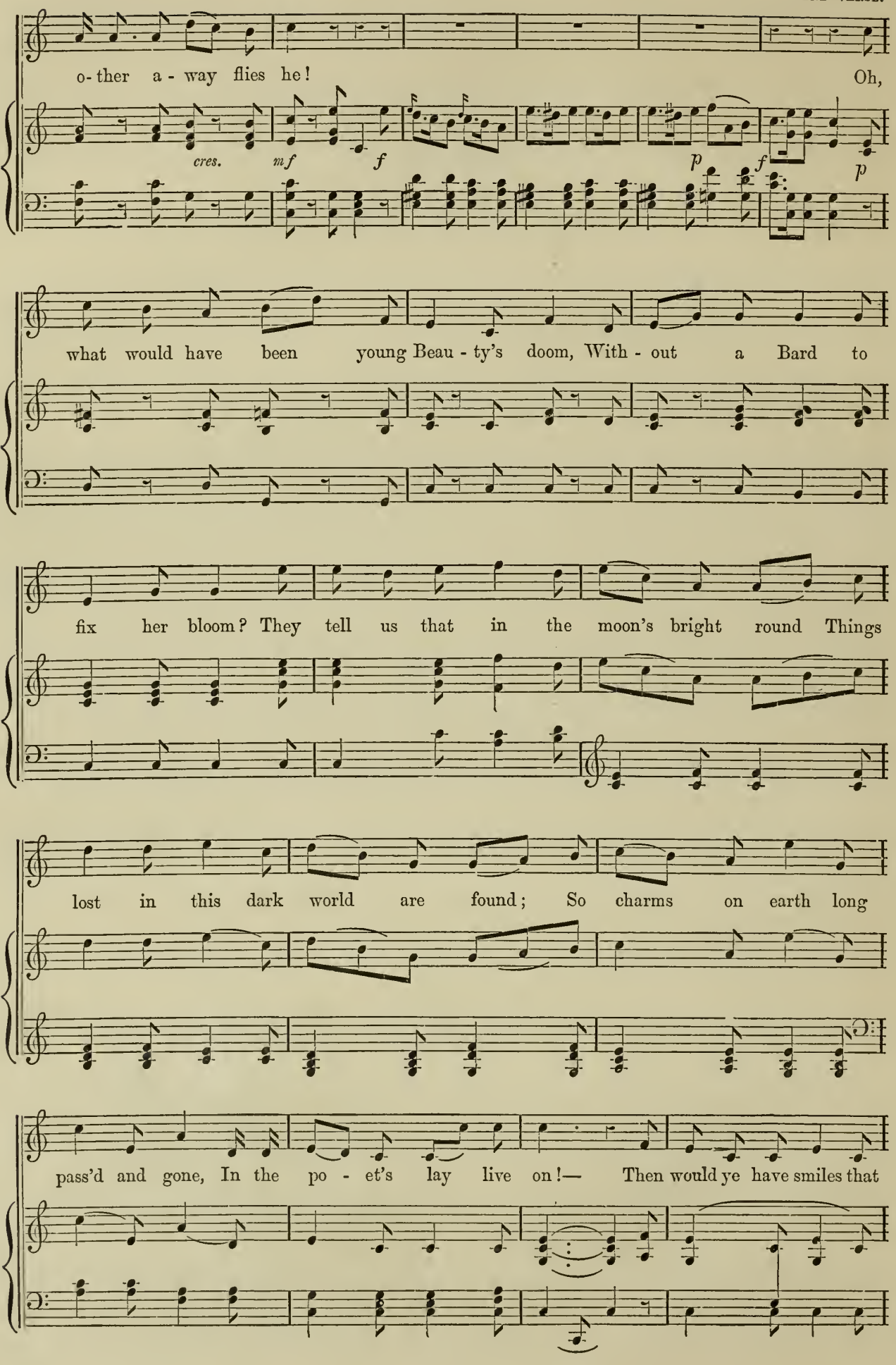
# THE WANDERING BARD.

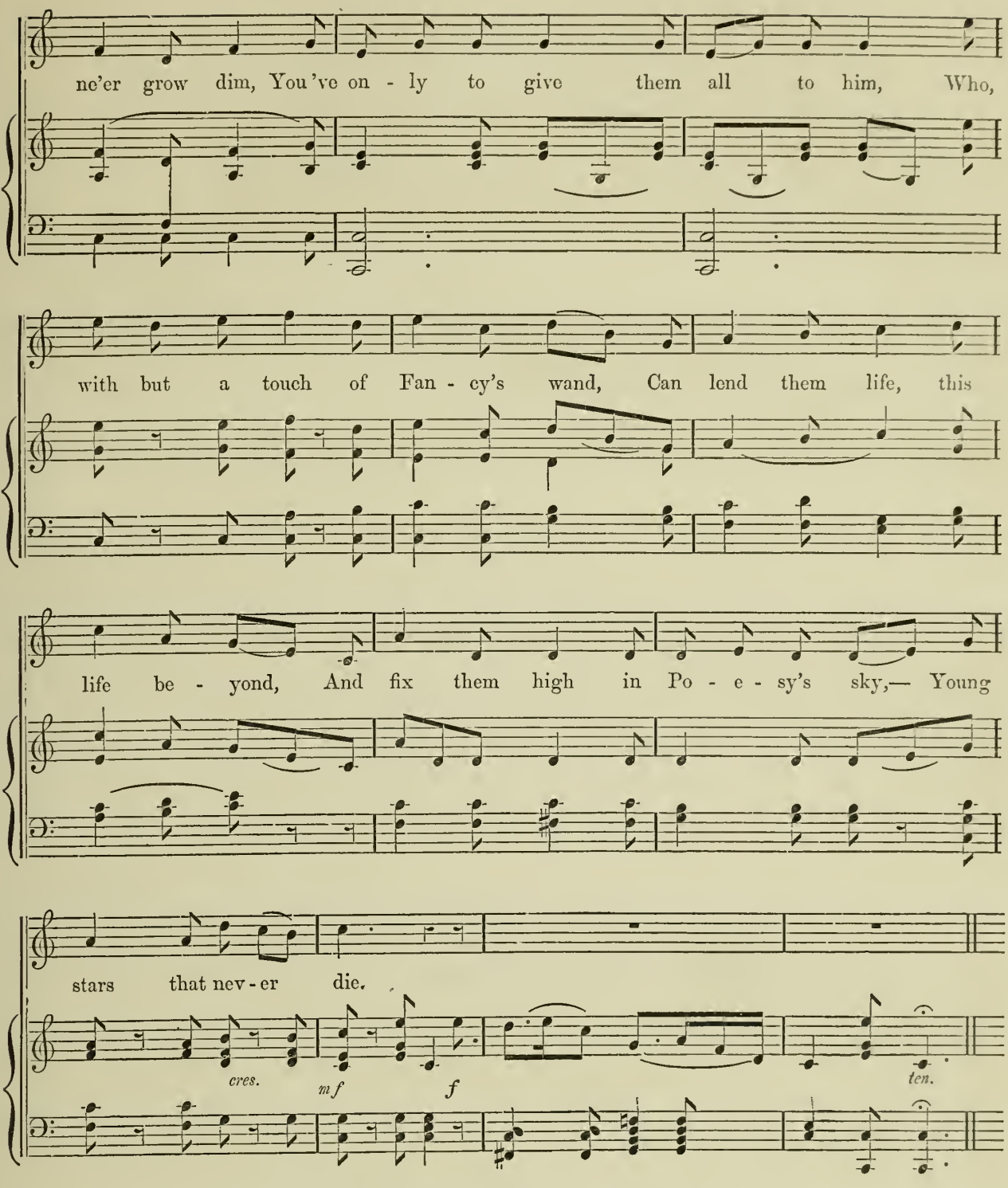
## WHAT LIFE LIKE THAT OF THE BARD CAN BE.




like that lark, a mu - sic brings With - in him, wher - e'er he
comes or goes,—A fount that for ev - er flows! The world's to him like
some bright ground, Where fai - ries dance their moon - light round;— If
dimm'd the turf where late they trod, The elves but seek some
green - er sod; So, when less bright his scene of glee, To an-

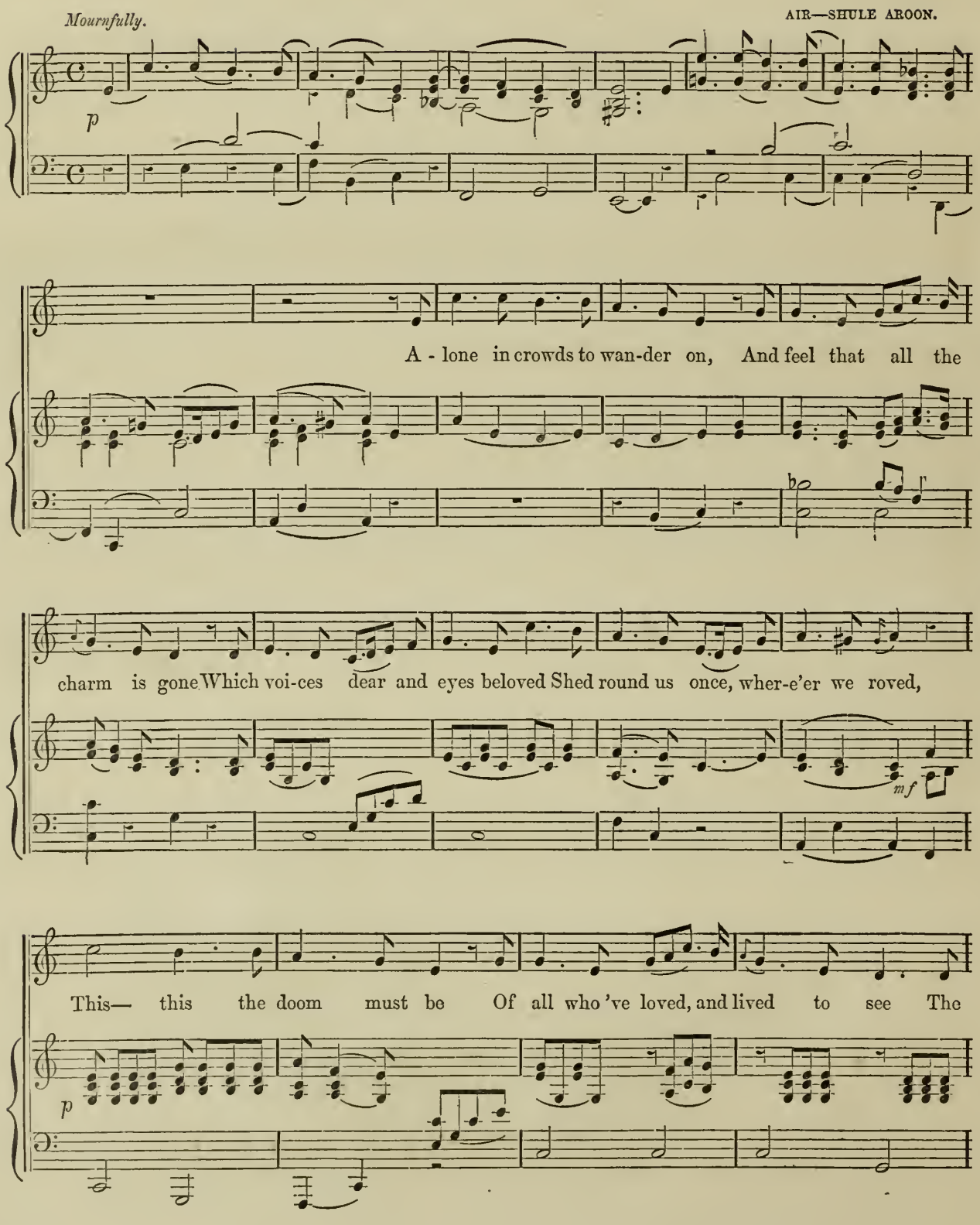
2ND VERSE.


o-ther a-way flies he! Oh,
cres.
mf
f
p
f
p
what would have been young Beau-ty's doom, With-out a Bard to
fix her bloom? They tell us that in the moon's bright round Things
lost in this dark world are found; So charms on earth long
pass'd and gone, In the po-et's lay live on!— Then would ye have smiles that


ne'er grow dim, You've on - ly to give them all to him, Who,
with but a touch of Fan - cy's wand, Can lend them life, this
life be - yond, And fix them high in Po - e - sy's sky,— Young
stars that nev - er die.
cres.
mf
f
ten.

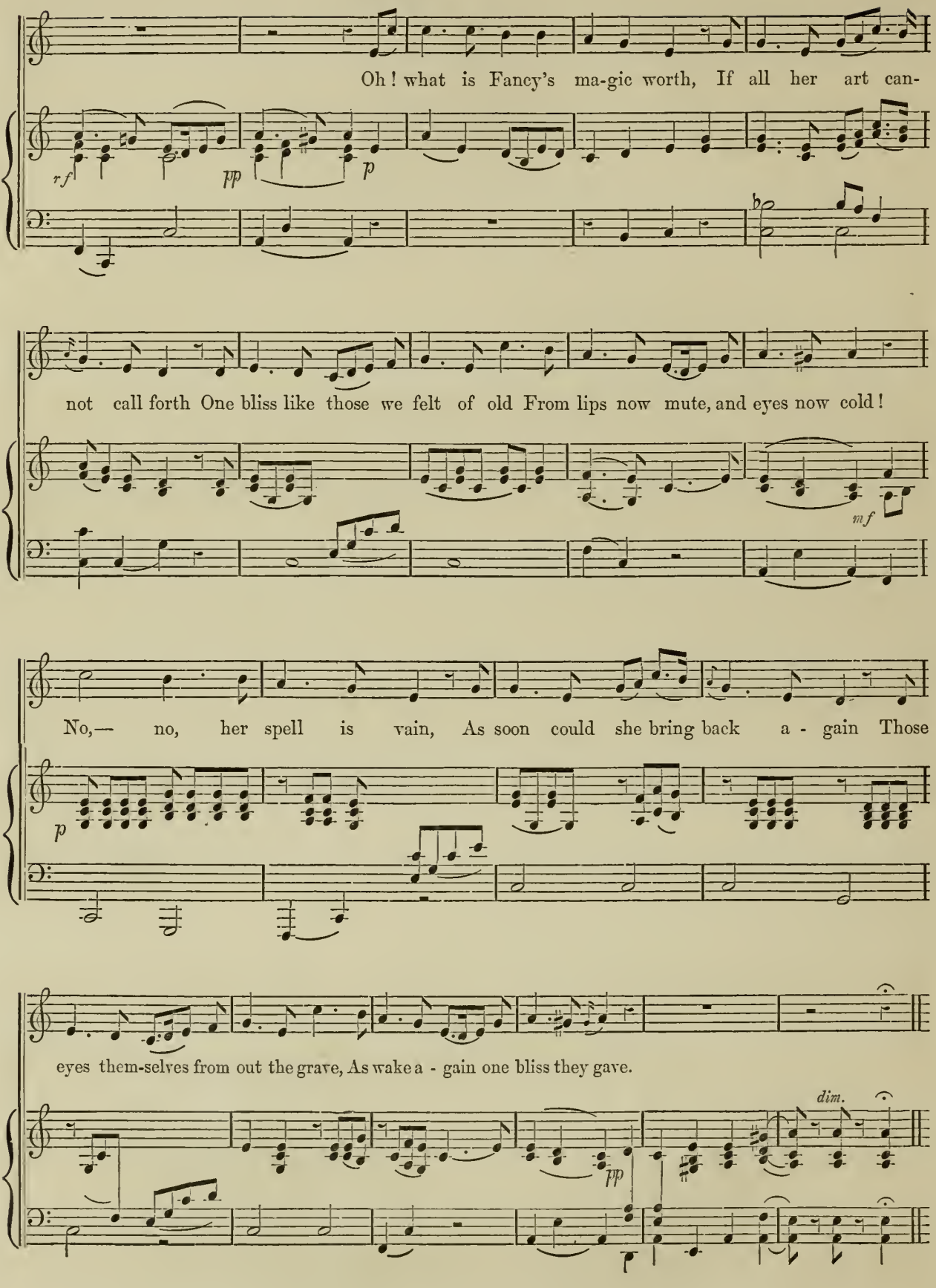
Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes,—
For, though he hath countless airy homes,
To which his wing excursive roves,
Yet still, from time to time, he loves
To light upon earth and find such cheer
As brightens our banquet here.
No matter how fleet, how far he flies,
You've only to light up kind young eyes,—
Such signal-fires as here are given,—
And down he 'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
The minute such call to love or mirth
Proclaims he 's wanting on earth!

# ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

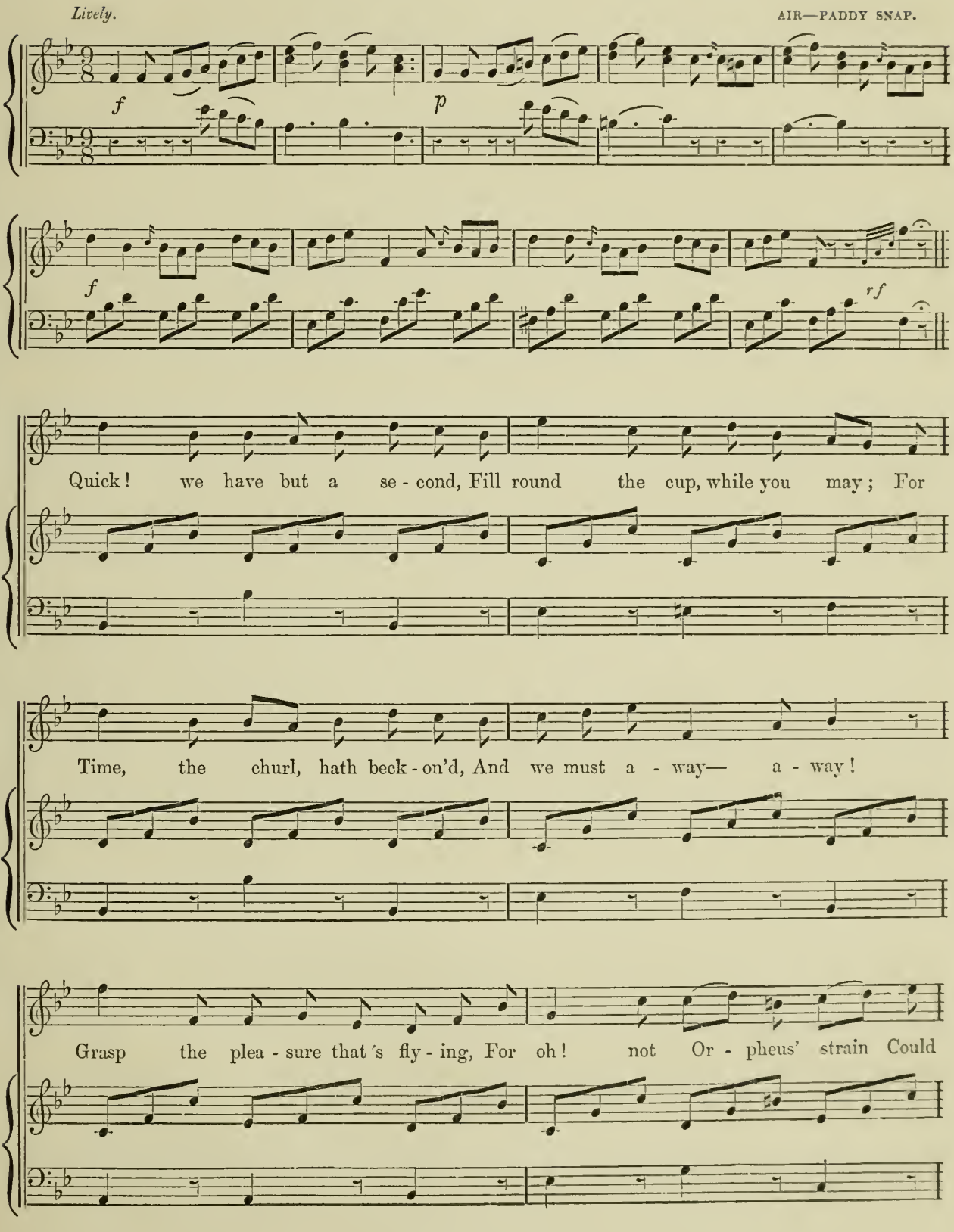

Mournfully.
AIR—SHULE AROON.
p
A - lone in crowds to wan-der on, And feel that all the
charm is gone Which voi-ces dear and eyes beloved Shed round us once, wher-e'er we roved,
mf
This— this the doom must be Of all who 've loved, and lived to see The
p

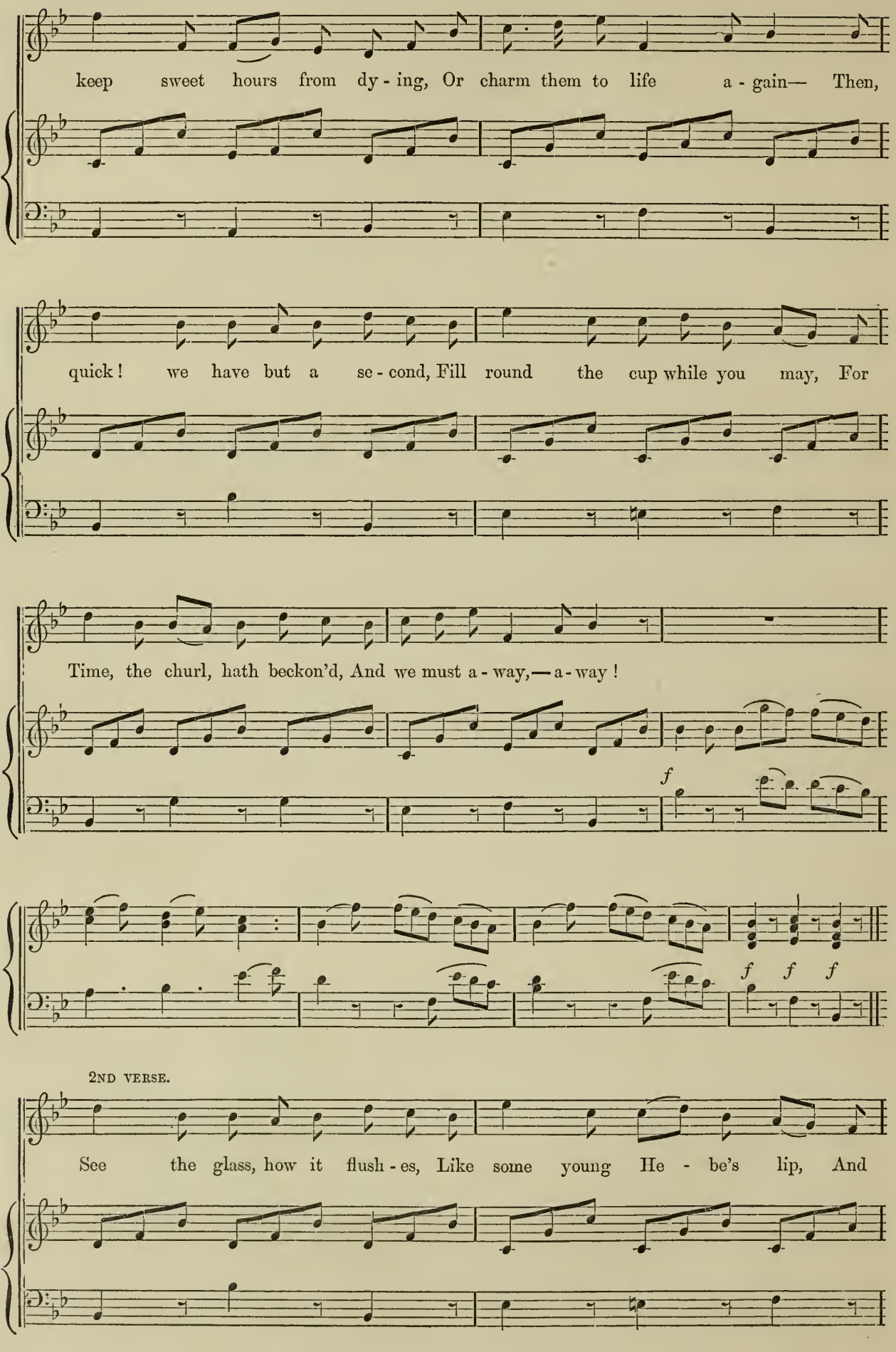
few bright things they thought would stay For ev-er near them, die a-way.
cres.
pp
2ND VERSE.
Tho' fair - er forms a-round us throng, Their smiles to o - thers
ff
p
pp
all be-long, And want that light which dwells alone Round those the fond heart calls its own.
mf
Where, where the sun-ny brow? The long-known voice—where are they now? Thus
p
ask I still, nor ask in vain,—The si - lence an - swers all too plain.
f

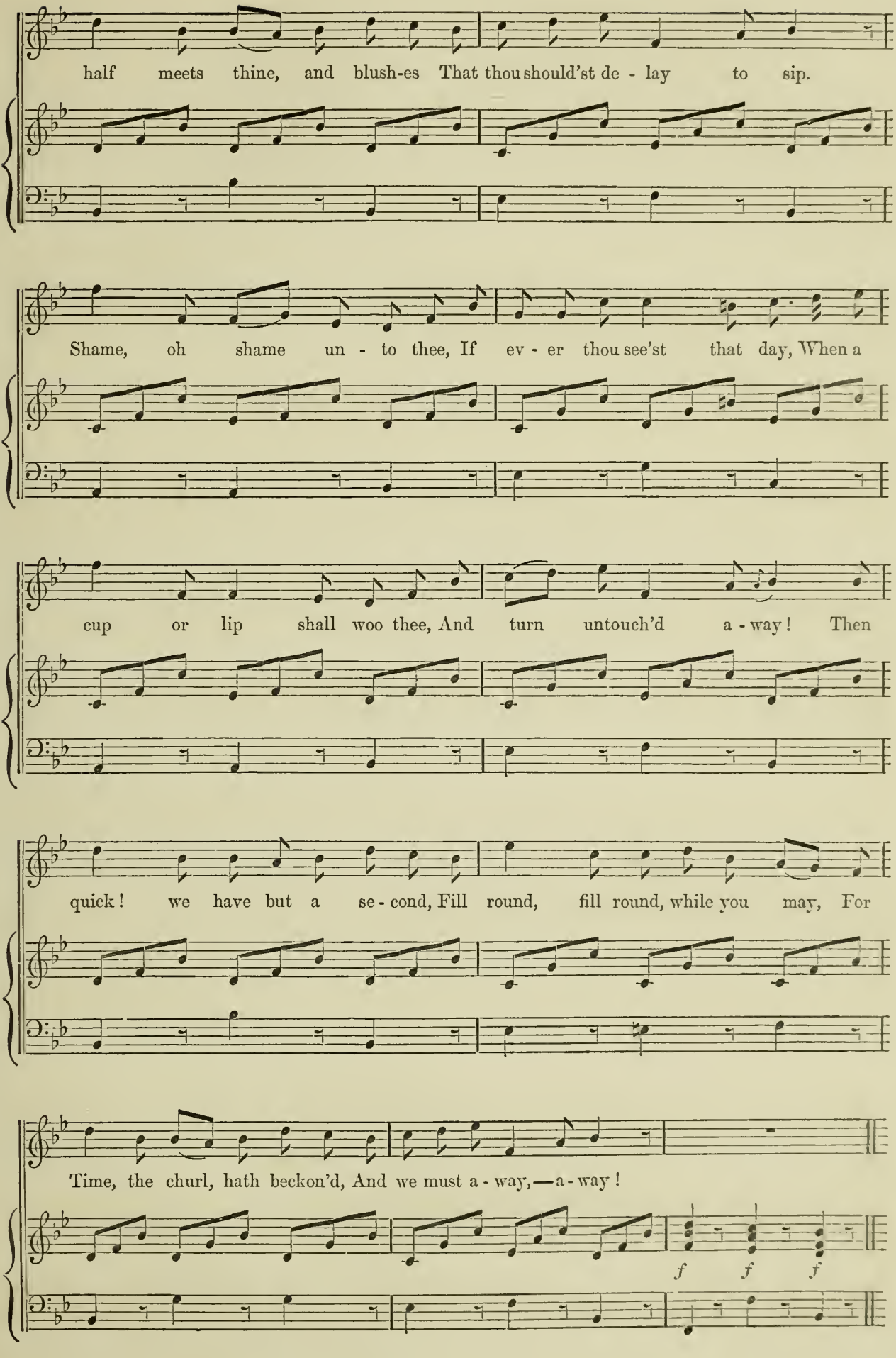
3RD VERSE.


Oh! what is Fancy's ma-gic worth, If all her art can-
rf
pp
p
not call forth One bliss like those we felt of old From lips now mute, and eyes now cold!
mf
No,— no, her spell is vain, As soon could she bring back a - gain Those
p
eyes them-selves from out the grave, As wake a - gain one bliss they gave.
dim.
pp

# QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

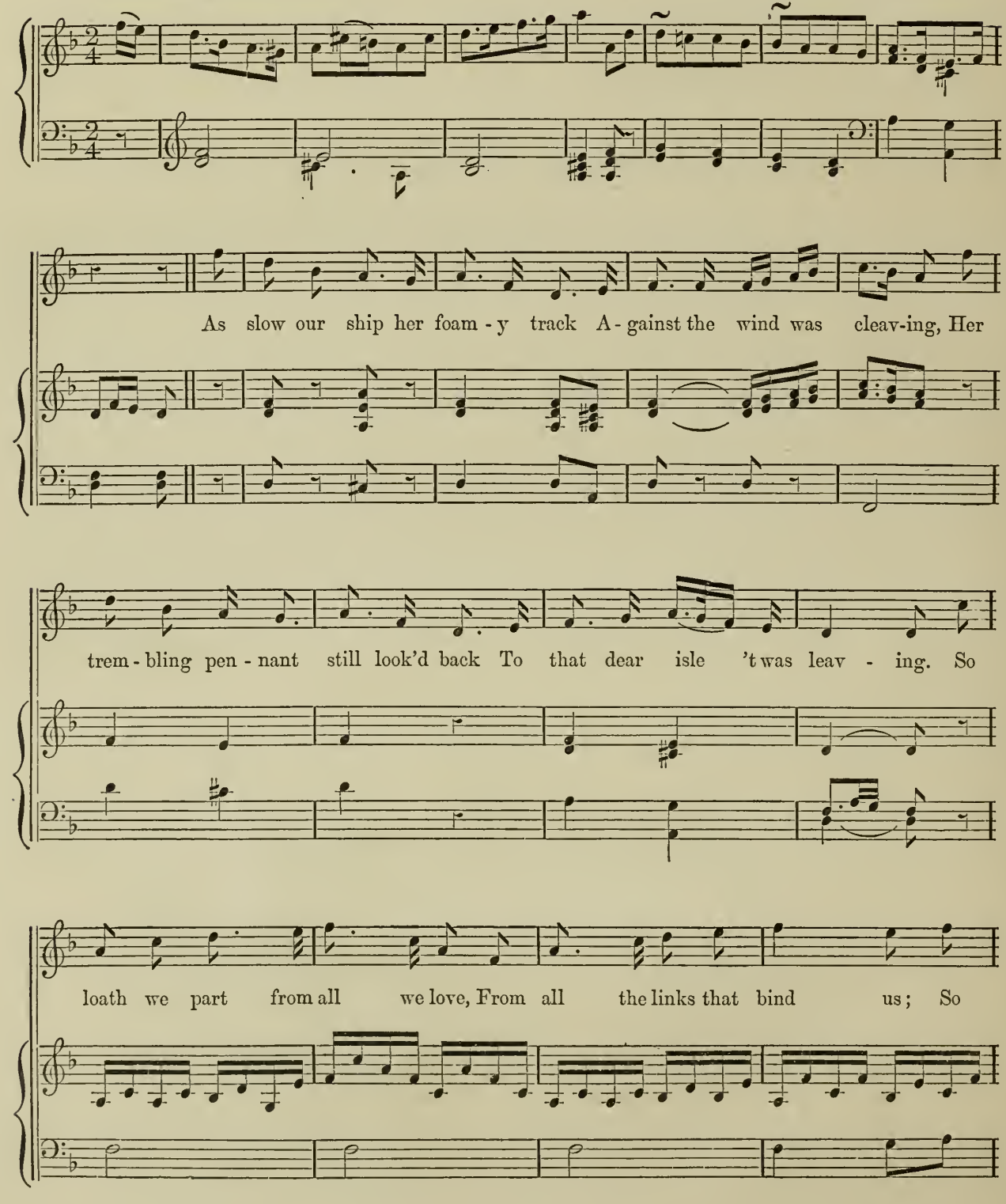

Lively.
AIR—PADDY SNAP.
f
p
f
rf
Quick! we have but a se - cond, Fill round the cup, while you may; For
Time, the churl, hath beck - on'd, And we must a - way— a - way!
Grasp the plea - sure that 's fly - ing, For oh! not Or - pheus' strain Could

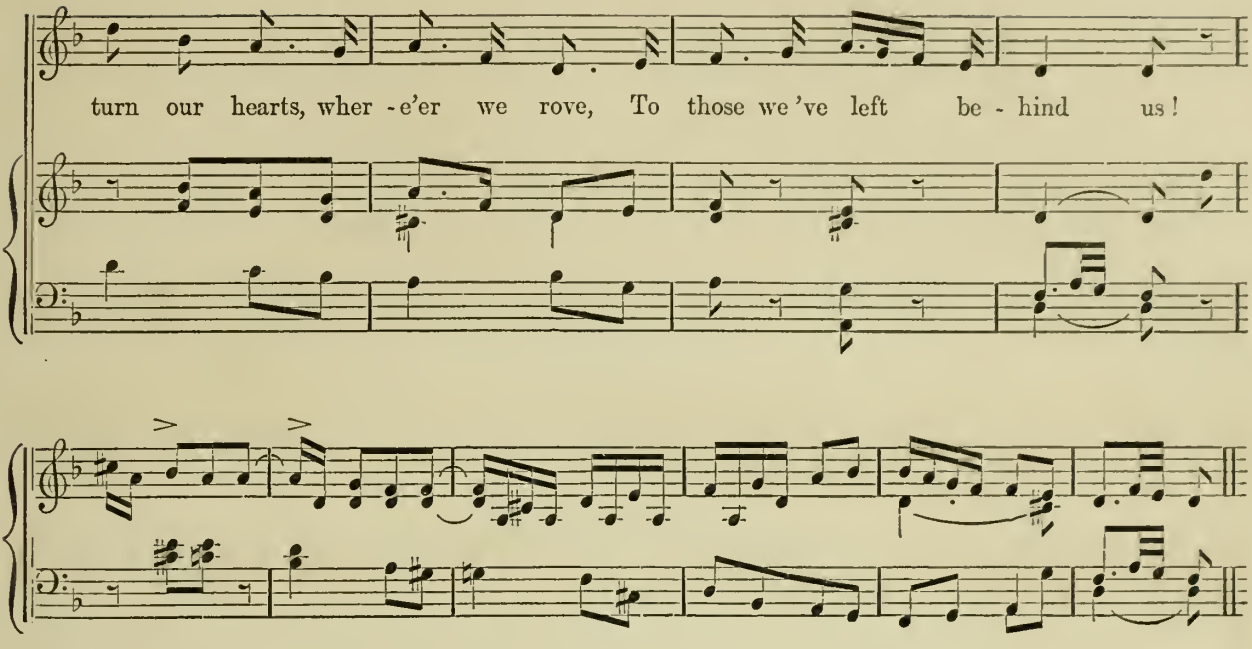

keep sweet hours from dy - ing, Or charm them to life a - gain— Then,
quick! we have but a se - cond, Fill round the cup while you may, For
Time, the churl, hath beckon'd, And we must a - way,— a - way!
f
f f f
2ND VERSE.
See the glass, how it flush - es, Like some young He - be's lip, And


half meets thine, and blush-es That thou should'st de - lay to sip.
Shame, oh shame un - to thee, If ev - er thou see'st that day, When a
cup or lip shall woo thee, And turn untouch'd a - way! Then
quick! we have but a se - cond, Fill round, fill round, while you may, For
Time, the churl, hath beckon'd, And we must a - way,—a - way!
f f f

# AS SLOW OUR SHIP HER FOAMY TRACK.

*In moderate time and with expression.* AIR—THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.


As slow our ship her foam - y track A - gainst the wind was cleav-ing, Her
trem - bling pen - nant still look'd back To that dear isle 't was leav - ing. So
loath we part from all we love, From all the links that bind us; So




II.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming,
And smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming ;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh sweet 's the cup that circles then
To those we 've left behind us!

III.

And, when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting ;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we 've left behind us!

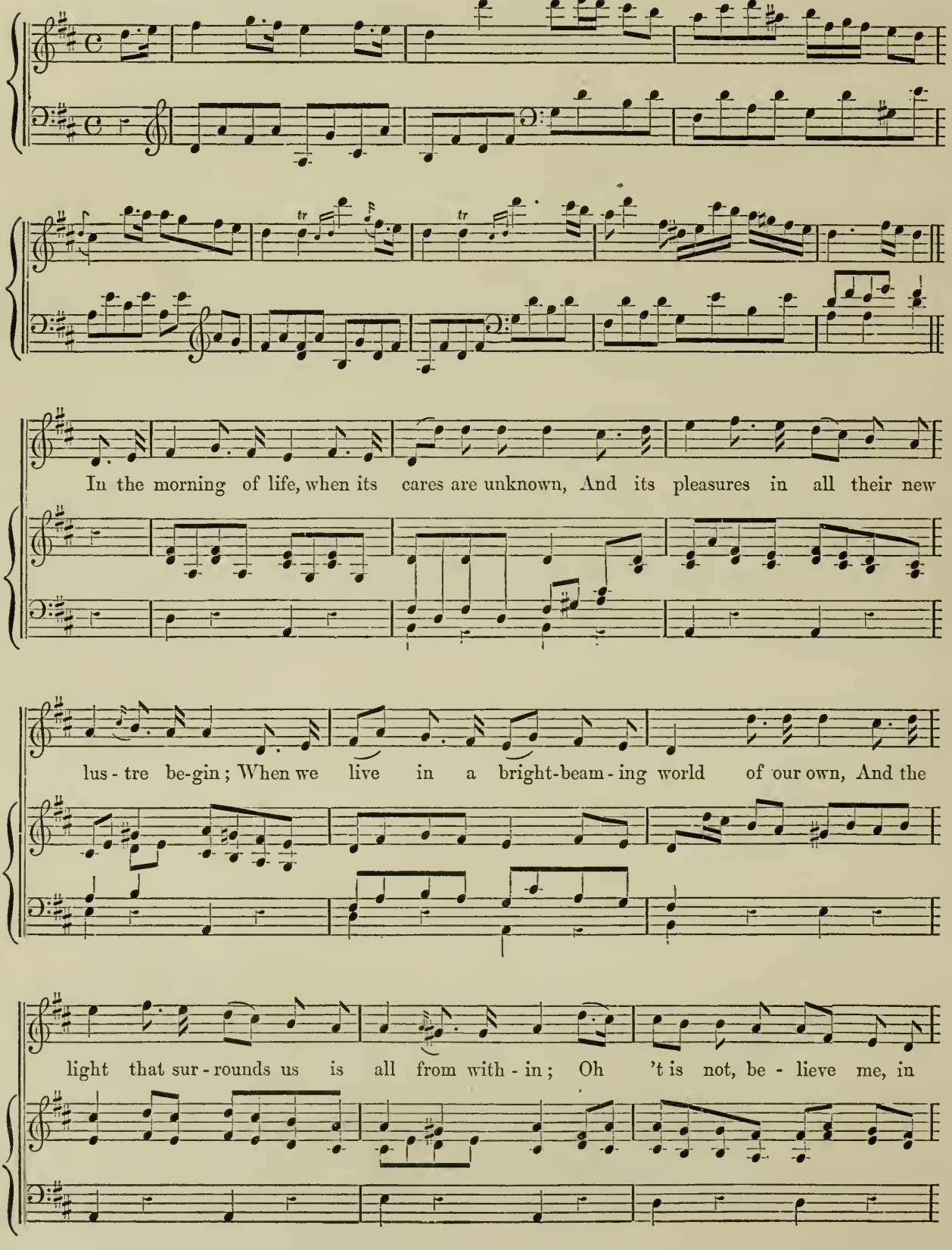
IV.

As trav'llers oft look back, at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that 's left behind us.

# IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

*In moderate time and with feeling.*

AIR—THE LITTLE HARVEST ROSE.


In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown, And its pleasures in all their new
lus - tre be-gin; When we live in a bright-beam - ing world of our own, And the
light that sur - rounds us is all from with - in; Oh 't is not, be - lieve me, in

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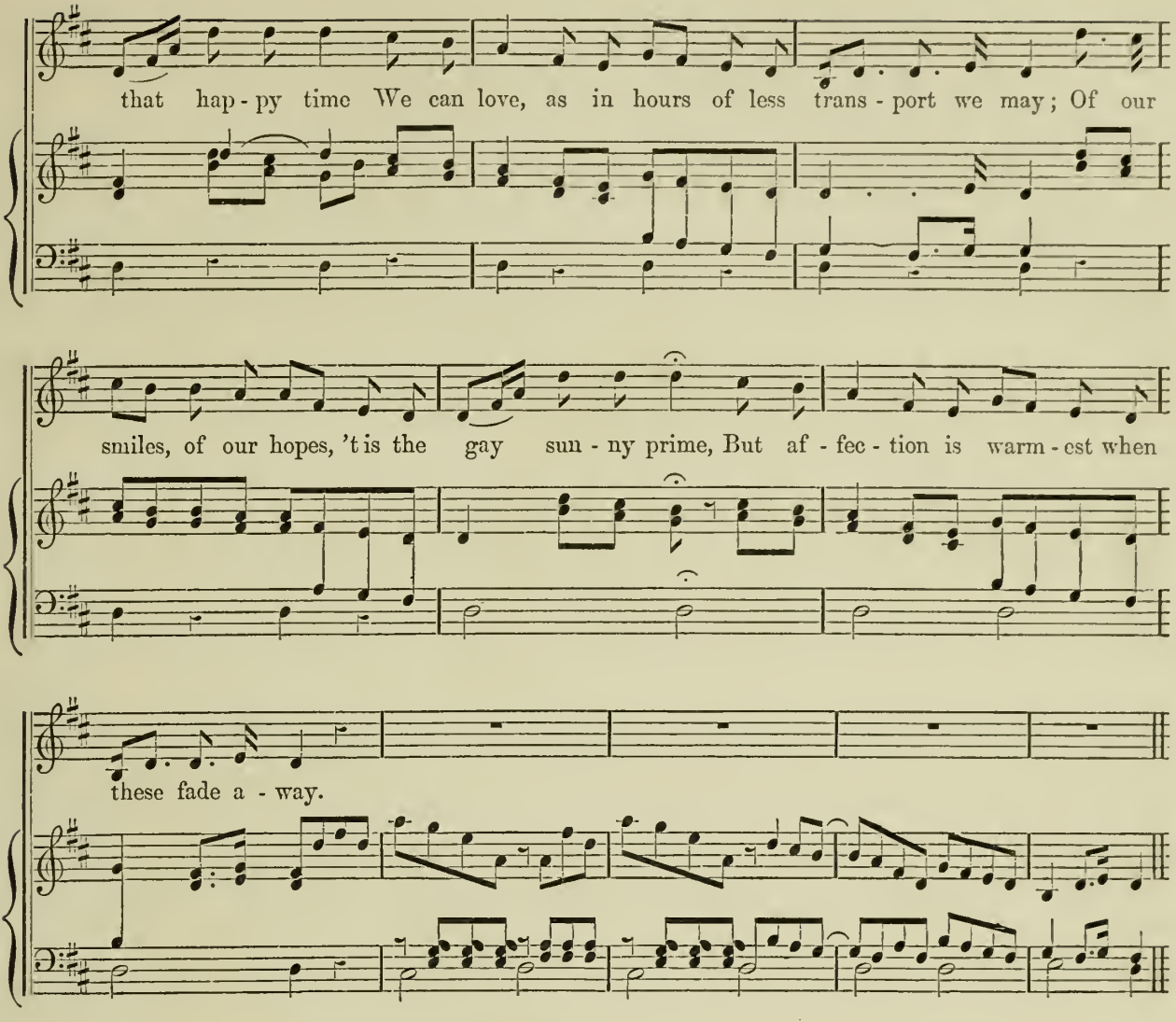

that hap - py time We can love, as in hours of less trans - port we may; Of our
smiles, of our hopes, 't is the gay sun - ny prime, But af - fec - tion is warm - est when
these fade a - way.

II.

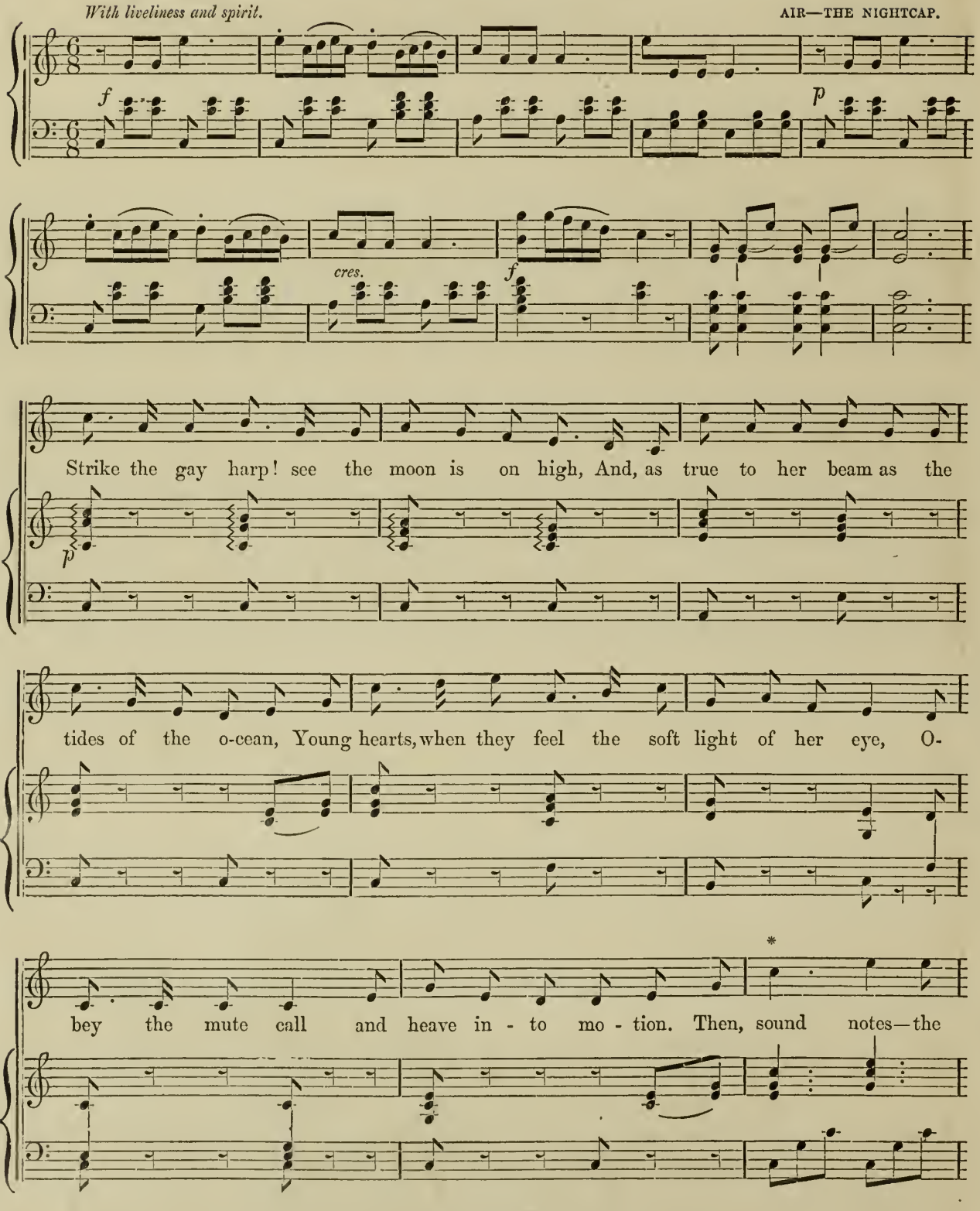
When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
Now tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the Love, born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is true!

III.

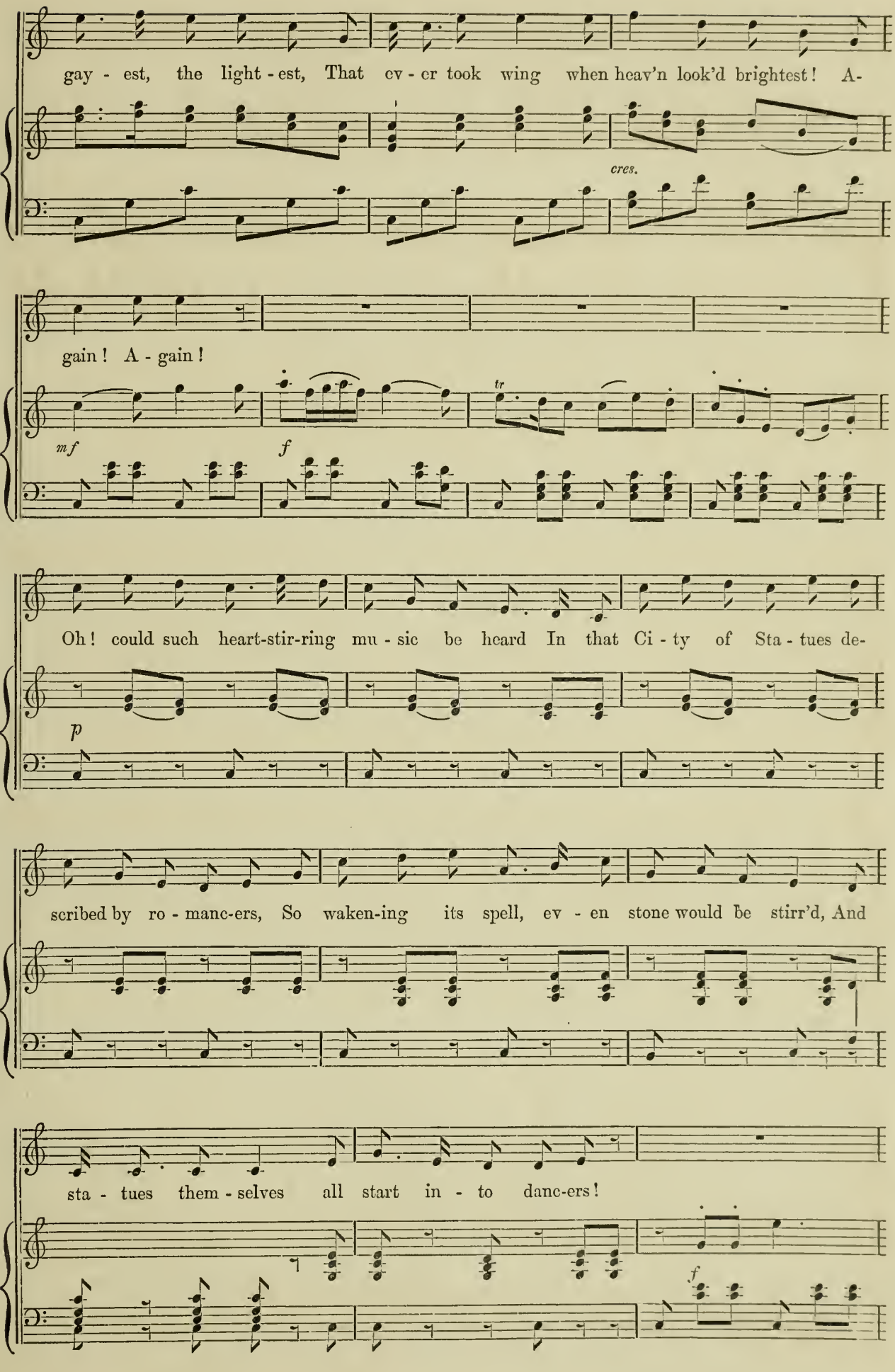
In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about;
'T is the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies,
That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 't is only in grief true affection appears;—
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

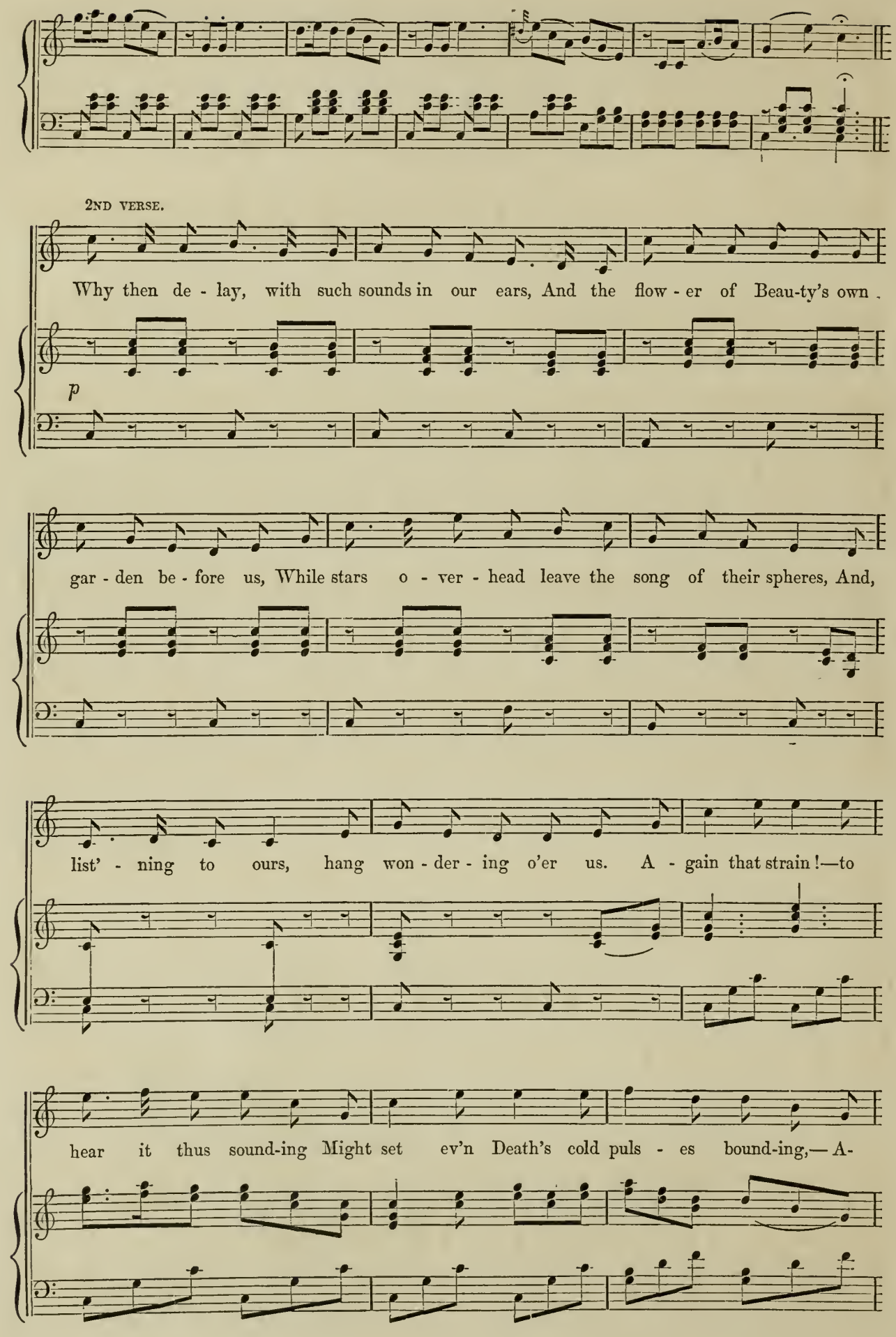
# THE NIGHT-DANCE.

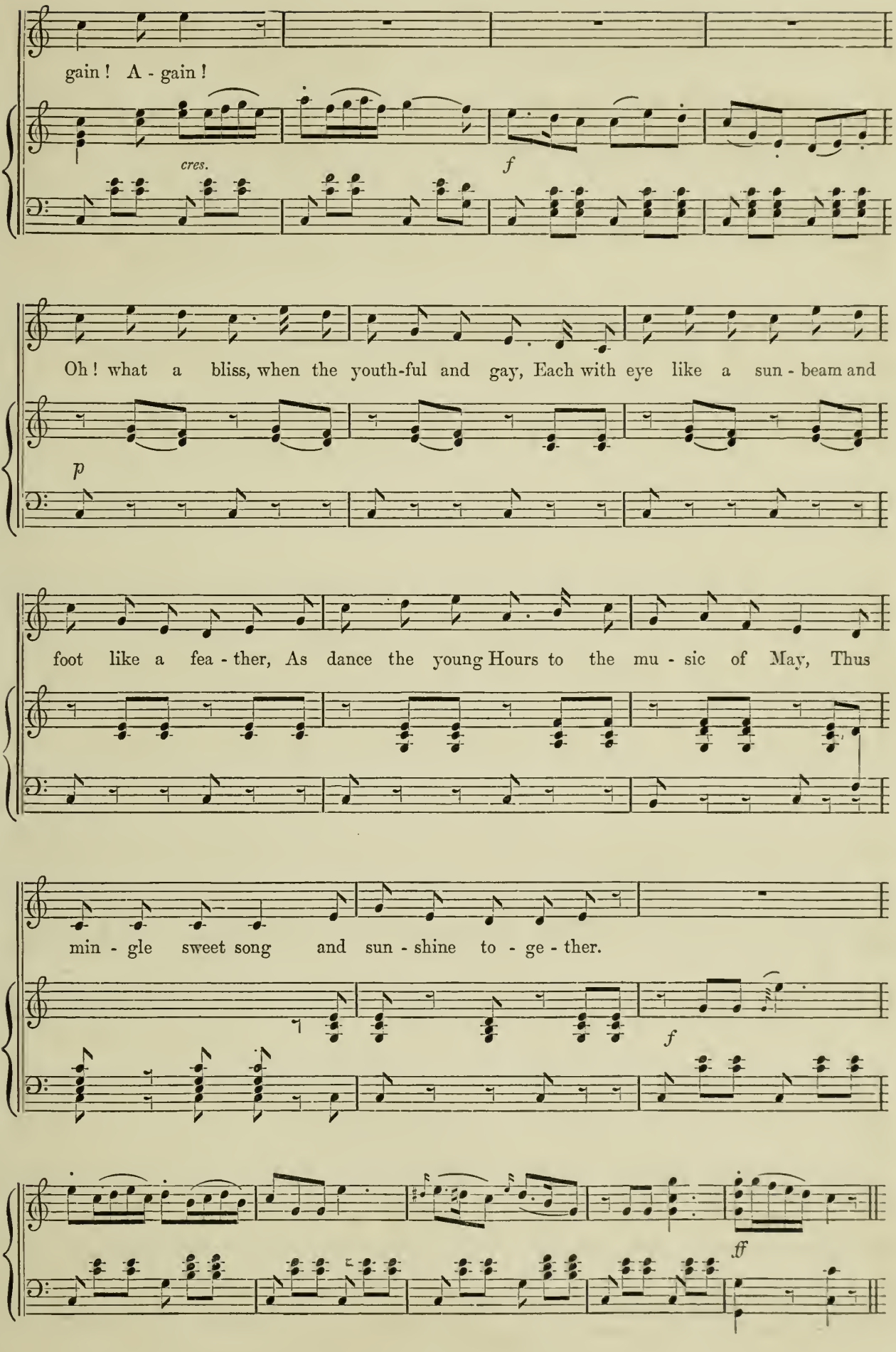
## STRIKE THE GAY HARP! SEE THE MOON IS ON HIGH.


With liveliness and spirit.
AIR—THE NIGHTCAP.
f
p
cres.
f
Strike the gay harp! see the moon is on high, And, as true to her beam as the
p
tides of the o-cean, Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye, O-
bey the mute call and heave in - to mo - tion. Then, sound notes—the
*

* It is right to mention that the Air is, in this and the seven following bars, transferred to the accompaniment and symphony, being too high for the voice.

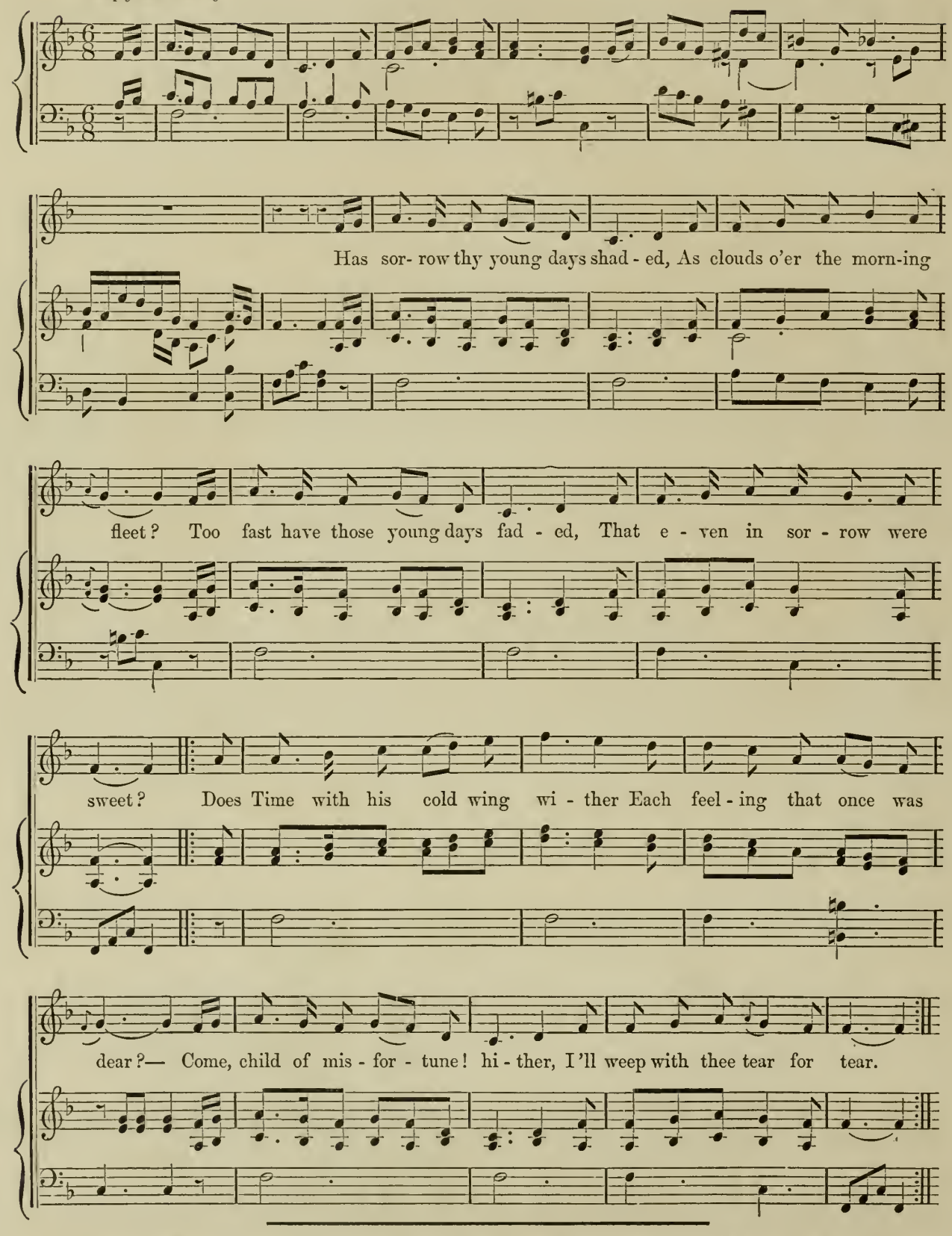

gay - est, the light - est, That ev - er took wing when heav'n look'd brightest! A-
cres.
gain! A - gain!
mf
f
tr
Oh! could such heart-stir-ring mu - sic be heard In that Ci - ty of Sta - tues de-
p
scribed by ro - manc-ers, So waken-ing its spell, ev - en stone would be stirr'd, And
sta - tues them - selves all start in - to danc-ers!
f


2ND VERSE.
Why then de - lay, with such sounds in our ears, And the flow - er of Beau-ty's own
p
gar - den be - fore us, While stars o - ver - head leave the song of their spheres, And,
list' - ning to ours, hang won - der - ing o'er us. A - gain that strain!—to
hear it thus sound-ing Might set ev'n Death's cold puls - es bound-ing,— A-


gain! A - gain!
cres.
f
Oh! what a bliss, when the youth-ful and gay, Each with eye like a sun - beam and
p
foot like a fea - ther, As dance the young Hours to the mu - sic of May, Thus
min - gle sweet song and sun - shine to - ge - ther.
f
ff

# HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

*Simply and tenderly.* AIR—SLY PATRICK.*


Has sor- row thy young days shad - ed, As clouds o'er the morn-ing
fleet? Too fast have those young days fad - ed, That e - ven in sor - row were
sweet? Does Time with his cold wing wi - ther Each feel - ing that once was
dear?— Come, child of mis - for - tune! hi - ther, I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

* To the Gentleman who favoured me with this Air, I am indebted for many other old and beautiful Melodies, from which, if ever we resume this Work, I shall be able to make a very interesting selection

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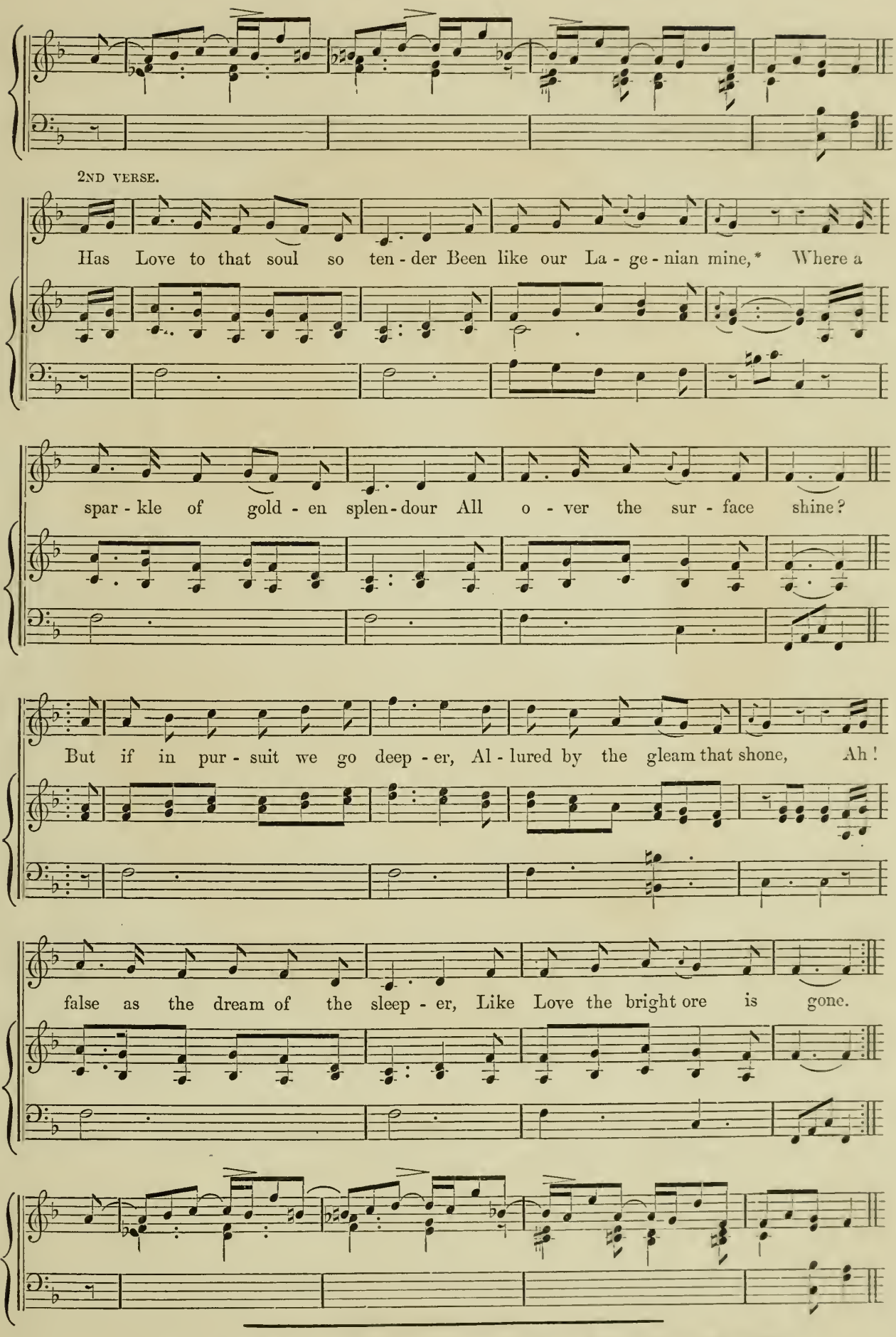
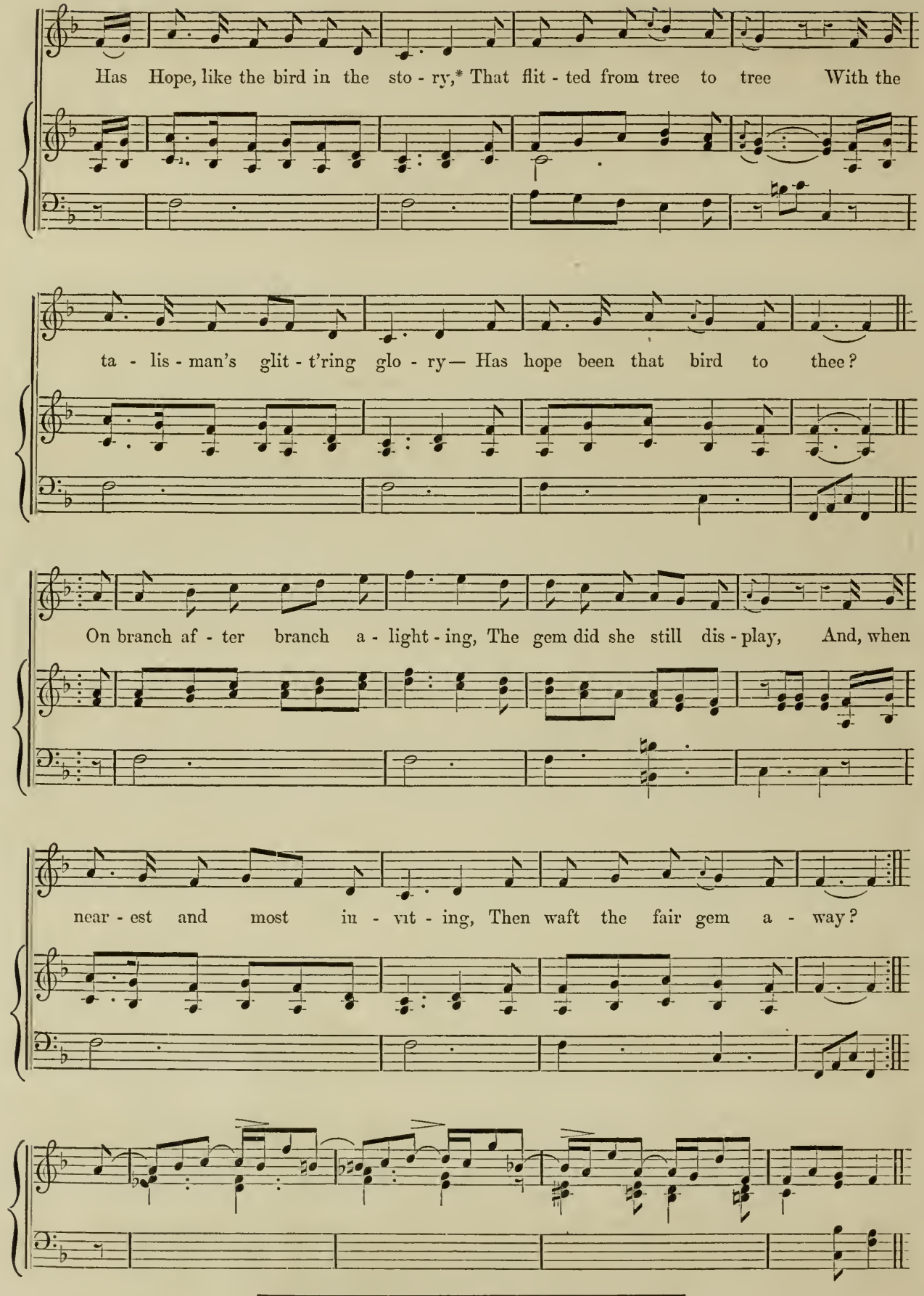

2ND VERSE.
Has Love to that soul so ten - der Been like our La - ge - nian mine,* Where a
spar - kle of gold - en splen - dour All o - ver the sur - face shine?
But if in pur - suit we go deep - er, Al - lured by the gleam that shone, Ah!
false as the dream of the sleep - er, Like Love the bright ore is gone.

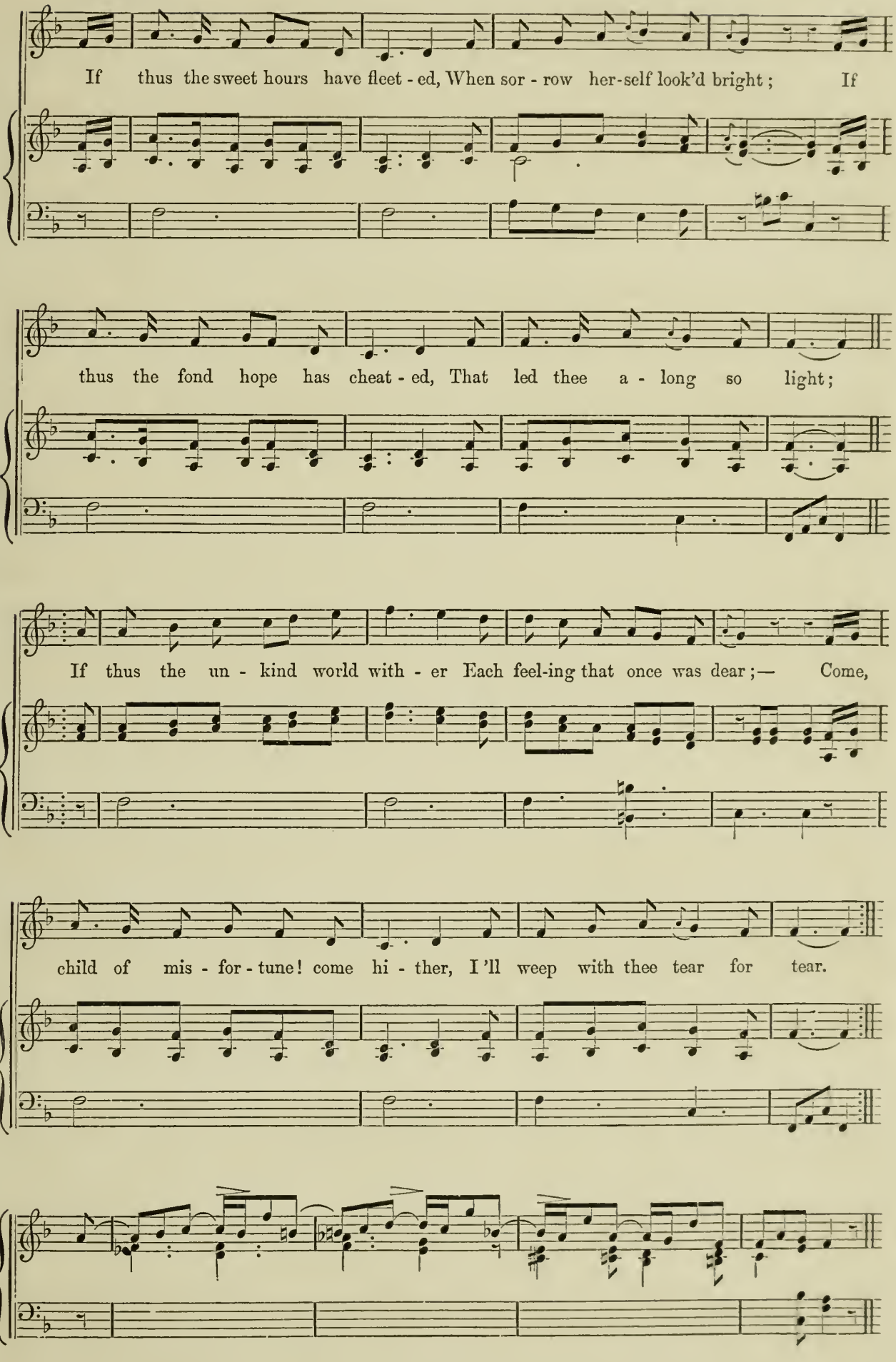
* Our Wicklow Gold-Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

3RD VERSE.

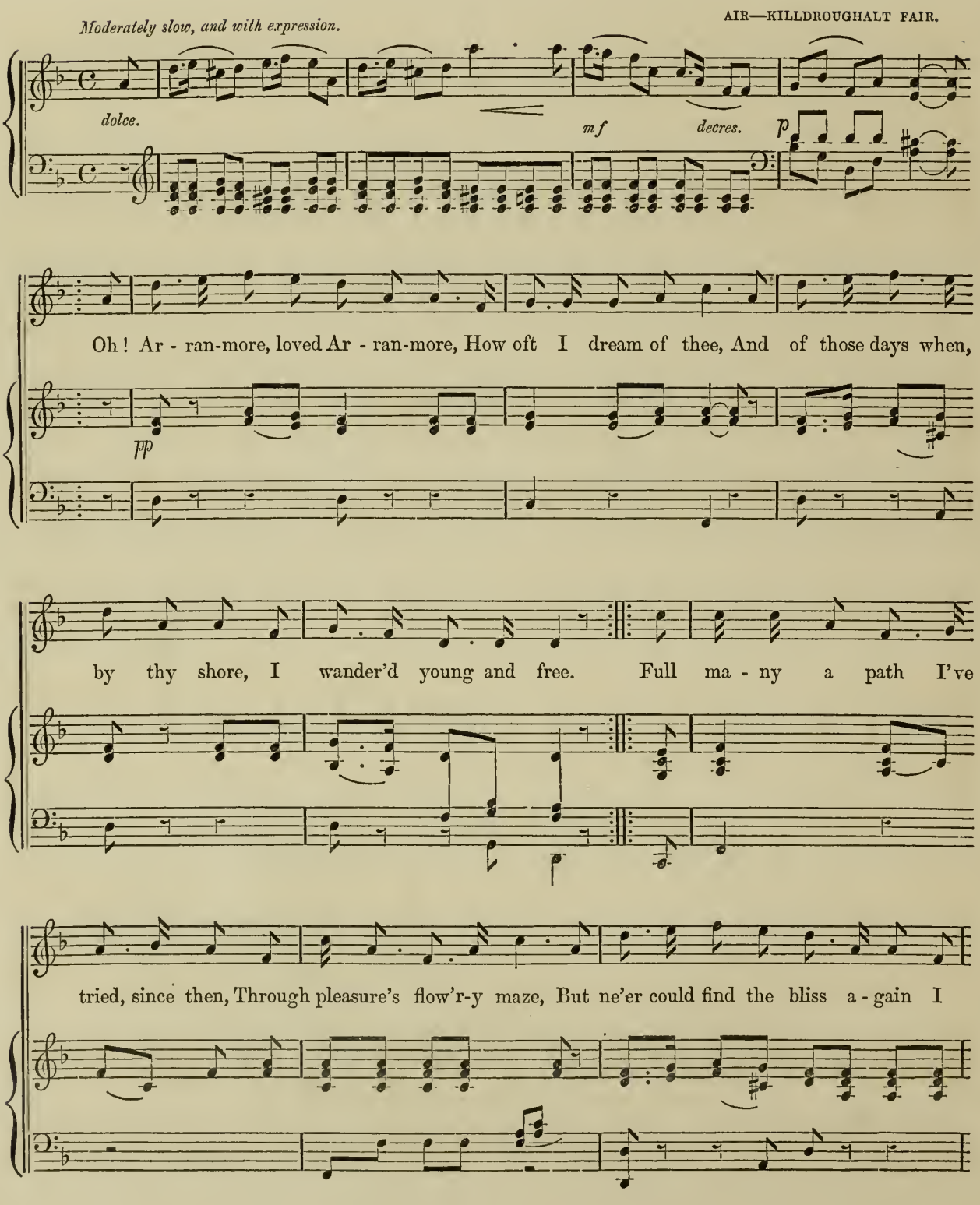

Has Hope, like the bird in the sto - ry,* That flit - ted from tree to tree With the
ta - lis - man's glit - t'ring glo - ry— Has hope been that bird to thee?
On branch af - ter branch a - light - ing, The gem did she still dis - play, And, when
near - est and most in - vit - ing, Then waft the fair gem a - way?

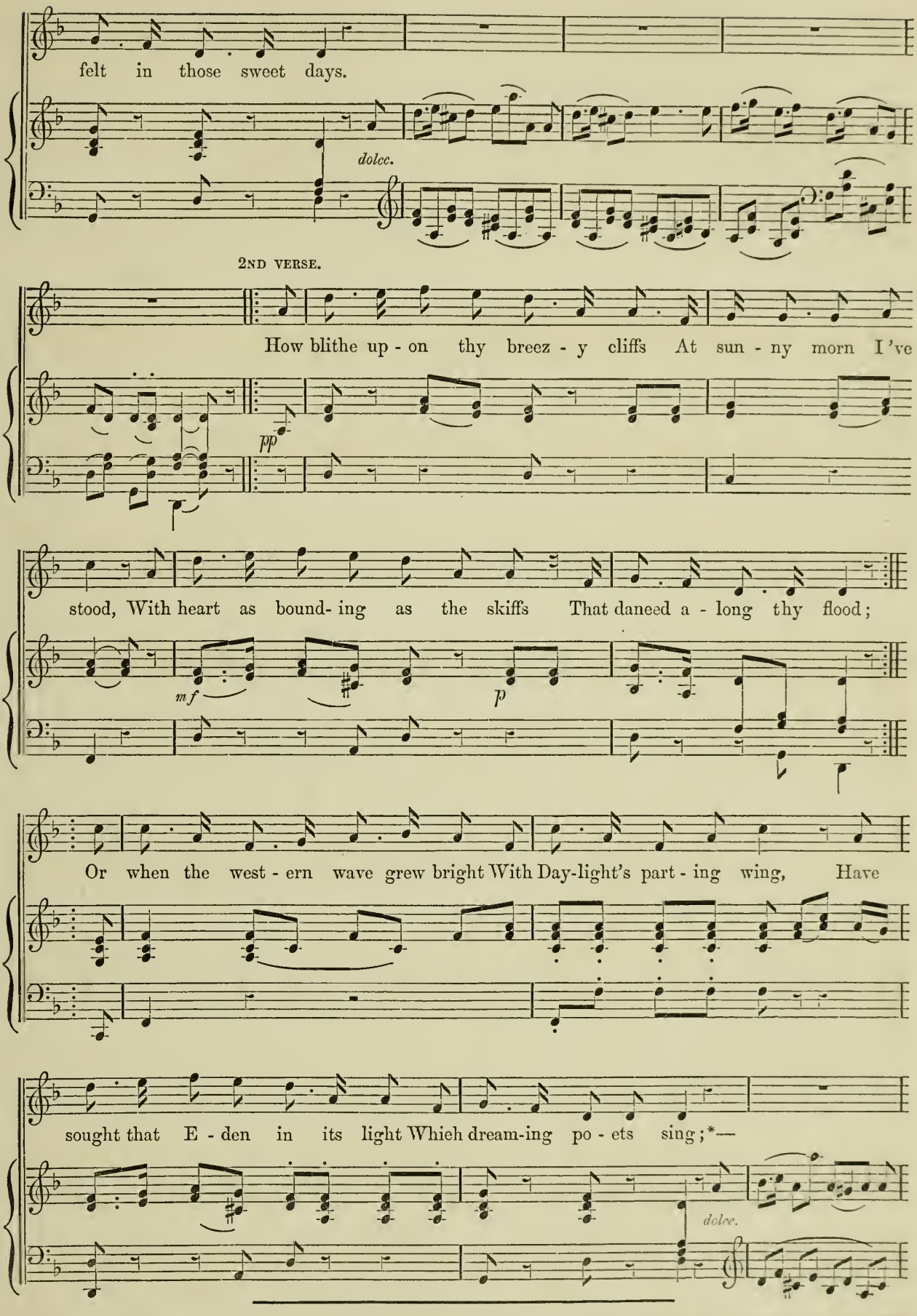
* "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—ARABIAN NIGHTS—*Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China*

4TH VERSE.

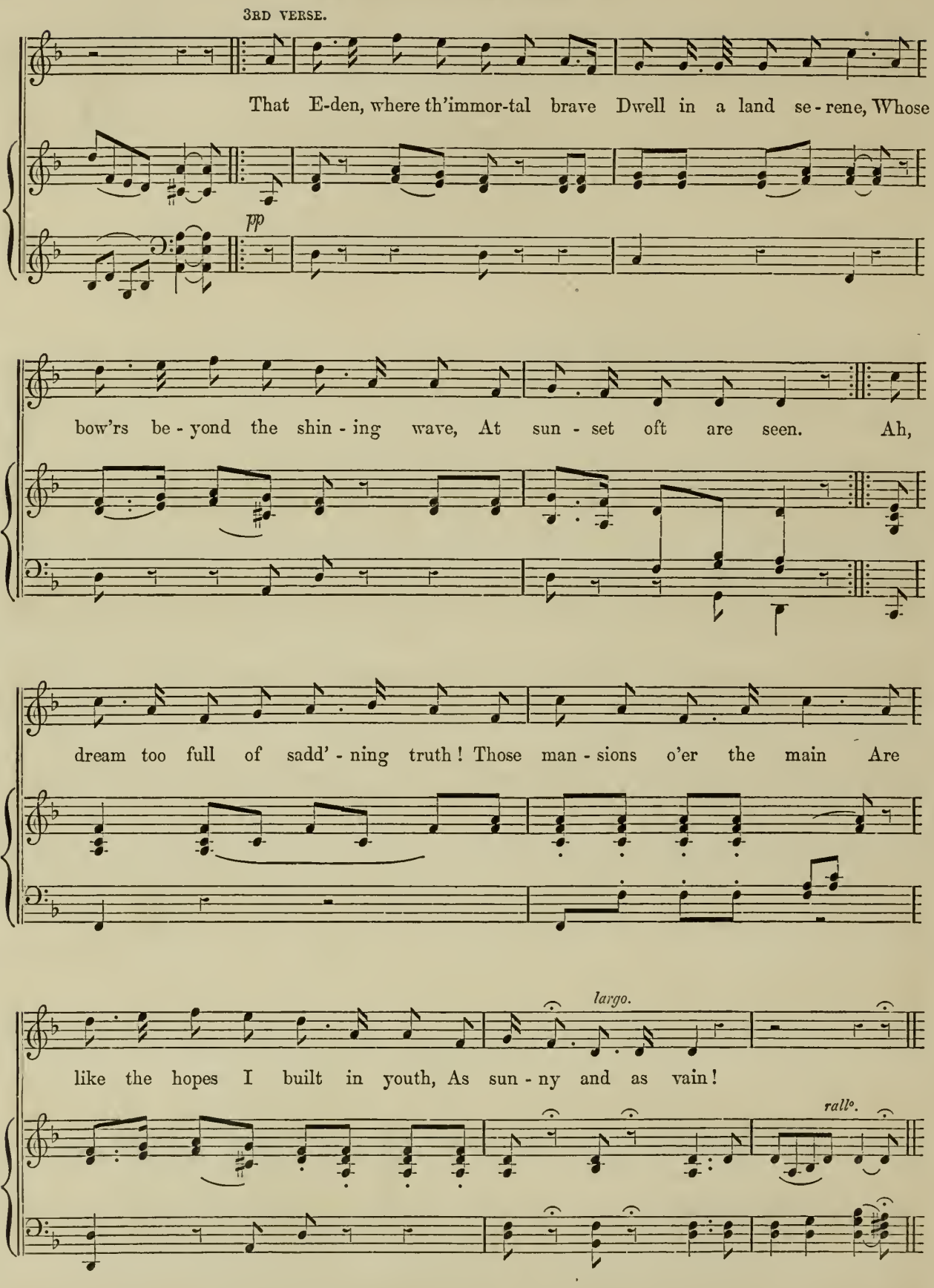

If thus the sweet hours have fleet - ed, When sor - row her-self look'd bright; If
thus the fond hope has cheat - ed, That led thee a - long so light;
If thus the un - kind world with - er Each feel-ing that once was dear;— Come,
child of mis - for - tune! come hi - ther, I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

# OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE.

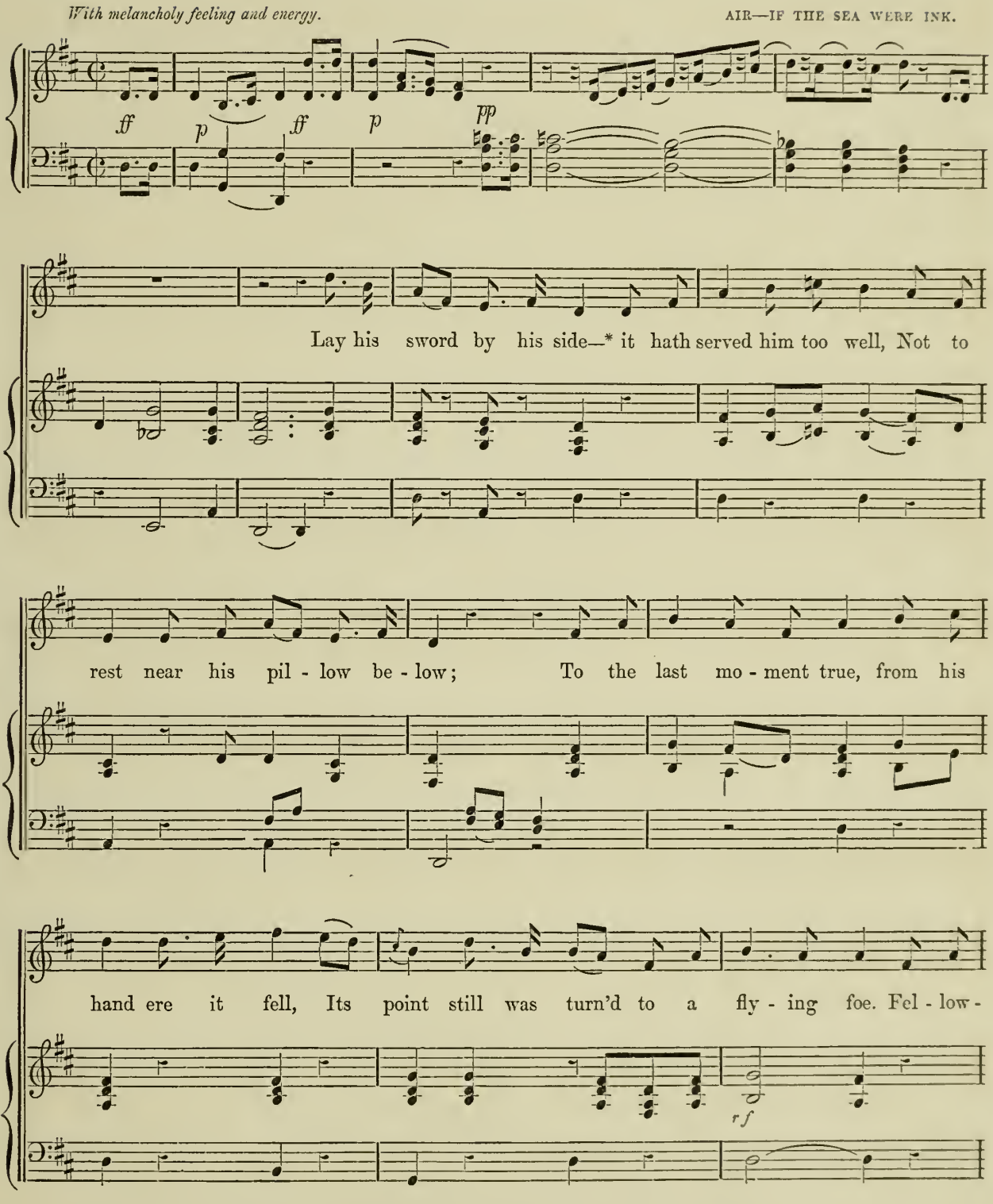

Moderately slow, and with expression.
AIR—KILLDROUGHALT FAIR.
dolce.
mf
decres.
p
Oh! Ar - ran-more, loved Ar - ran-more, How oft I dream of thee, And of those days when,
pp
by thy shore, I wander'd young and free. Full ma - ny a path I've
tried, since then, Through pleasure's flow'r-y maze, But ne'er could find the bliss a - gain I


felt in those sweet days.
dolce.
2ND VERSE.
How blithe up - on thy breez - y cliffs At sun - ny morn I've
pp
stood, With heart as bound- ing as the skiffs That daneed a - long thy flood;
mf
p
Or when the west - ern wave grew bright With Day-light's part - ing wing, Have
sought that E - den in its light Whieh dream-ing po - ets sing;*—
dolce.

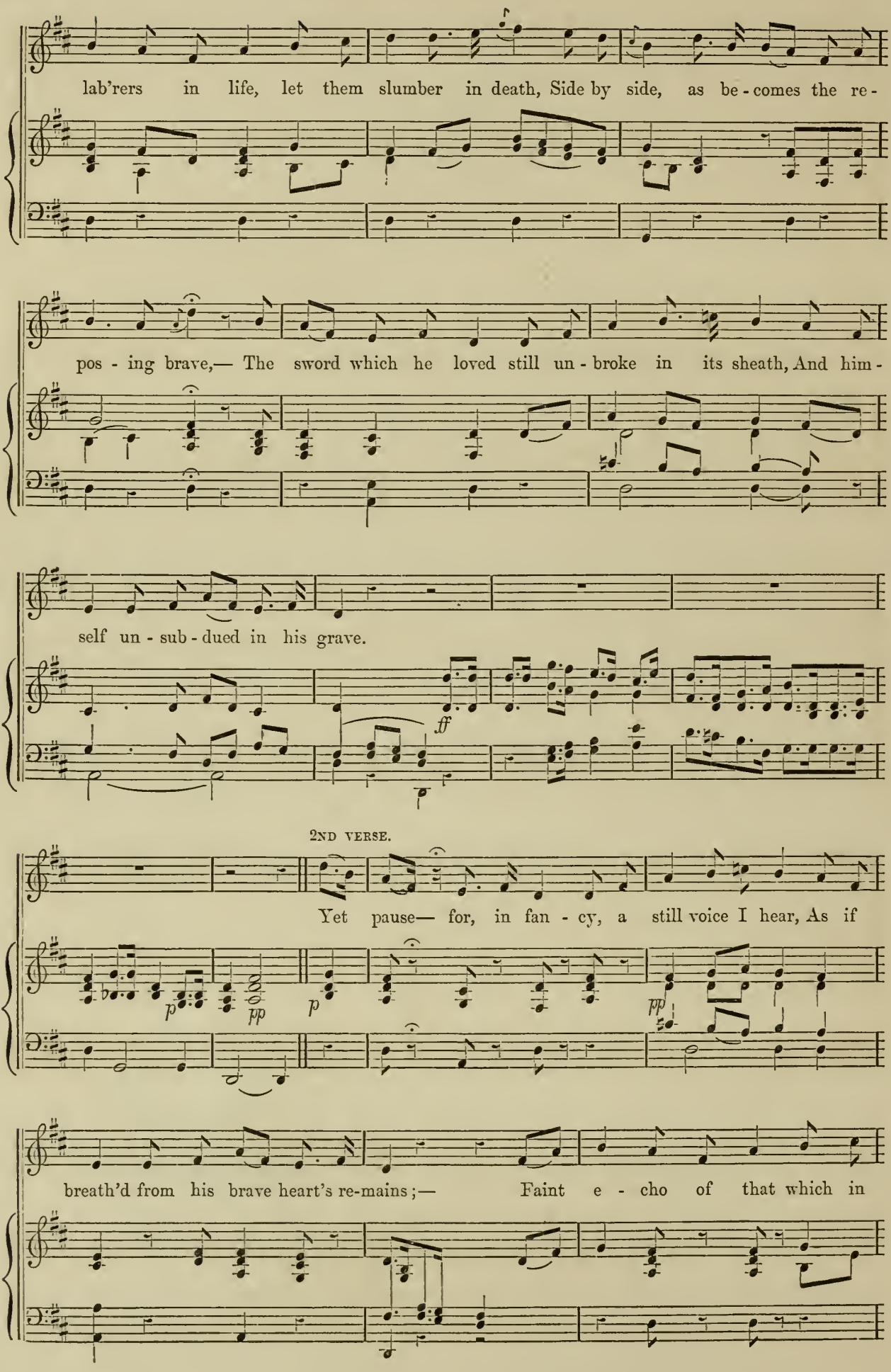
* "The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brysail or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning whieh they relate a number of romantic stories."—*Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland.*

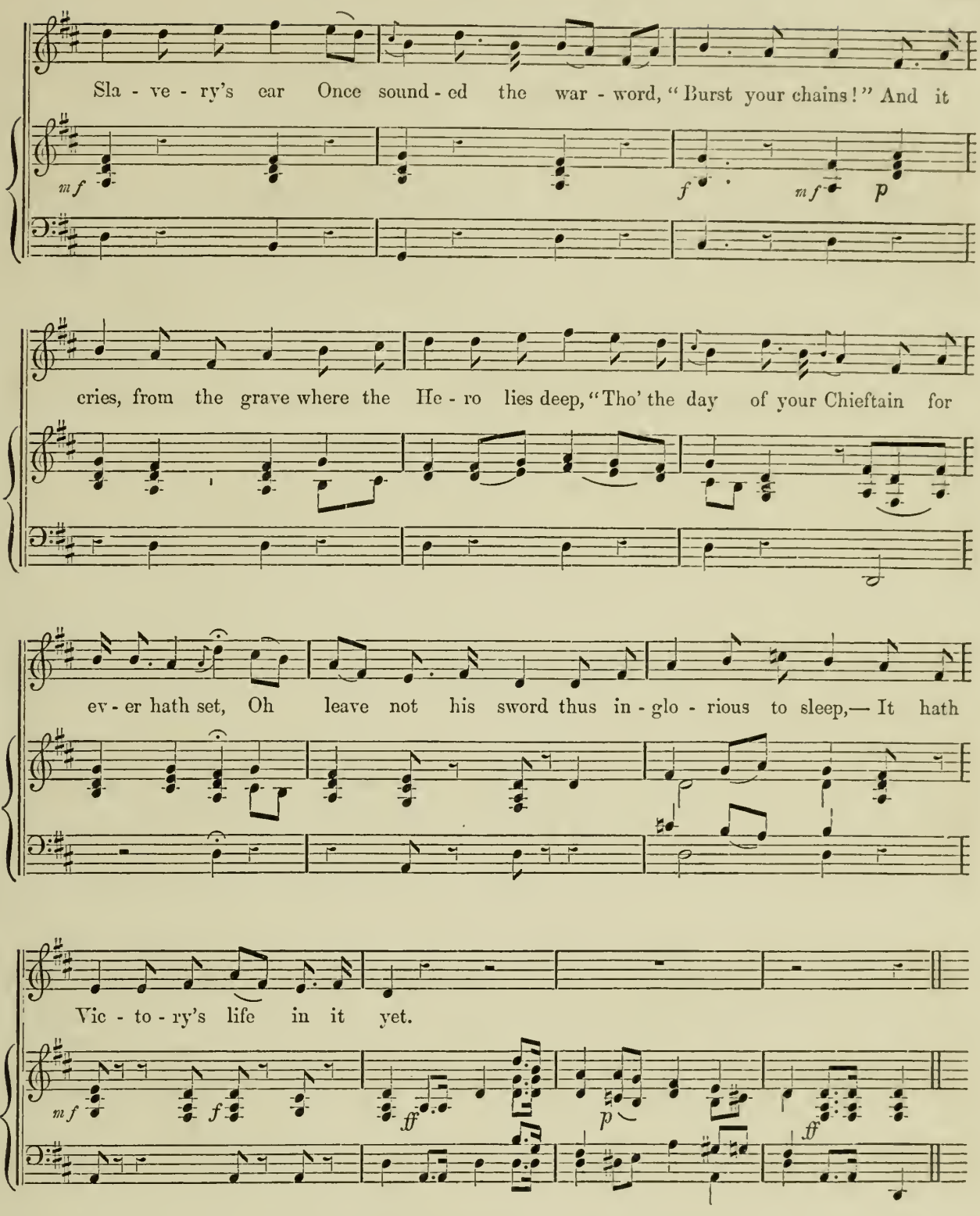

3RD VERSE.
That E-den, where th'immor-tal brave Dwell in a land se-rene, Whose
pp
bow'rs be-yond the shin-ing wave, At sun-set oft are seen. Ah,
dream too full of sadd'-ning truth! Those man-sions o'er the main Are
largo.
like the hopes I built in youth, As sun-ny and as vain!
rallo.

# LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.


With melancholy feeling and energy.
AIR—IF THE SEA WERE INK.
ff
p
ff
p
pp
Lay his sword by his side—* it hath served him too well, Not to
rest near his pil - low be - low; To the last mo - ment true, from his
hand ere it fell, Its point still was turn'd to a fly - ing foe. Fel - low -
rf

* It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the favourite swords of their heroes along with them.

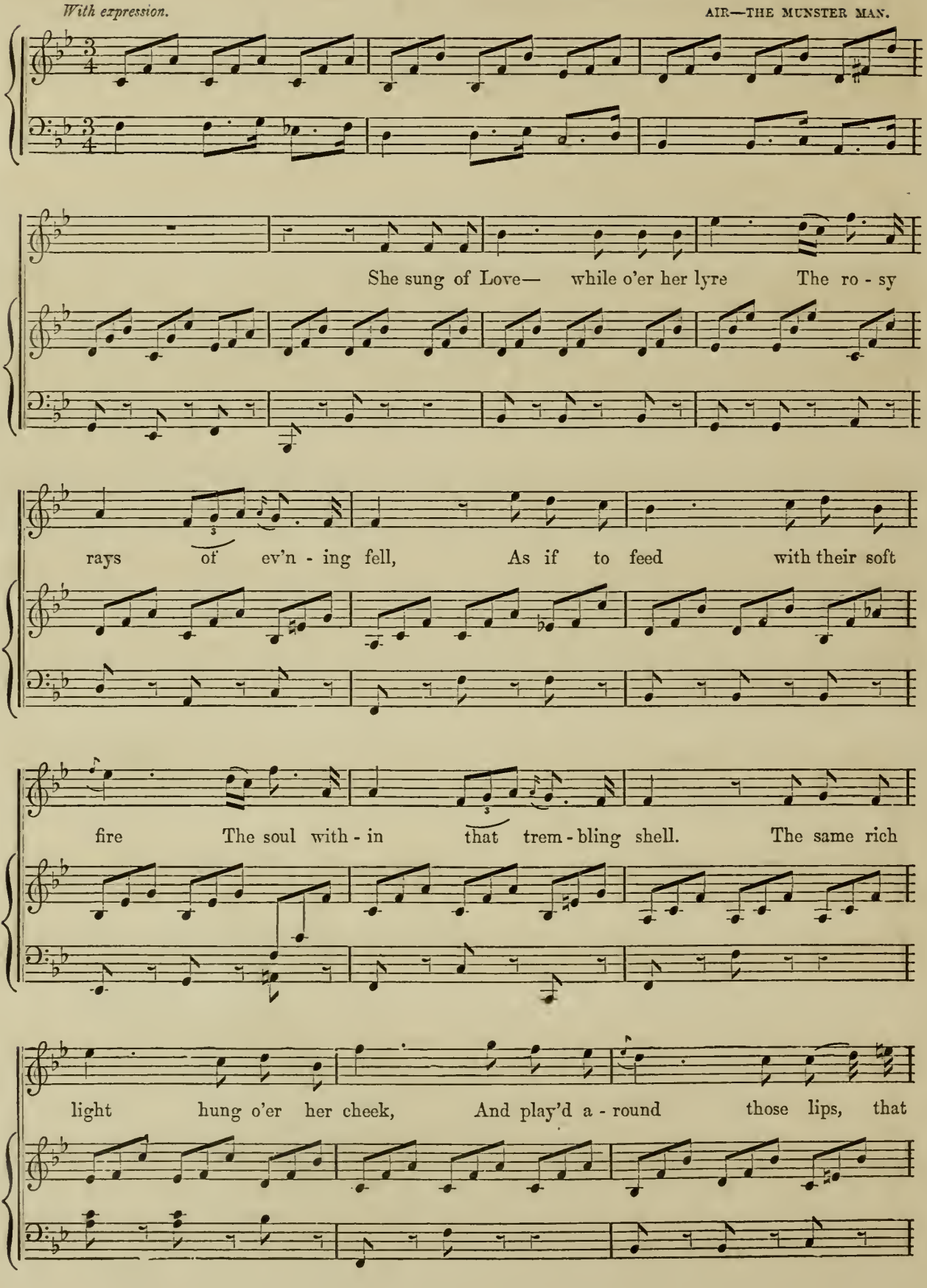

lab'rers in life, let them slumber in death, Side by side, as be - comes the re -
pos - ing brave,— The sword which he loved still un - broke in its sheath, And him -
self un - sub - dued in his grave.
ff
2ND VERSE.
Yet pause— for, in fan - cy, a still voice I hear, As if
p
pp
p
pp
breath'd from his brave heart's re-mains;— Faint e - cho of that which in

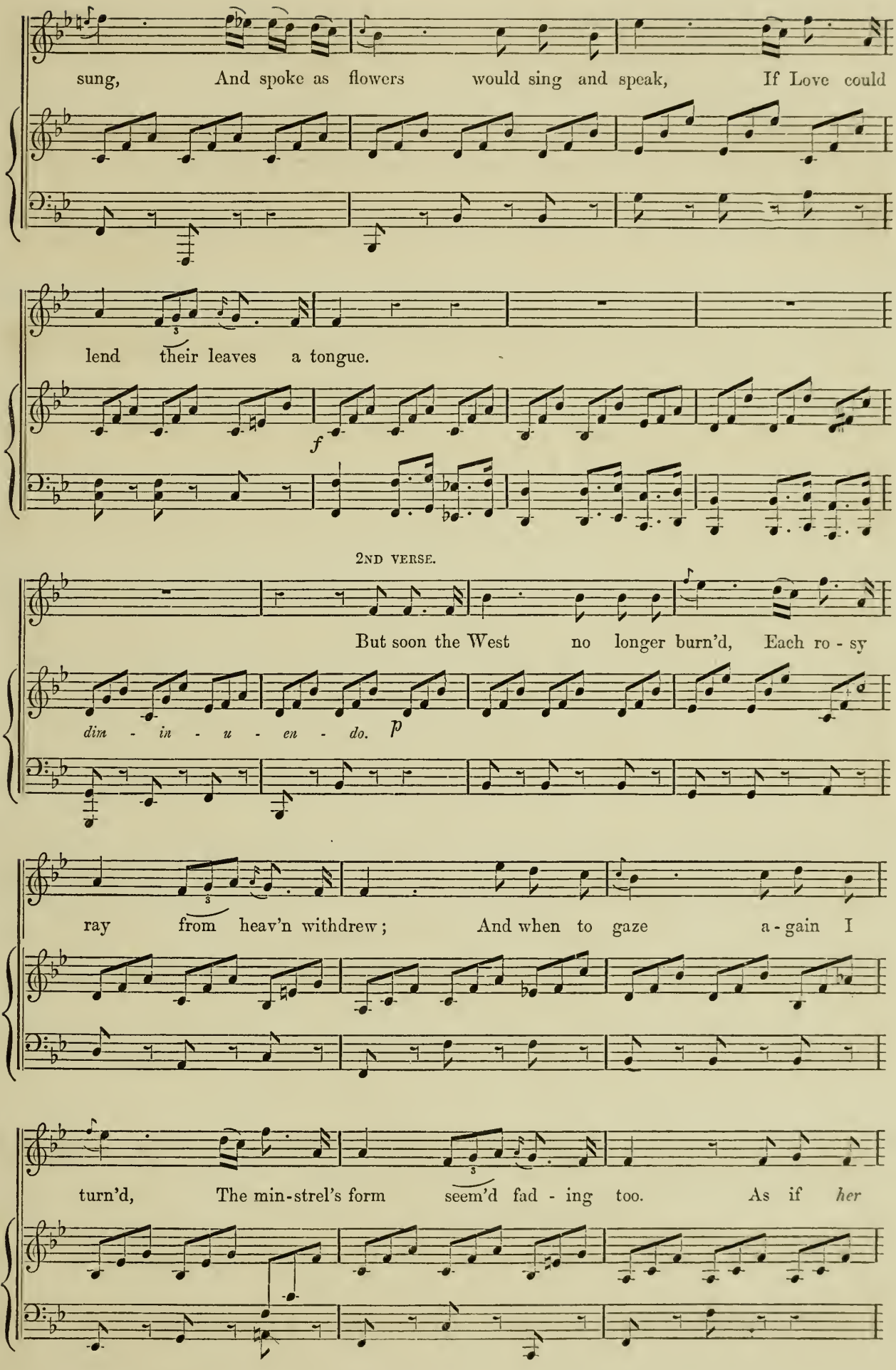

Sla - ve - ry's ear Once sound - ed the war - word, "Burst your chains!" And it
mf
f
mf
p
cries, from the grave where the He - ro lies deep, "Tho' the day of your Chieftain for
ev - er hath set, Oh leave not his sword thus in - glo - rious to sleep,— It hath
Vic - to - ry's life in it yet.
mf
f
ff
p
ff

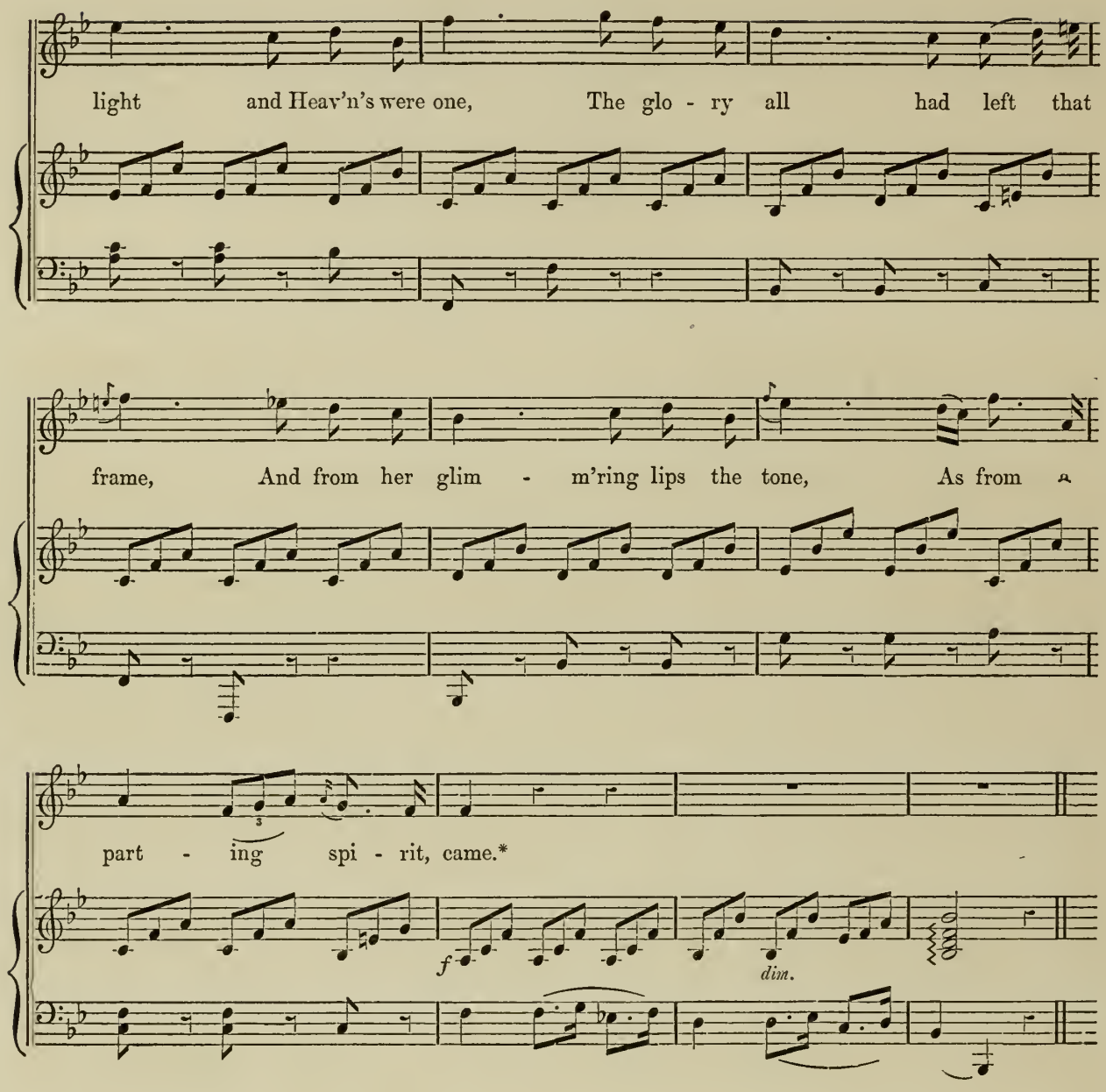
"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield.
Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath known the bright use
Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,—
Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

# SHE SUNG OF LOVE.

*With expression.* AIR—THE MUNSTER MAN.


She sung of Love— while o'er her lyre The ro - sy
rays of ev'n - ing fell, As if to feed with their soft
fire The soul with - in that trem - bling shell. The same rich
light hung o'er her cheek, And play'd a - round those lips, that


sung, And spoke as flowers would sing and speak, If Love could
lend their leaves a tongue.
f
2ND VERSE.
But soon the West no longer burn'd, Each ro - sy
dim - in - u - en - do.
p
ray from heav'n withdrew; And when to gaze a - gain I
turn'd, The min-strel's form seem'd fad - ing too. As if her


light and Heav'n's were one, The glo - ry all had left that
frame, And from her glim - m'ring lips the tone, As from a
part - ing spi - rit, came.*
f
dim.

Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
That fading image to my heart—
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

---

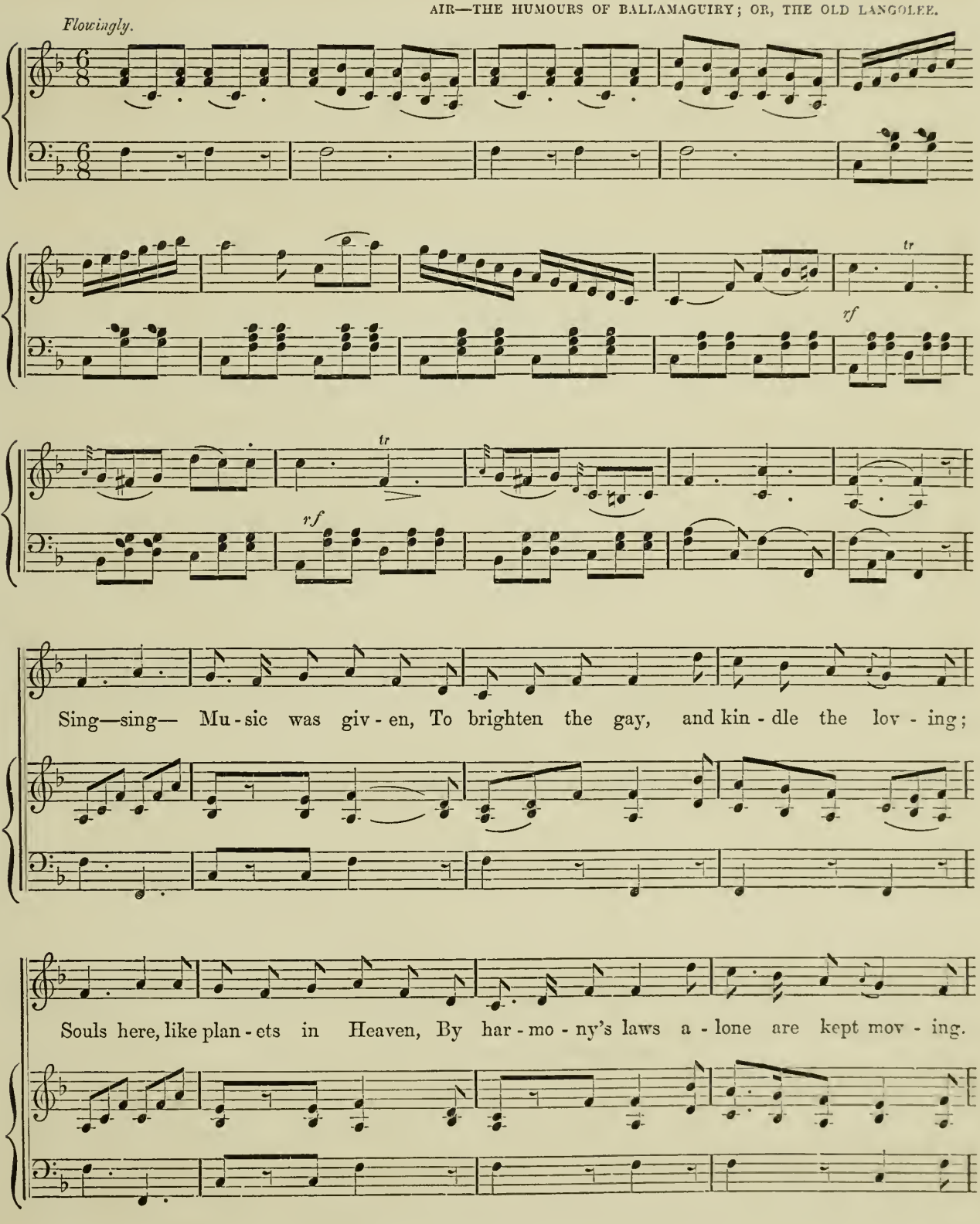
* The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr. Rogers's Poem of *Human Life*, beginning—

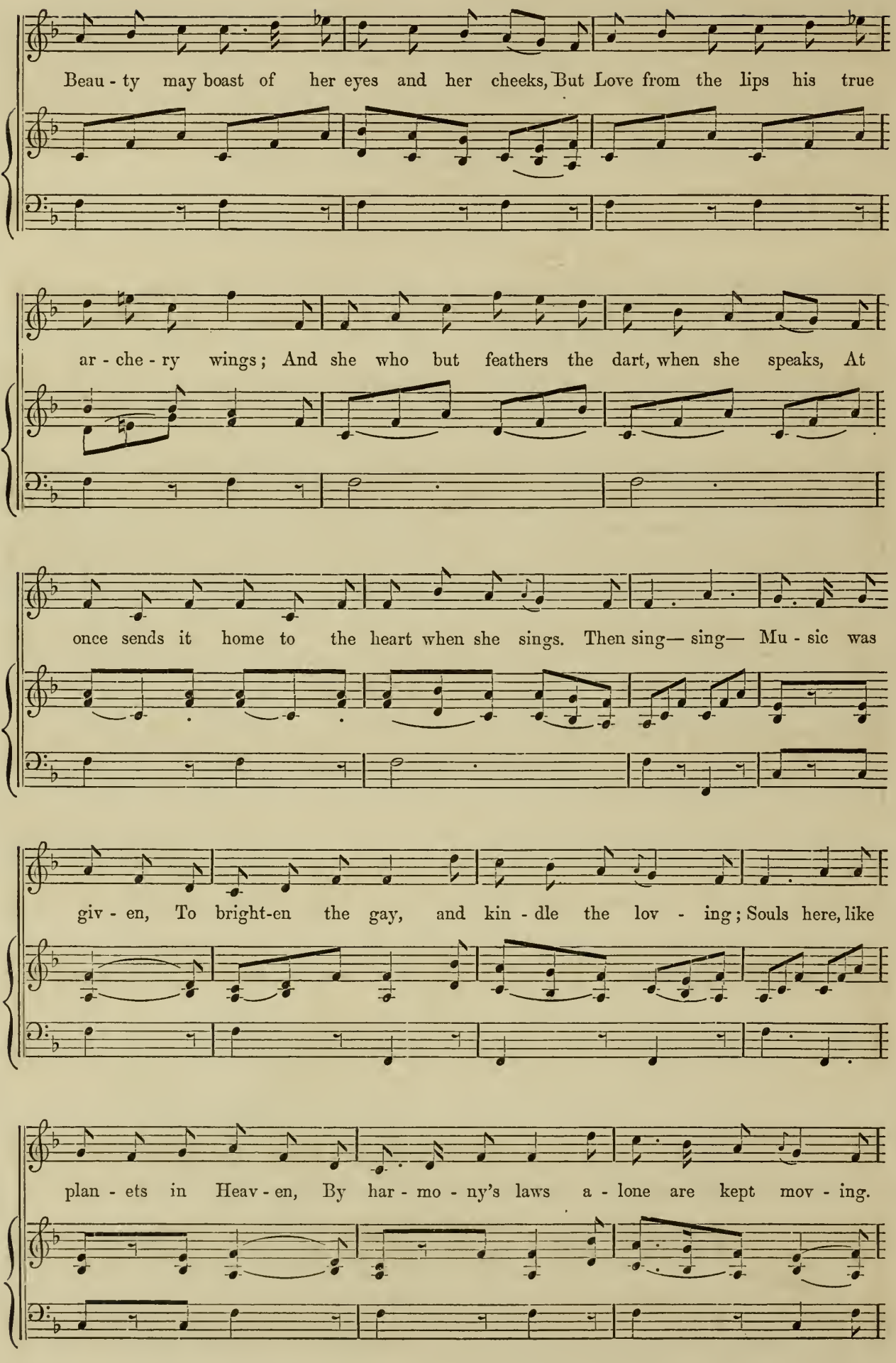
"Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly."

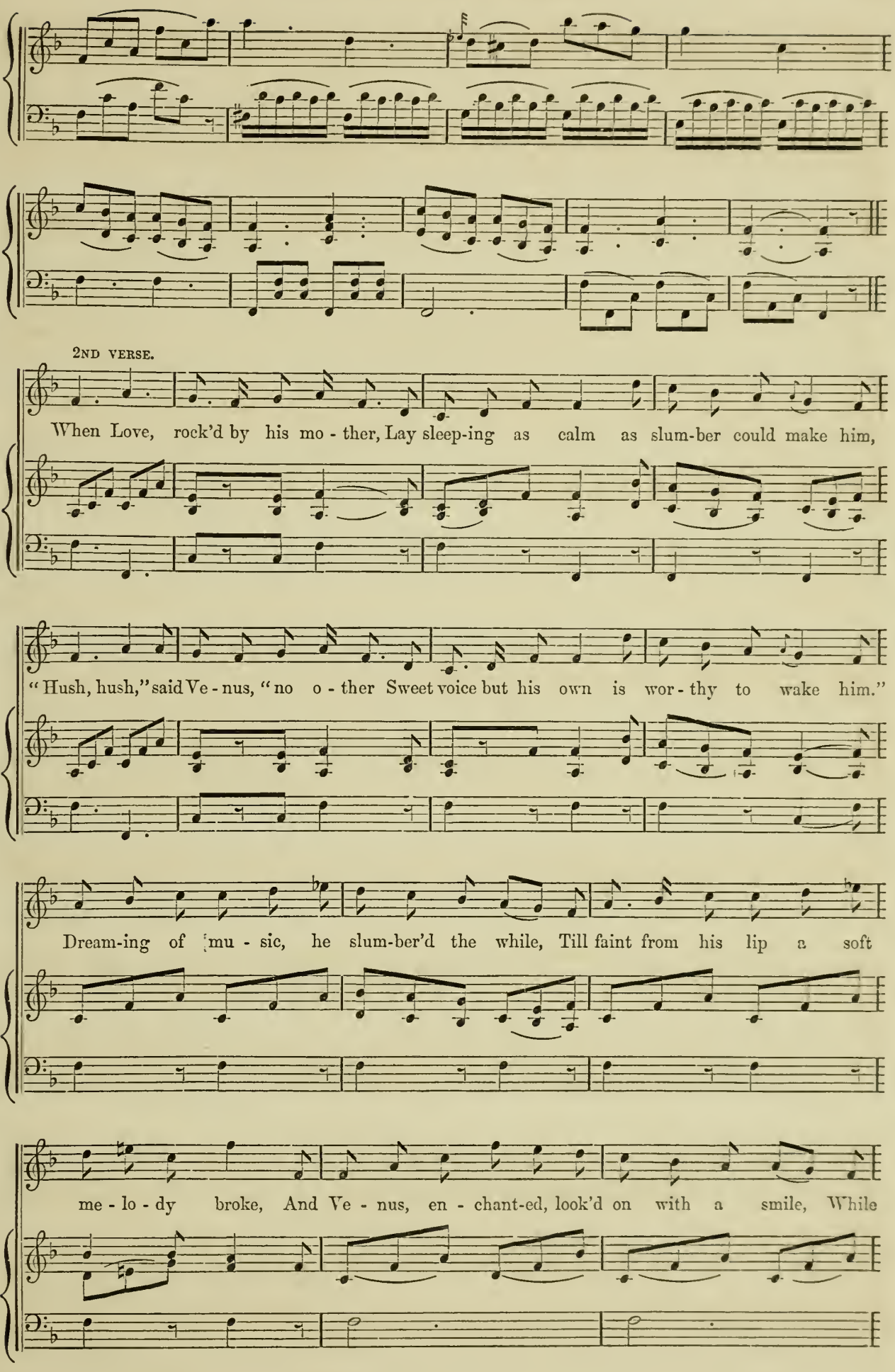
I would quote the entire passage, but that I fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance

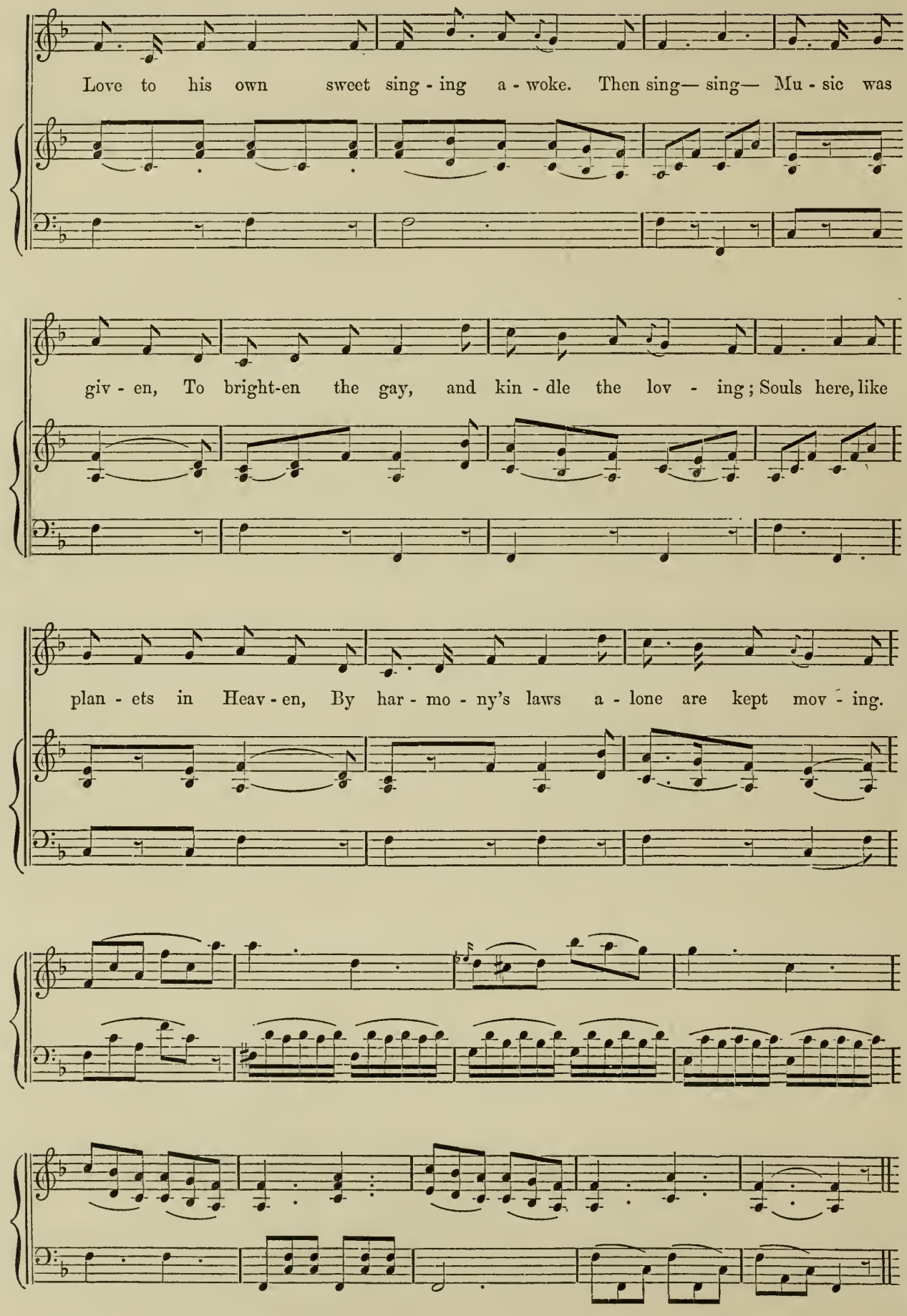
# SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

AIR—THE HUMOURS OF BALLAMAGUIRY; OR, THE OLD LANGOLEE.


Flowingly.
tr
rf
tr
rf
Sing—sing— Mu - sic was giv - en, To brighten the gay, and kin - dle the lov - ing;
Souls here, like plan - ets in Heaven, By har - mo - ny's laws a - lone are kept mov - ing.


Beau - ty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks, But Love from the lips his true
ar - che - ry wings; And she who but feathers the dart, when she speaks, At
once sends it home to the heart when she sings. Then sing— sing— Mu - sic was
giv - en, To bright-en the gay, and kin - dle the lov - ing; Souls here, like
plan - ets in Heav - en, By har - mo - ny's laws a - lone are kept mov - ing.

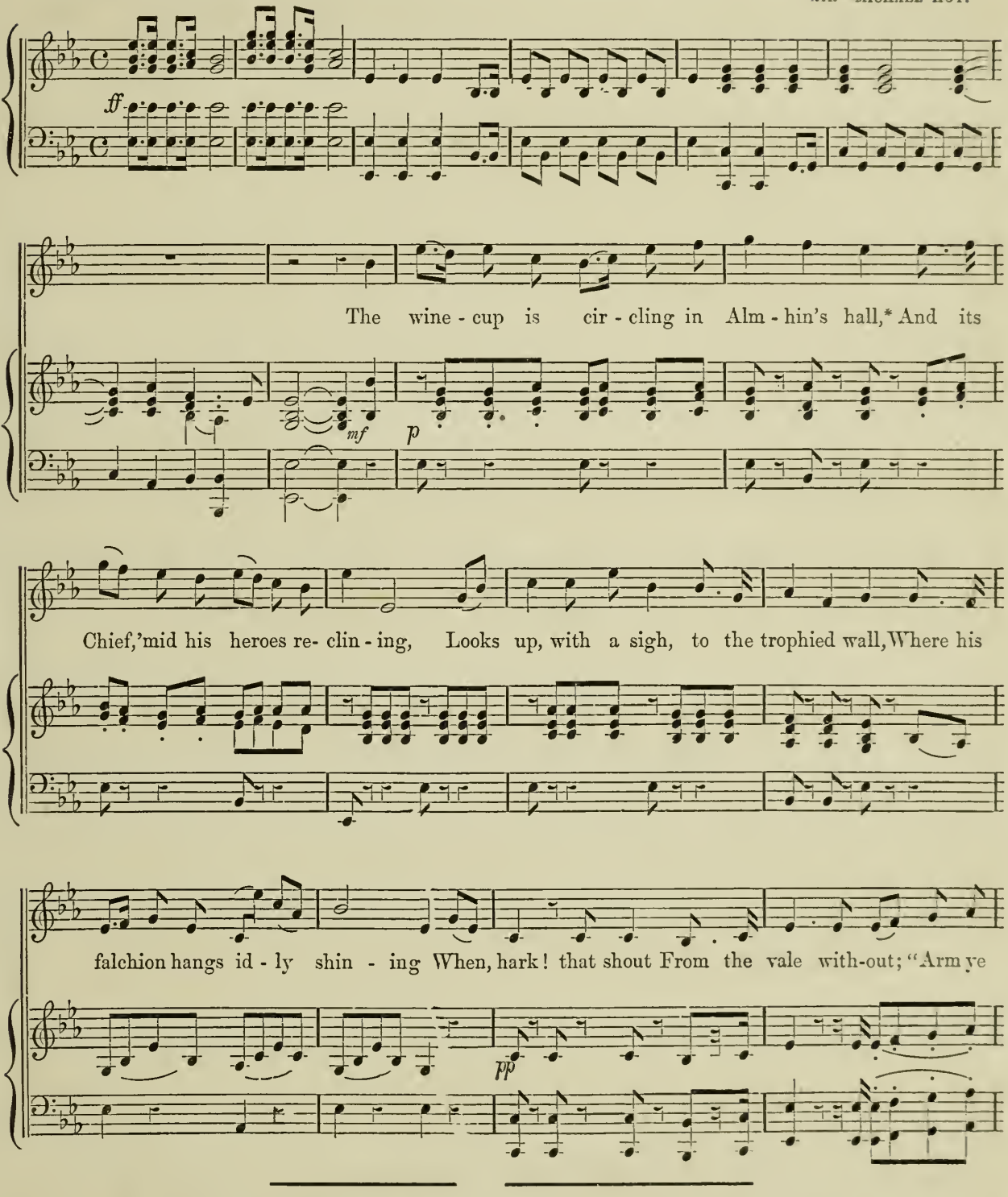

2ND VERSE.
When Love, rock'd by his mo - ther, Lay sleep-ing as calm as slum-ber could make him,
"Hush, hush," said Ve - nus, "no o - ther Sweet voice but his own is wor - thy to wake him."
Dream-ing of mu - sic, he slum-ber'd the while, Till faint from his lip a soft
me - lo - dy broke, And Ve - nus, en - chant-ed, look'd on with a smile, While


Love to his own sweet sing - ing a - woke. Then sing— sing— Mu - sic was
giv - en, To bright-en the gay, and kin - dle the lov - ing; Souls here, like
plan - ets in Heav - en, By har - mo - ny's laws a - lone are kept mov - ing.

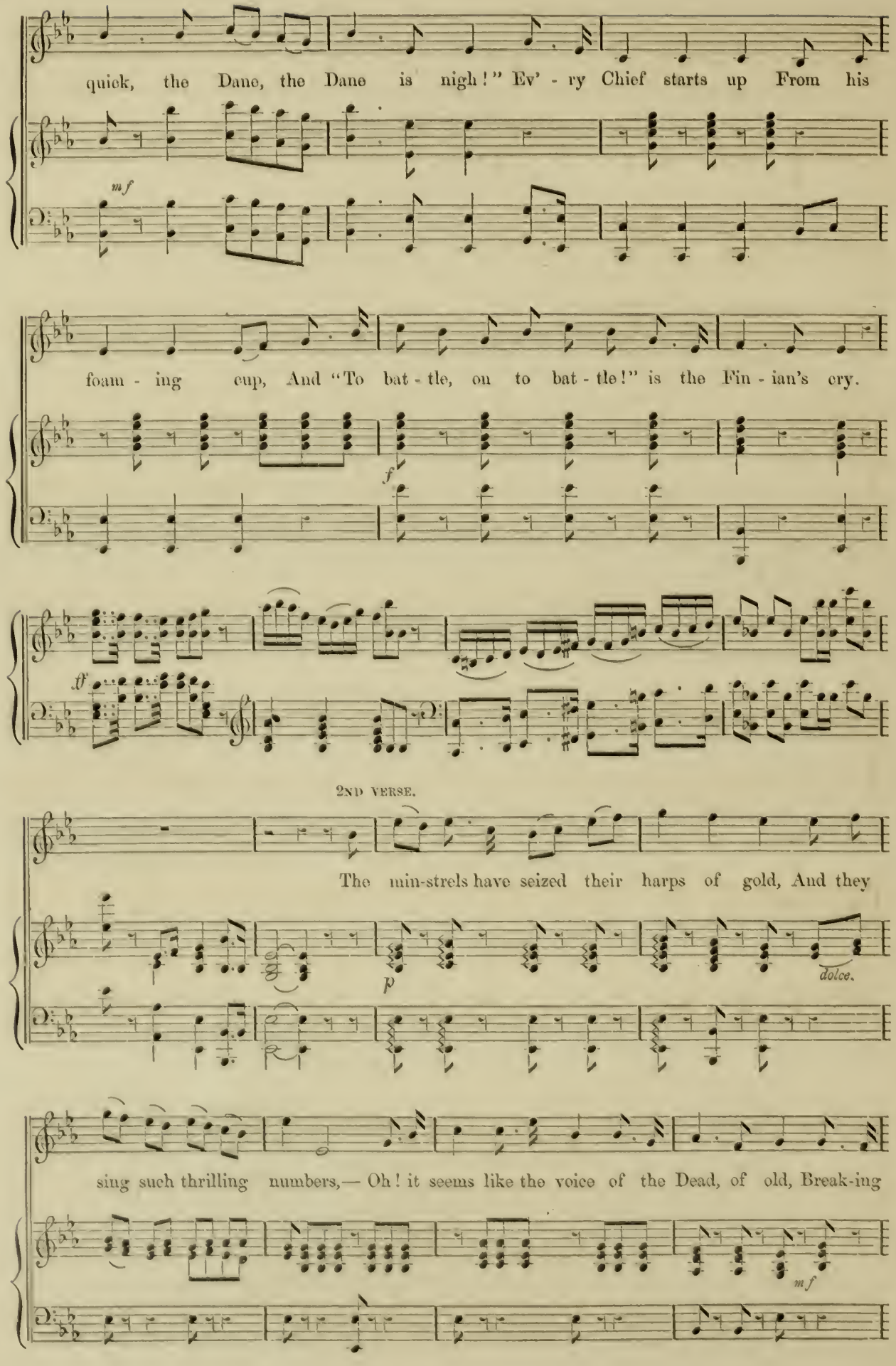
# THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

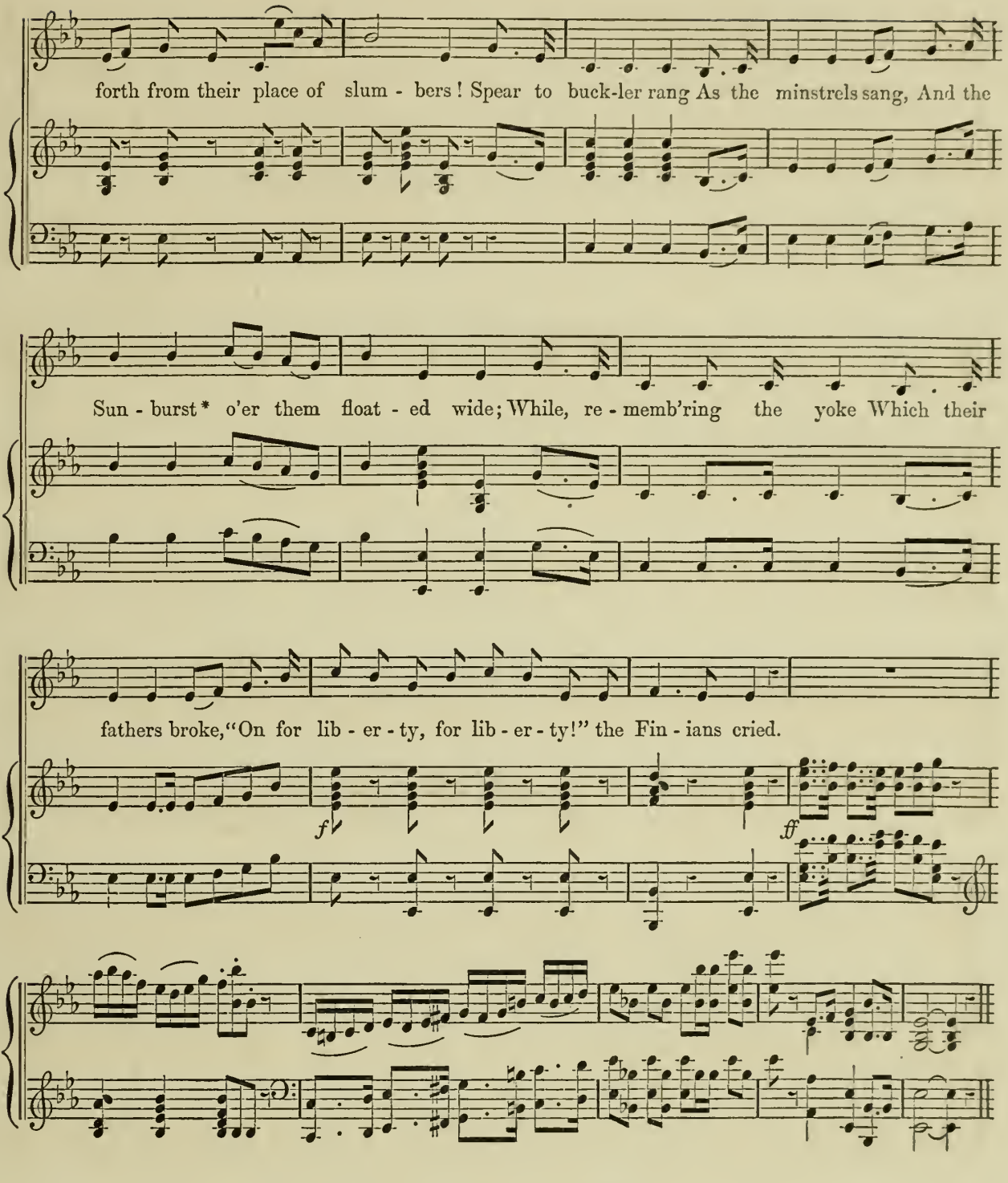
*In march time, and with spirit.*

AIR—MICHAEL HOY.


ff
The wine - cup is cir - cling in Alm - hin's hall,* And its
mf
p
Chief,'mid his heroes re- clin - ing, Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied wall, Where his
falchion hangs id - ly shin - ing When, hark! that shout From the vale with-out; "Arm ye
pp

* The Palace of Finn Mac-Cumhal (the Fingal of Macpherson) in Leinster. It was built on the top of the hill, which has retained from thence the name of the Hill of Allen, in the County of Kildare. The Finians, or Fenii, were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, which this Chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.

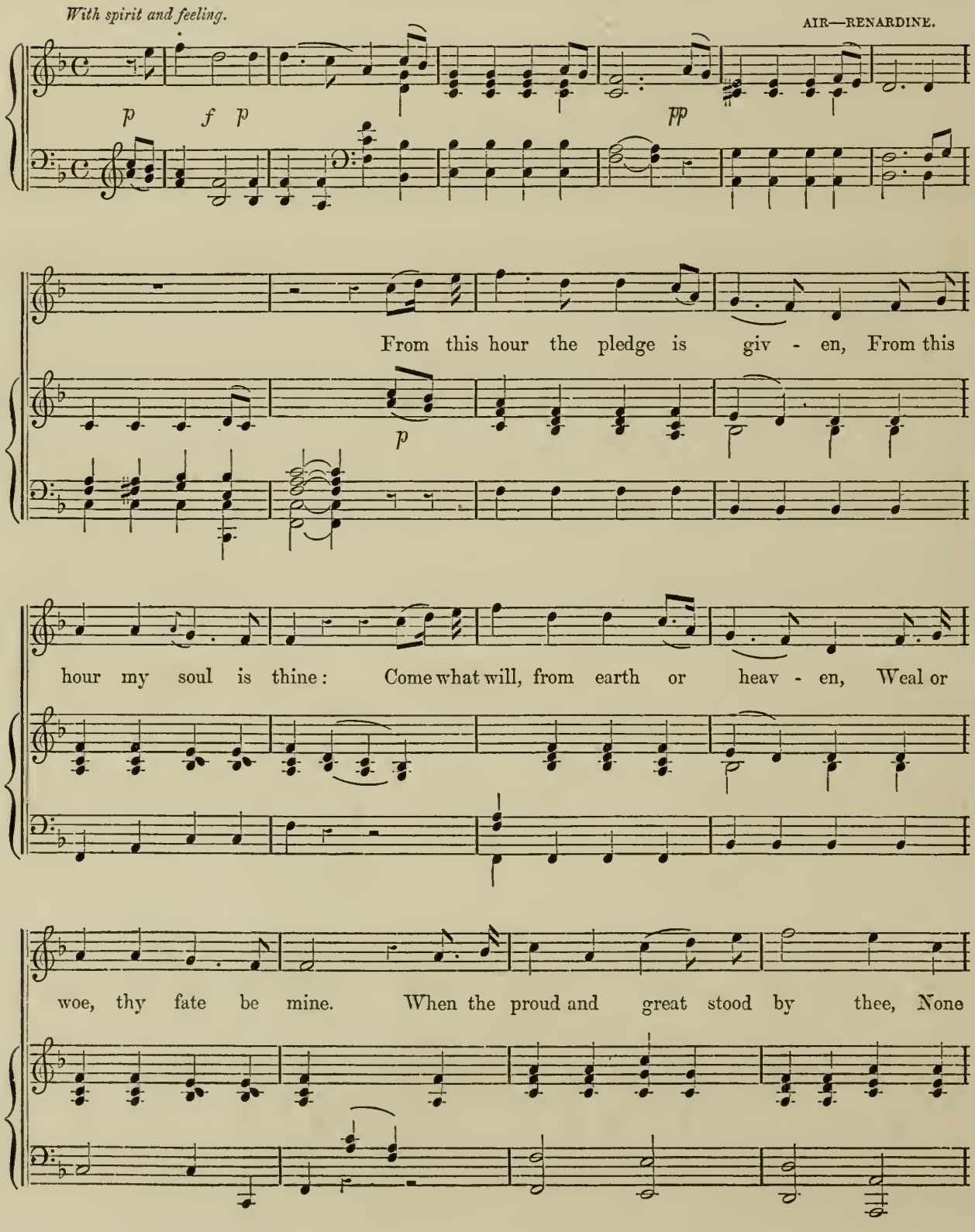

quick, the Dane, the Dane is nigh!" Ev' - ry Chief starts up From his
mf
foam - ing cup, And "To bat - tle, on to bat - tle!" is the Fin - ian's cry.
f
ff
2ND VERSE.
The min-strels have seized their harps of gold, And they
p
dolce.
sing such thrilling numbers,— Oh! it seems like the voice of the Dead, of old, Break-ing
mf

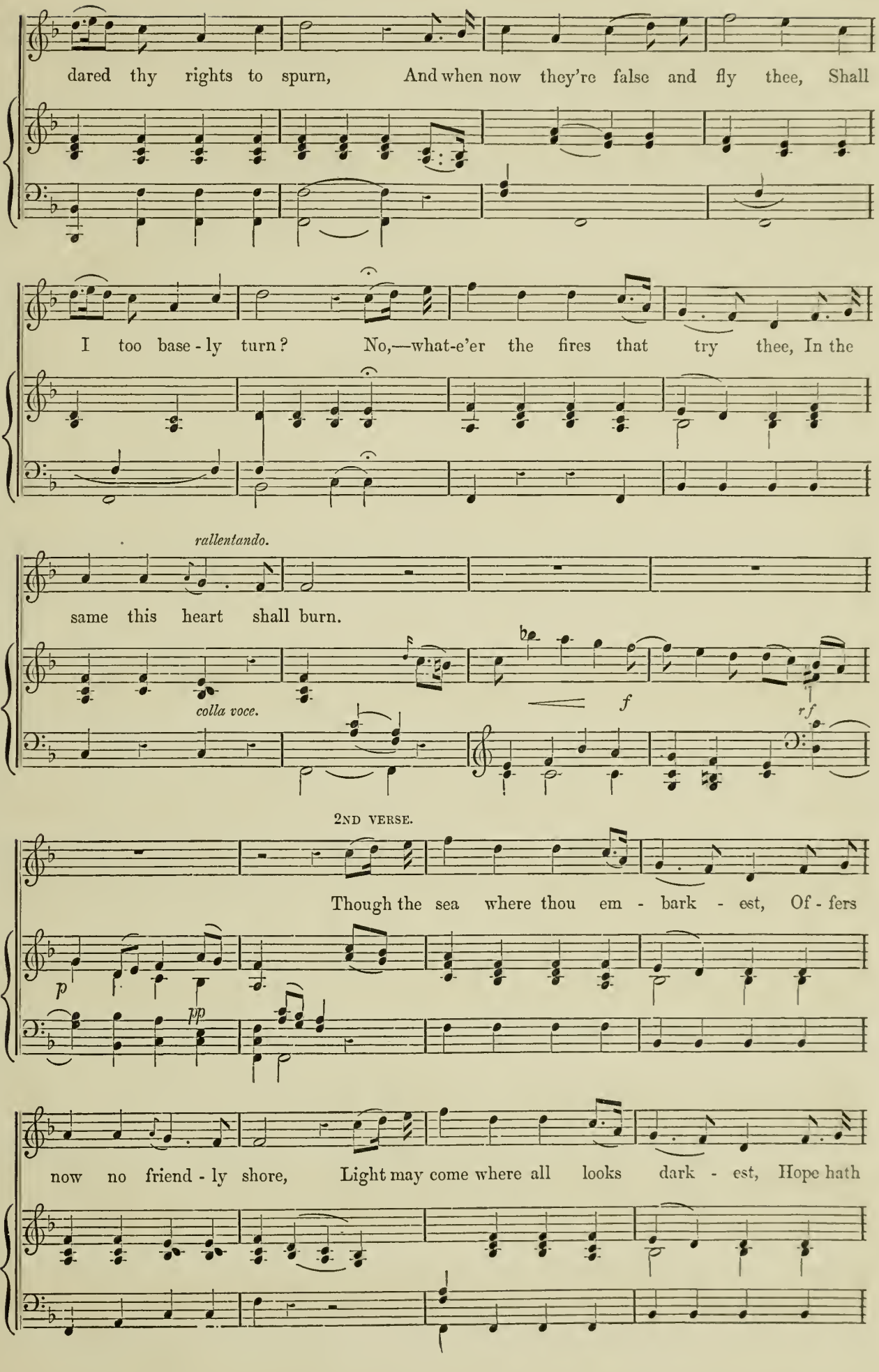

forth from their place of slum - bers! Spear to buck-ler rang As the minstrels sang, And the
Sun - burst* o'er them float - ed wide; While, re - memb'ring the yoke Which their
fathers broke, "On for lib - er - ty, for lib - er - ty!" the Fin - ians cried.
f
ff

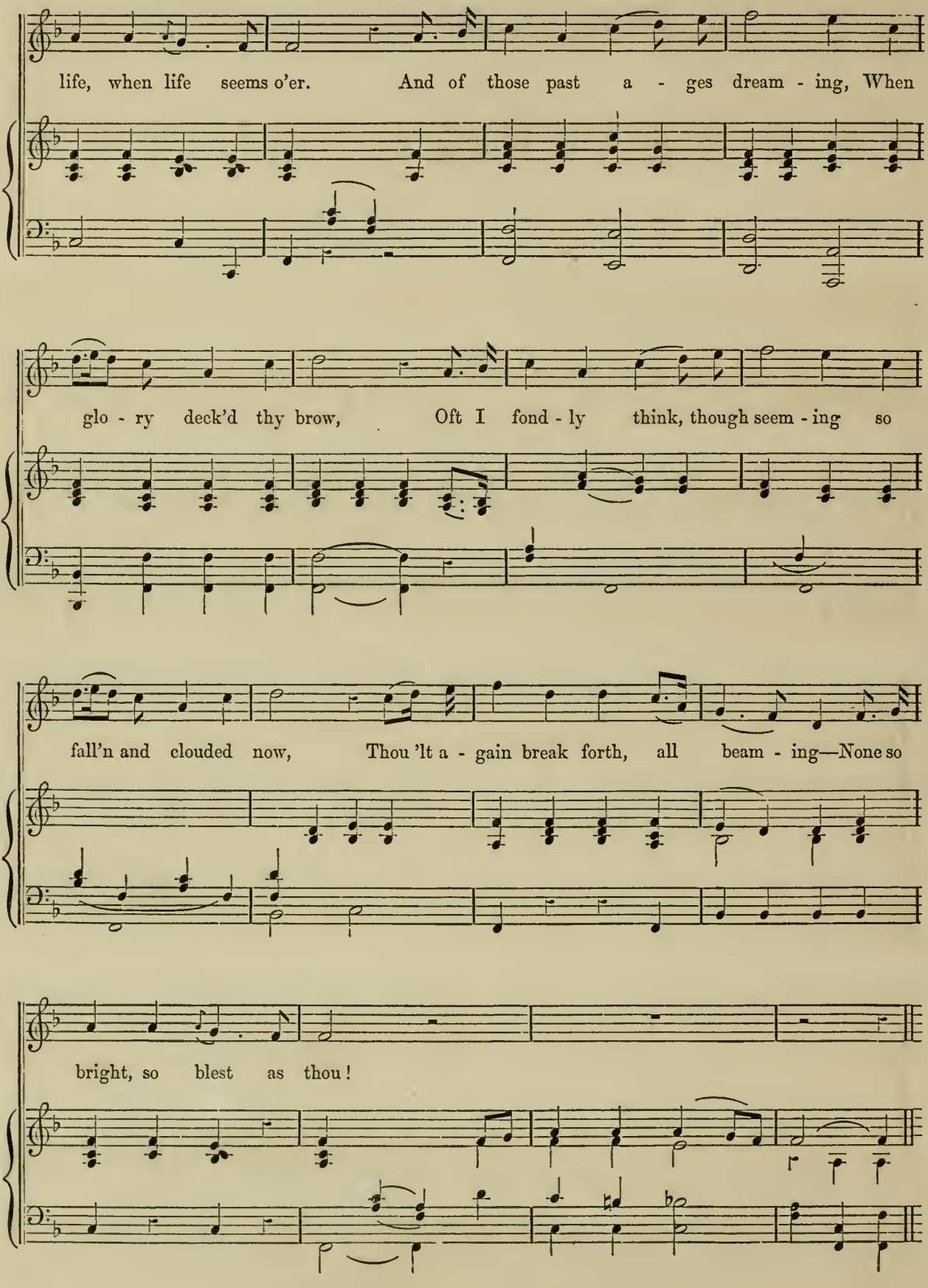
Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
O'er the valley of Almhin lowering;
While onward moved, in the light of its fame,
That banner of Erin, towering.
With the mingling shock
Ring cliff and rock,
While, rank on rank, the invaders die;
And the shout, that last
O'er the dying pass'd,
Was "victory!" was "victory!"—the Finian's cry.

* The name given to the banner of the Irish.

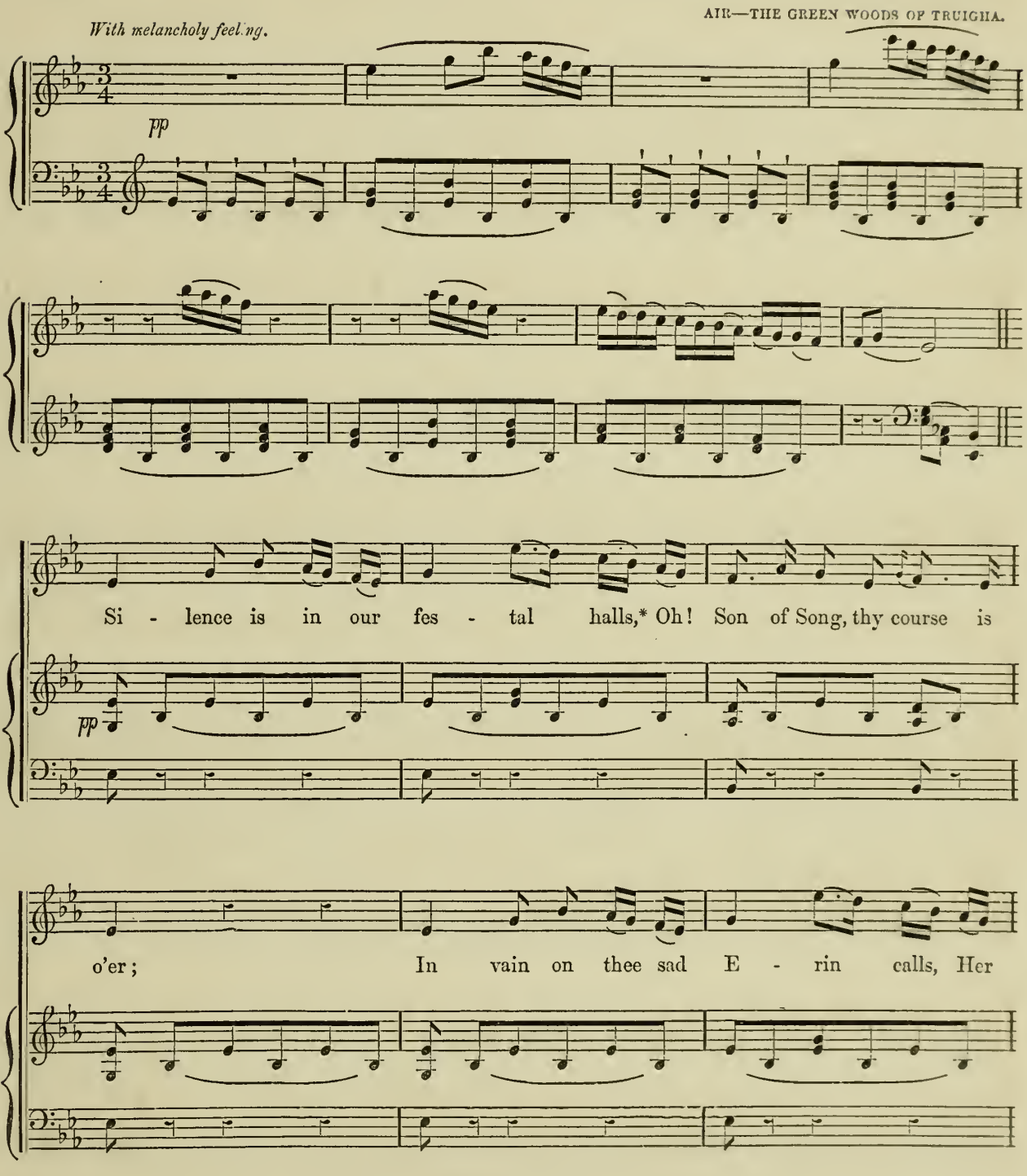
## FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN


With spirit and feeling.
AIR—RENARDINE.
p f p pp
From this hour the pledge is giv - en, From this
p
hour my soul is thine: Come what will, from earth or heav - en, Weal or
woe, thy fate be mine. When the proud and great stood by thee, None

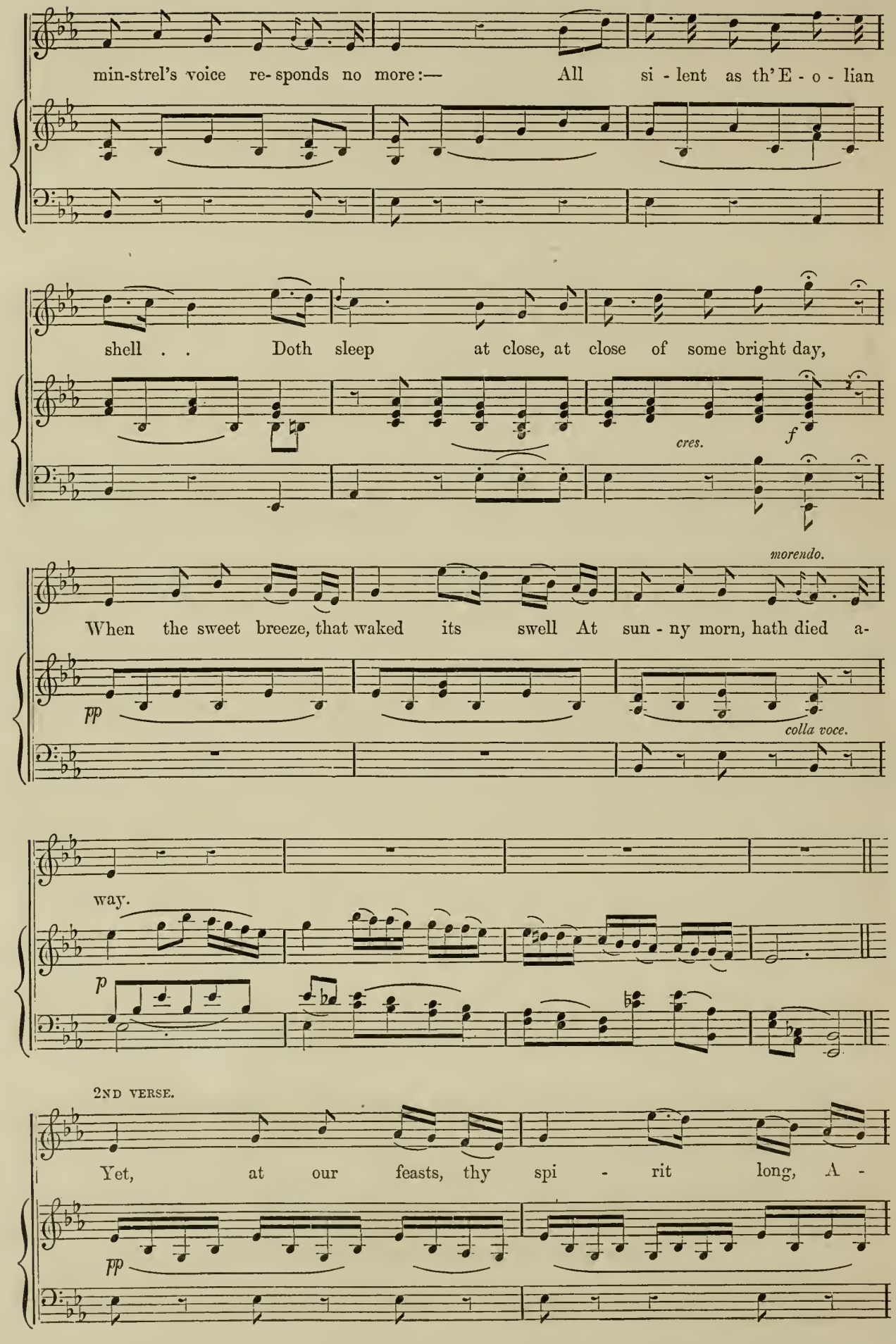

dared thy rights to spurn, And when now they're false and fly thee, Shall
I too base - ly turn? No,—what-e'er the fires that try thee, In the
rallentando.
same this heart shall burn.
colla voce.
f
rf
2ND VERSE.
Though the sea where thou em - bark - est, Of - fers
p
pp
now no friend - ly shore, Light may come where all looks dark - est, Hope hath

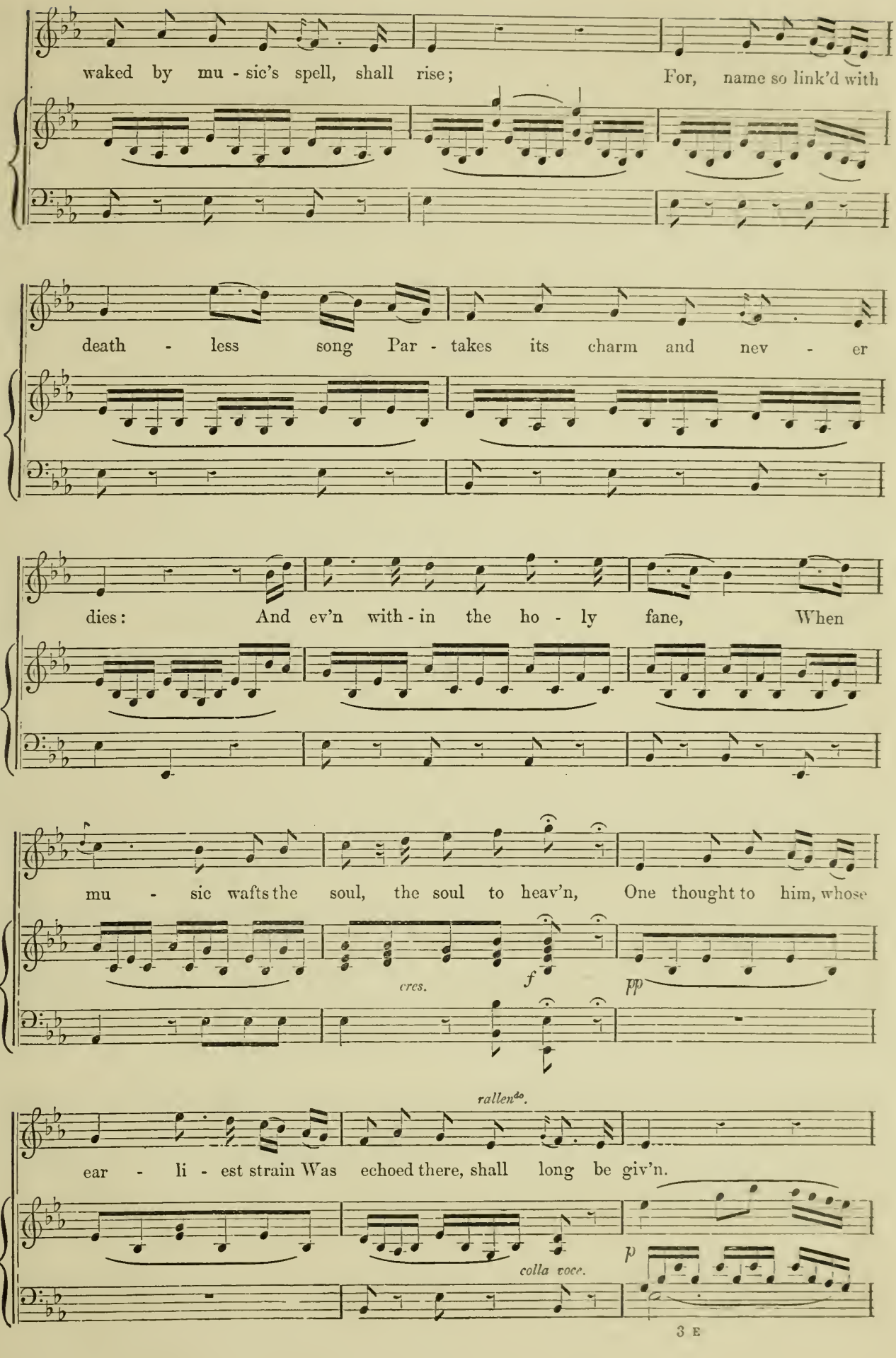

life, when life seems o'er. And of those past a - ges dream - ing, When
glo - ry deck'd thy brow, Oft I fond - ly think, though seem - ing so
fall'n and clouded now, Thou 'lt a - gain break forth, all beam - ing—None so
bright, so blest as thou!

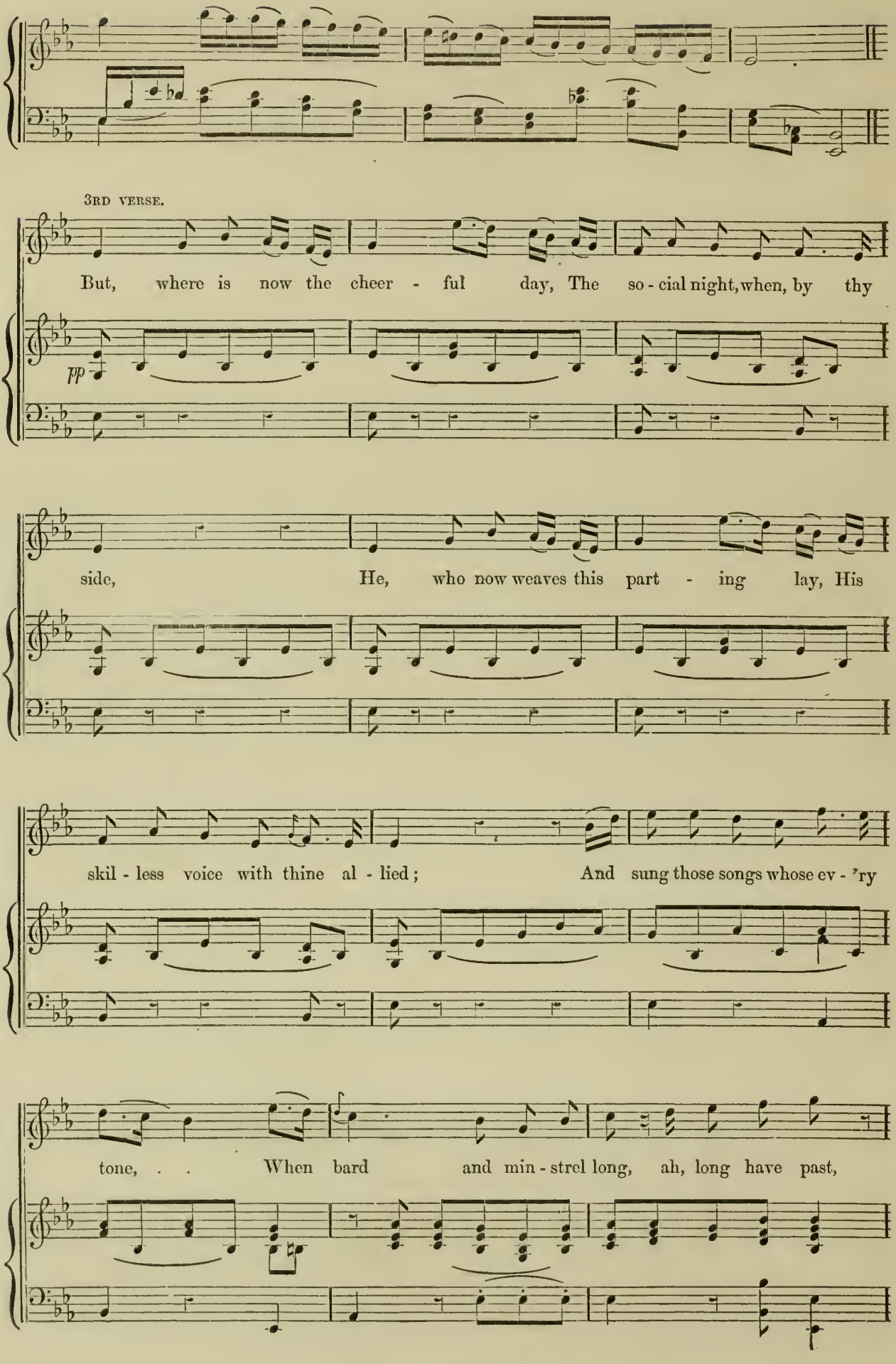
# SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.

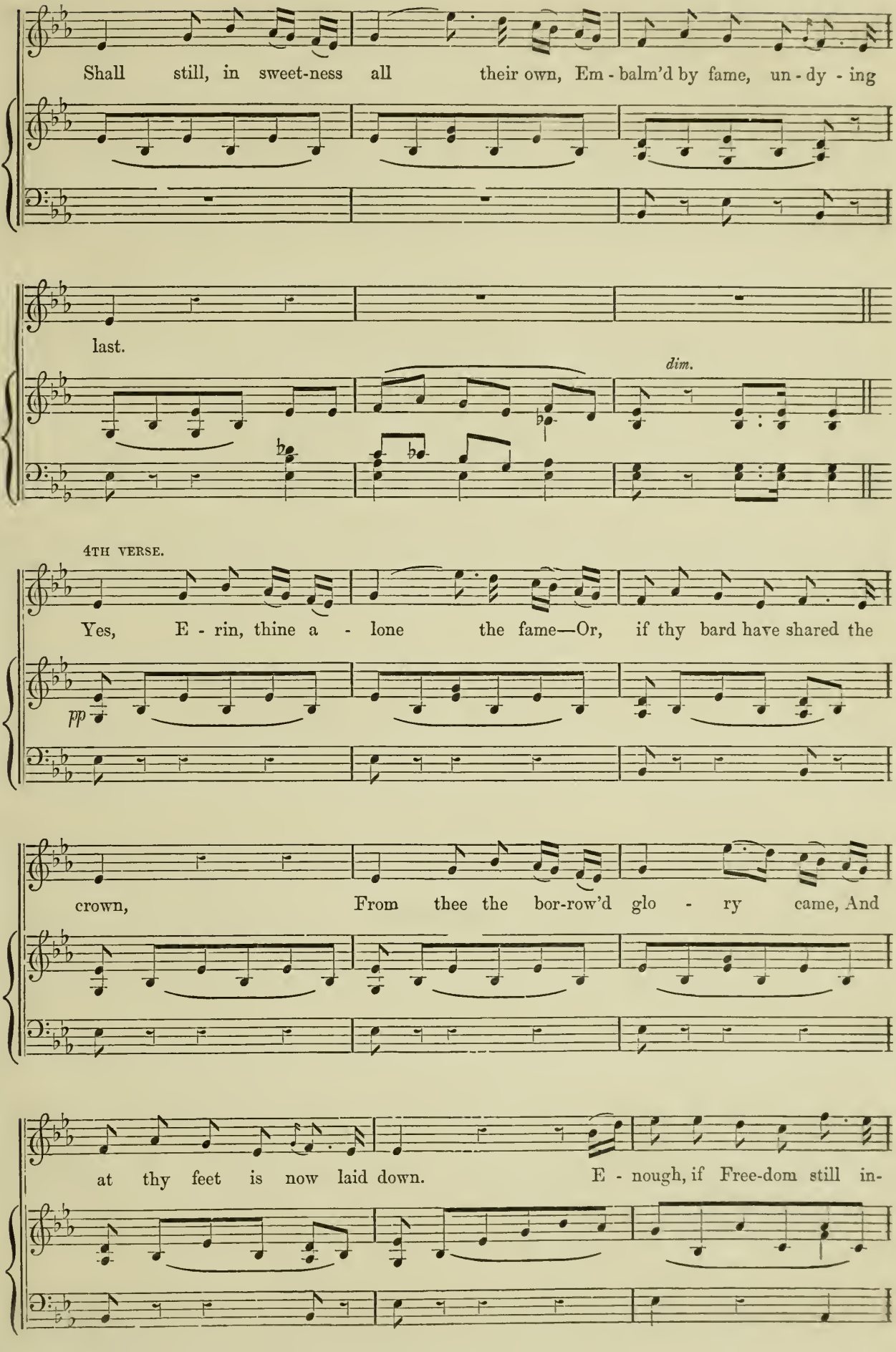

AIR—THE GREEN WOODS OF TRUIGHA.
With melancholy feeling.
pp
Si - lence is in our fes - tal halls,* Oh! Son of Song, thy course is
pp
o'er; In vain on thee sad E - rin calls, Her

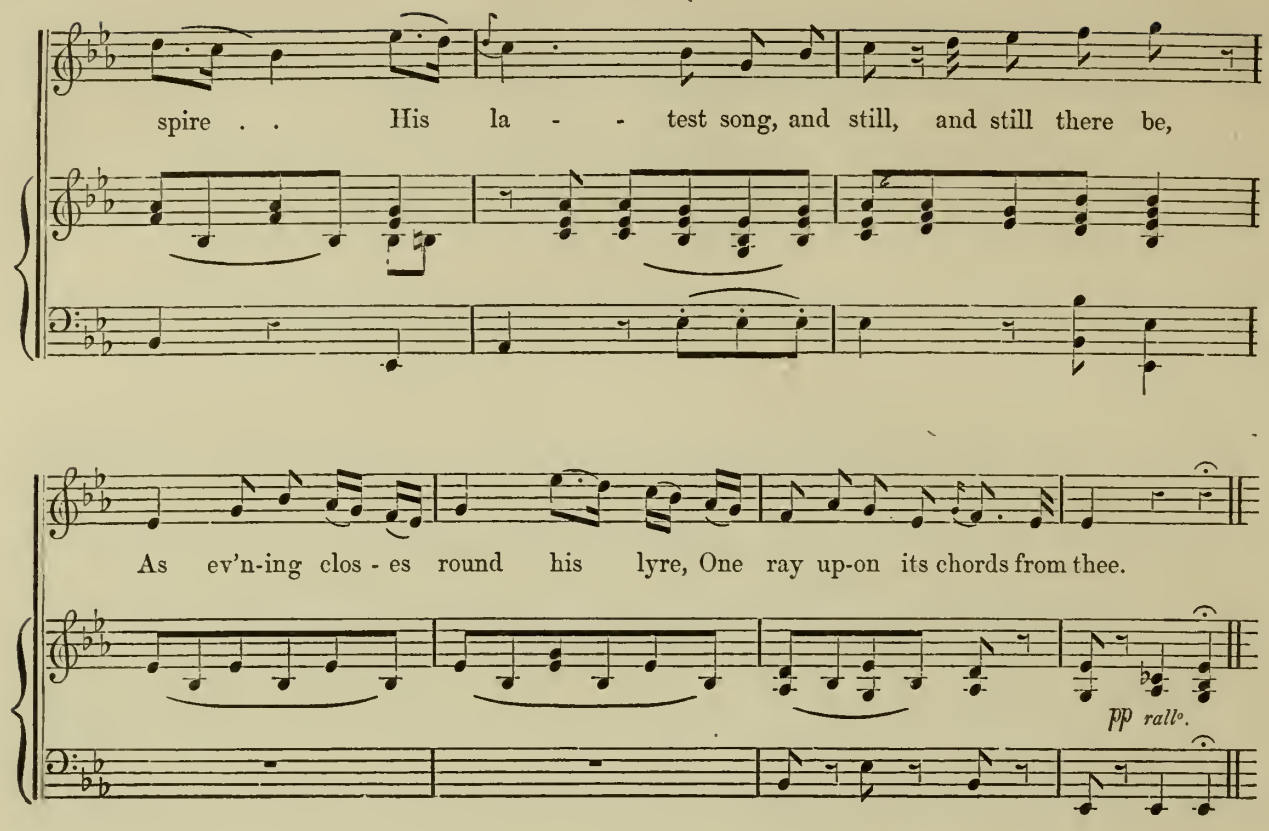
* It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader that these lines are meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson.


min-strel's voice re- sponds no more:— All si - lent as th'E - o - lian
shell . . Doth sleep at close, at close of some bright day,
cres.
f
morendo.
When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell At sun - ny morn, hath died a-
pp
colla voce.
way.
p
2ND VERSE.
Yet, at our feasts, thy spi - rit long, A -
pp


waked by mu - sic's spell, shall rise; For, name so link'd with
death - less song Par - takes its charm and nev - er
dies: And ev'n with - in the ho - ly fane, When
mu - sic wafts the soul, the soul to heav'n, One thought to him, whose
cres.
f
pp
rallendo.
ear - li - est strain Was echoed there, shall long be giv'n.
colla voce.
p


3RD VERSE.
But, where is now the cheer - ful day, The so - cial night, when, by thy
pp
side, He, who now weaves this part - ing lay, His
skil - less voice with thine al - lied; And sung those songs whose ev - 'ry
tone, . . When bard and min - strel long, ah, long have past,


Shall still, in sweet-ness all their own, Em - balm'd by fame, un - dy - ing
last.
dim.
4TH VERSE.
Yes, E - rin, thine a - lone the fame—Or, if thy bard have shared the
pp
crown, From thee the bor-row'd glo - ry came, And
at thy feet is now laid down. E - nough, if Free-dom still in-


spire . . His la - - test song, and still, and still there be,
As ev'n-ing clos - es round his lyre, One ray up-on its chords from thee.
pp rall°.

THE END.